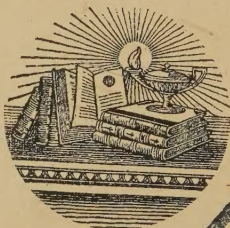


ACADEMY CLASSICS

AMERICAN
POETRY
—
DE MILLE

ALLYN AND BACON

DEO ADJUVANTE
NON
TIMENDUM



XAVIER UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

NEW ORLEANS LA.

CLASS.

11.08

AUT.

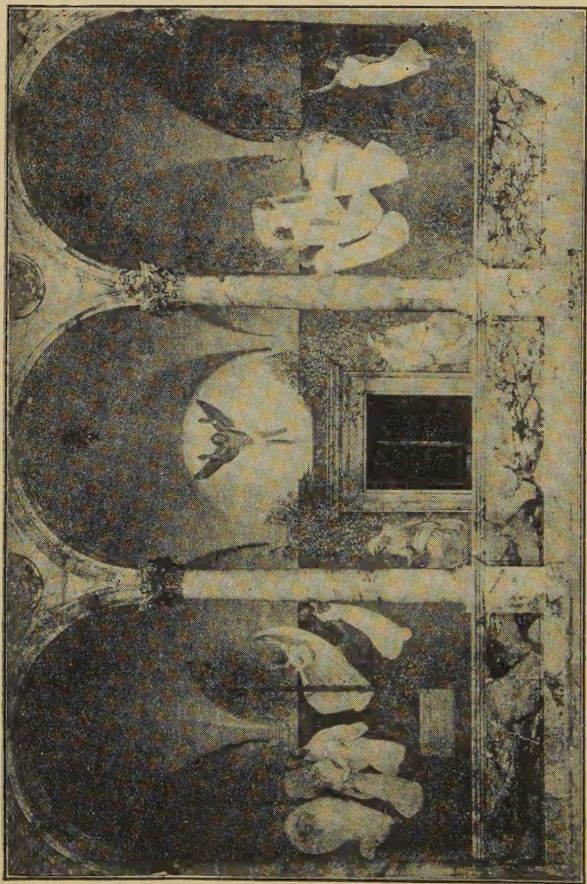
381a

ACCES.

49048

DONATED BY

WITHDRAWN



From a Copley Print, copyrighted by Curtis and Cameron

THE MUSES ACCLAIM GENIUS AS THE MESSENGER OF LIGHT.

From the painting by Puvis de Chavannes in the Boston Public Library.

AMERICAN POETRY

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES,
QUESTIONS, AND BIOGRAPHICAL
SKETCHES

BY

A. B. DE MILLE

SIMMONS COLLEGE, BOSTON

Secretary of the New England Association of
Teachers of English



ALLYN AND BACON

BOSTON

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

ATLANTA

SAN FRANCISCO

COPYRIGHT, 1923
BY ALLYN AND BACON

PTO

Norwood Press

J. S. Cushing Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

49148

D381a

FOREWORD

The object of this book is to provide a collection of representative American poems for boys and girls. It is planned to meet the requirements of the College Entrance Board and also to be of service for the general student. The selections range from the work of Freneau, our first poet of national importance, through the significant verse of the past century down to the present time. All the great poets are fully represented; writers of less note receive due consideration; while the interesting field of Southern literature is freely drawn upon. In the case of recent poetry the choice has been limited to certain examples which seemed most clearly to indicate the principal modern tendencies.

For a school anthology the simplest arrangement is the best. Authors are therefore placed in chronological order, although for obvious reasons there is an occasional exception to the rule. The Introduction is divided into three parts: first, suggestions for the study of poetry; second, a brief historical outline of the development of poetry in America; and third, a practical discussion of oral work. The Notes, which are informative rather than critical, include short biographical sketches of the various authors. Questions on the text, instead of being grouped separately at the end of the volume, are incorporated with the notes on the respective poems. A full Index provides a means of ready reference.

The illustrations form a feature of unusual interest. Author-portraits possess an acknowledged educational value; the other pictures have been carefully selected not only to add to the attractiveness of the book, but also to interpret in some measure the spirit of the poems. An appeal to the eye will often bring home to the young reader some fresh significance which otherwise would escape his attention.

For friendly advice and assistance the Editor is indebted to Miss Katharine Shute, of the Boston Normal School; to Dr. Dudley Miles of the Evander Childs High School, New York; to Mr. Archibald Rutledge, of Mercersburg Academy, Mercersburg, Pennsylvania; to Mr. Edward B. Richards, of the University of the State of New York, Albany; and to Mr. Wilbur W. Hatfield, of the Chicago Normal School.

A. B. DE MILLE.

SIMMONS COLLEGE,
BOSTON.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The following firms and individuals have courteously given permission for the use of copyrighted material:

Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston: selections from the works of Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Poe, Bret Harte, John Hay, Bayard Taylor. Also the following poems: *The Garden by Moonlight*, Amy Lowell; *The Wild Ride* and *Sanctuary*, Louise Imogen Guiney; *The Fool's Prayer*, Edward Rowland Sill; *On a Greek Vase*, Frank Dempster Sherman; *Dusk*, Clinton Scollard

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York: *The Song of the Chattahoochee* and *The Marshes of Glynn*, Sidney Lanier; *The Road to Arcady*, Henry Cuyler Bunner; *An Angler's Wish* and *A Mile with Me*, Henry Van Dyke; *Little Boy Blue*, Eugene Field; *I Have a Rendezvous with Death*, Alan Seeger.

D. Appleton and Company, New York: Selections from the works of William Cullen Bryant; *On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake* and *Marco Bozzaris*, Fitz-Greene Halleck; *The American Flag*, Joseph Rodman Drake.

Small, Maynard and Company, Boston: *Clover*, John Banister Tabb; *Love in the Winds*, Richard Hovey.

Doubleday, Page and Company, Garden City, N. Y.: selections from the works of Walt Whitman.

J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia: *Dirge for a Soldier*, George Henry Boker.

Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.: *The Old Swimmin'-Hole* and *Wind of the Sea*, James Whitcomb Riley.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, Boston: selections from the poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne.

Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Va.: *At Magnolia Cemetery* and *The Past*, Henry Timrod.

- Harr Wagner Publishing Company, San Francisco: *Columbus and Westward Ho!*, Joaquin Miller.
- Alfred A. Knopf, New York, and the Author: *A Farmer Remembers Lincoln*, Witter Bynner.
- Henry Holt and Company, New York: *The Tuft of Flowers* and *The Road Not Taken*, Robert Frost; *Three Pieces on the Smoke of Autumn*, Carl Sandburg.
- E. P. Dutton and Company, New York: *Unseen Spirits*, from *Poems*, Nathaniel Parker Willis.
- Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J.: selections from the works of Philip Freneau.
- The Youth's Companion, Boston: *The Flag Goes By*, Henry Holcomb Bennett.
- The Atlantic Monthly, Boston: *The Blue and the Gray*, Francis Miles Finch.
- E. H. Ware: *Quivera — Kansas, 1542-1892*, Eugene Fitch Ware.
- Edwin Markham: *The Man with the Hoe* and *A Mendocino Memory*.
- Katharine Lee Bates: *America the Beautiful*.
- Hamlin Garland: *Do You Fear the Wind?* and *In the Grass*.
- Ernest McGaffey: *Mark!*
- Professor Benjamin Sledd: *The Children*, from his copyrighted volume *Watchers of the Hearth*.
- Theodosia (Garrison) Faulks: *The Green Inn*.
- Edwin Arlington Robinson: *Miniver Cheevy* and *Flammonde*.
- Nicholas Vachel Lindsay: *General Booth Enters Into Heaven*.
- Archibald Rutledge: *Spring in the South* and *Sanctuary*.
- Ina Coolbrith: *Helen Hunt Jackson*.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PHILIP FRENEAU	
The Wild Honeysuckle.....	1
The Indian Burying Ground.....	2
RICHARD HENRY WILDE	
My Life Is Like the Summer Rose.....	3
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE	
Home, Sweet Home!.....	4
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK	
On The Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.....	5
Marco Bozzaris.....	6
JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE	
The American Flag.....	9
NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS	
Unseen Spirits.....	11
CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN	
Monterey.....	12
WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS	
Song in March.....	14
EPES SARGENT	
A Life on the Ocean Wave.....	14
WALTER MITCHELL	
Tacking Ship Off Shore.....	15
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT	
Thanatopsis.....	18
To a Waterfowl.....	21
The Death of the Flowers.....	22
To the Fringed Gentian.....	24
The Battlefield.....	25
RALPH WALDO EMERSON	
Concord Hymn.....	27
The Problem.....	27

	PAGE
Each and All.....	30
The Humble-Bee.....	32
The Snow-Storm.....	34
The Rhodora.....	35
Terminus.....	36
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW	
The Skeleton in Armor.....	37
A Psalm of Life.....	43
The Wreck of the Hesperus.....	44
The Village Blacksmith.....	48
The Day Is Done.....	49
The Bridge.....	51
Hymn to the Night.....	54
Sea-Weed.....	55
My Lost Youth.....	57
Sir Humphrey Gilbert.....	60
A Dutch Picture.....	62
A Ballad of the French Fleet.....	64
Nature.....	66
Chaucer.....	67
The Republic.....	67
Ultima Thule.....	68
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER	
In School-Days.....	69
The Barefoot Boy.....	70
Maud Muller.....	74
Skipper Ireson's Ride.....	79
Snow-Bound.....	82
Telling the Bees.....	88
The Eternal Goodness.....	91
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES	
The Last Leaf.....	94
The Deacon's Masterpiece.....	96
The Boys.....	101
Old Ironsides.....	103
The Chambered Nautilus.....	104

Contents

ix

PAGE

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The Vision of Sir Launfal	
Prelude to Part First	105
Prelude to Part Second	108
In War Time. (From <i>The Biglow Papers</i>)	110
Abraham Lincoln	112
Virginia. (From <i>Under the Old Elm</i>)	114
Freedom. (From the <i>Ode to Liberty</i>)	116
The Courtin'	116
The Fountain	120
To the Dandelion	121

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Israfel	123
The City in the Sea	125
Annabel Lee	127
Ulalume	129
The Haunted Palace	132
Dream-Land	134
The Raven	136
The Bells	143
Eldorado	147
To Helen	148

WALT WHITMAN

Manahatta	149
Pioneers! O Pioneers!	150
I Hear America Singing	153
Cavalry Crossing a Ford	154
O Captain! My Captain!	154
Darest Thou Now, O Soul	156

THEODORE O'HARA

The Bivouac of the Dead	157
-----------------------------------	-----

BAYARD TAYLOR

A Song of the Camp	160
Bedouin Song	162

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR

Little Giffen	163
-------------------------	-----

	PAGE
ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN	
Reunited.....	165
GEORGE HENRY BOKER	
Dirge for a Soldier.....	167
FRANCIS MILES FINCH	
The Blue and the Gray.....	168
HENRY TIMROD	
At Magnolia Cemetery.....	170
The Past.....	171
PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE	
A Little While I Fain Would Linger Yet.....	172
The Mocking Bird.....	173
Fate or God?.....	174
JOHN ESTEN COOKE	
The Band in the Pines.....	175
MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND	
The Creed.....	176
JOHN HAY	
Jim Bludso of the <i>Prairie Belle</i>	177
FRANCIS BRET HARTE	
San Francisco.....	180
Chicago.....	182
Plain Language from Truthful James.....	182
The Reveille.....	185
Dickens in Camp.....	186
The Angelus.....	188
EDWARD ROWLAND SILL	
The Fool's Prayer.....	189
JOAQUIN MILLER	
Columbus.....	191
Westward Ho!.....	192
EUGENE FITCH WARE	
Quivera — Kansas.....	194

Contents

xi

PAGE

SIDNEY LANIER

Song of the Chattahoochee..... 197

The Marshes of Glynn..... 199

INA COOLBRITH

Helen Hunt Jackson..... 204

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

An Art Master..... 205

JOHN BANISTER TABB

Clover..... 206

EUGENE FIELD.

Little Boy Blue..... 207

EDWIN MARKHAM

The Man with the Hoe..... 208

A Mendocino Memory..... 210

HENRY VAN DYKE

An Angler's Wish..... 212

A Mile with Me..... 214

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

The Old Swimmin'-Hole..... 215

Wind of the Sea..... 217

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER

The Way to Arcady..... 218

KATHARINE LEE BATES

America the Beautiful..... 221

DANSKE DANDRIDGE

Glamour-Land..... 222

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

On a Greek Vase..... 223

HAMLIN GARLAND

Do you Fear the Wind? 225

In the Grass..... 225

CLINTON SCOLLARD

Dusk..... 226

	PAGE
LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY	
The Wild Ride.....	227
Sanctuary.....	228
ERNEST MCGAFFEY	
"Mark!".....	228
BENJAMIN SLEDD	
The Children.....	229
HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT	
The Flag Goes By.....	230
RICHARD HOVEY	
Love in the Winds.....	231
MADISON CAWEIN	
The Creek-Road.....	232
Rest.....	232
EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON	
Miniver Cheevy.....	234
Flammonde.....	235
ROBERT FROST	
The Tuft of Flowers.....	239
The Road Not Taken.....	241
JOYCE KILMER	
Trees.....	241
ALAN SEEGER	
I Have a Rendezvous with Death.....	242
AMY LOWELL	
The Garden by Moonlight.....	243
CARL SANDBURG	
Three Pieces on the Smoke of Autumn.....	244
WITTER BYNNER	
A Farmer Remembers Lincoln.....	246
VACHEL LINDSAY	
General William Booth Enters Into Heaven.....	247

Contents

xiii

PAGE

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

City Roofs..... 250

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Spring in the South..... 251

The Sanctuary..... 252

THEODOSIA (GARRISON) FAULKS

The Green Inn..... 253

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Muses Acclaim Genius as the Messenger of Light

Frontispiece

	FACING PAGE
Philip Freneau	1
John Howard Payne	4
“Child of the sun! to thee ’tis given To guard the banner of the free.”	10
Nathaniel Parker Willis	12
Charles Fenno Hoffman	13
William Gilmore Simms	14
“Once more on the deck I stand Of my own swift-gliding bark.”	15
“And so off shore let the good ship fly.”	17
William Cullen Bryant	20
Bryant in His Grounds at Roslyn	22
“Fiery hearts and armed hands Encountered in the battle-cloud.”	25
“Here once the embattled farmers stood And fired the shot heard round the world.”	27
Ralph Waldo Emerson	30
Home of Ralph Waldo Emerson	35
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	38
“But when I older grew, Joining a corsair’s crew, O’er the dark sea I flew With the marauders.”	40
“Some ship in distress that cannot live In such an angry sea.”	46
The Village Blacksmith	48
Home of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	55
John Greenleaf Whittier	70
“Blessings on thee, little man, Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!”	72

	FACING PAGE
Skipper Ireson's House, Marblehead	80
Birthplace of John Greenleaf Whittier	85
Oliver Wendell Holmes	94
Old Ironsides	103
James Russell Lowell	106
"Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true."	112
The Washington Elm	114
The Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor	116
"Into the sunshine, Full of the light, Leaping and flashing From morn till night!"	120
Edgar Allan Poe	124
"She was a child and I was a child, In this kingdom by the sea."	128
"It was down by the dank tarn of Auber, In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."	130
"In the greenest of our valleys, By good angels tenanted, Once a fair and stately palace — Radiant palace — reared its head."	132
"And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door."	142
Walt Whitman	150
"On Fame's eternal camping-ground."	157
Bayard Taylor	160
"From the Desert I come to thee, On a stallion shod with fire."	163
"Fold him in his country's stars, Roll the drum and fire the volley."	168
Henry Timrod	170
Paul Hamilton Hayne	172
John Hay	178
Francis Bret Harte	180

Illustrations

xvii

FACING PAGE

"The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting Their minarets of snow."	187
The Angelus	189
The Landing of Columbus	192
Joaquin Miller	193
Sidney Lanier	198
"Clear ring the silvery Mission bells."	204
Eugene Field	207
The Man with the Hoe	209
James Whitcomb Riley	216
Henry Cuyler Bunner	218
"Purple mountain majesties Above the fruited plain."	222
"Blue and crimson and white it shines, Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines."	230
Edwin Arlington Robinson	234
Robert Frost	240
"A tree that looks at God all day, And lifts her leafy arms to pray."	242
"On some scarred slope of battered hill."	243
"Roof-tops, roof-tops, what do you cover?"	250
Archibald Rutledge	252
"Every wild wing of the harried, the hunted, Every fleet foot of the stalked, the pursued, Every bright eye of the fearful, the followed Solace may find in this blithe solitude."	253

INTRODUCTION

THE STUDY OF POETRY

Poetry is written to be enjoyed. But to be enjoyed it must first be understood, and to understand and enjoy poetry we should know something of its principles. These are not new; they have developed during the centuries through the practice of great writers who have set forth in beautiful words their thoughts about nature and human life. The value of studying poetry lies in the help and enjoyment which we derive from reading what these great men have written.

Poetry is divided into several broad classes, each of which is distinguished by definite characteristics. Before discussing these separate divisions, **Rhythm, or Metre** however, we should note certain features which are common to all. The most important, as well as the most obvious, is "rhythm"; that is, the measured recurrence of beat and pause. Rhythm, as Professor Gummere has pointed out, is not artificial; it lies at the heart of things, and forms the mode of expression for the noblest thoughts.

When regularly measured and defined, rhythm is known as "metre." Metre follows definite rules, which have been carefully observed by all the great poets from Homer to Tennyson and Longfellow;

they have worked out with the utmost pains the appropriate metrical form for the expression of their thought. Poetry, like music, is written for the ear; we cannot expect to read a poem sympathetically without some knowledge of the medium in which it is written.

Metre is determined by the way in which the accented syllables are disposed in the line. The unit of the poetic line is the "foot"; each foot is made up of one accented syllable, with one or two unaccented. Four kinds of feet are generally recognized:

The Foot Trochee, two syllables with the accent on the first:
rap'id.

Iambus, two syllables with the accent on the second:
away'.

Dactyl, three syllables with the accent on the first:
mur'muring.

Anapest, three syllables with the accent on the last:
interfere'.

There are other combinations of accented and unaccented syllables in poetry, but they may best be regarded, perhaps, as variations from the standard types which have been given.

Variations of the foot are common. Indeed, if all the lines in a poem were based upon an absolutely uniform foot the result would be a tiresome monotony. Metrical variety is secured, therefore, in several ways — by substituting one foot for another, or by adding or omitting a syllable. Thus, trochaic feet are often substituted for iambic; ana-

pestic and iambic feet are interchanged, as are also trochaic and dactyllic. A simple example from Scott's *The Lady of the Lake* will show how this interchange is made, the unit of the metre here being the iambic foot:

Yelled on the view the opening pack;
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along

The good reader will unconsciously adjust himself to the variations from the normal which occur in all poetry, realizing the added beauty which is conferred by such "variety in unity." While a single line may be too irregular to be assignable to the regular metre of the poem in which it stands, yet the succession of normal lines will establish the definite rhythm. As a case in point, we may quote part of Tennyson's *Break, break, break*. The meter is anapestic, and there are three feet to the line; but the exceptionally musical quality of the lyric is produced by the masterly variation:

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill;
 But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

The lines of a poem may be of any number of feet, from one to eight, and are named for both the number and the kind of feet which they contain.

The Line

The nomenclature has been in use for many centuries. It is a little difficult to remember, but forms a very convenient method of describing the type of line employed in any given poem. A line is named as follows, according to the number of feet: one foot, *monometer*; two, *dimeter*; three, *trimeter*; four, *tetrameter*; five, *pentameter*; six, *hexameter*; seven, *heptameter*; eight, *octometer*. The system may be illustrated by the following table:

Iambic monometer: Bē gōne!

Iambic dimeter: If Í | cōuld dwell.|

Dactyllic dimeter: Fár in thē | Nōrthērn lānd.|

Iambic trimeter: Whōse hēart | -strings āre | ā lute.|

Iambic tetrameter: Thōu tōo | sāil on, | Ō Shíp | of Stāte.|

Trochaic tetrameter: Shōuld yōu | āsk mē | whēnce thēsē | stōries.|

Anapestic tetrameter: 'Twas thē night | bēfōre Chríst | māś, whēn āll | thrōugh thē hōuse.|

Iambic pentameter: Hīs chām | bēr in | thē síl | ēnt hālls | of death.|

Dactyllic hexameter: In thē Āc | ādian | lānd, on thē | shōres of thē | Bāsin of | Mīnas.|

Iambic heptameter: An hún̄d | rēd hānds | wērē bús | ŷ then, |
thē bān | quēt fōrth | wās sprēad. |

Trochaic octometer: Ónce ūp | ón ā | mīdnight | drēary, | ás Ī |
pōndered, | wēak ānd | wēary. |

Some of these types are seldom used, while others have proved peculiarly well adapted to the needs of English poetry. The dactyllic hexameter, for instance, is rare; on the other hand, the iambic tetrameter and the iambic pentameter are very common. The latter, indeed, in the unrhymed form known as "blank verse," is one of the most widely used of all metres. Shakespeare's plays, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* are all written in iambic pentameter; a good example in the present volume is Bryant's *Thanatopsis*.

Another important part of the "machinery" of poetry is the stanza — the line group into which many poems are divided. It has a function similar in some respects to the paragraph in prose. The stanza is of varying length, from two lines as in Kilmer's *Trees*, to eleven lines as in Whittier's *Skipper Ireson's Ride*, or an indefinite number, as in *The Marshes of Glynn*.

The "heroic couplet," although not strictly speaking a stanza form, should be mentioned because it is represented by so large a body of eighteenth century verse. It lacked metrical variety, and hence was monotonous in effect; it possessed, however, almost invariable neatness of phrasing with occasional brilliant epigrammatic passages. An example may be cited from Pope's *Essay on Criticism*:

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
 Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
 Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Very common is the four-line, or "ballad" stanza — so-called from its use in the numerous ballads of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Its simplicity made it universally popular — the *Robin Hood* Ballads, Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, Longfellow's *Wreck of the Hesperus* and *The Bridge* are familiar to most readers. Another common stanza is that of eight lines, illustrated in our collection by the verses from *The Biglow Papers*. Noteworthy among the longer forms is the "Spenserian stanza," used by the poet Edmund Spenser in *The Faerie Queene*. It consists of eight iambic pentameter lines, followed by an iambic hexameter. Here is an example from Spenser's great poem:

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
 Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
 Far from resort of people that did pass
 In travel to and fro: a little wide
 There was an holy chapel edified*
 Wherein the Hermit duly wont to say
 His holy things each morn and eventide;
 Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountain wellèd forth alway.

A verse-form of fourteen iambic pentameter lines, arranged in certain definite ways, constitutes what is known as a "sonnet." The sonnet was introduced into England from Italy about the middle of the sixteenth century, and occupies an

The Sonnet

* built.

important position in English literature. There are two kinds of sonnets — the “Italianate” and the “Shakespearean.” The Italianate follows the original Italian model; it is made up of an “octave,” or group of eight lines, followed by a “sestette,” six lines. The Shakespearean is the modification adopted by Shakespeare; it employs three “quatrains,” or four-line stanzas, followed by a couplet. If we indicate the rhyme-sounds by letters, the rhyme system can be clearly shown: thus, Italianate — abbaabba, cdcdcd or cdecde; Shakespearean — abab, cdcd, efef, gg. The two examples given below will illustrate the sonnet at its best. The first is an Italianate sonnet by Wordsworth, *Westminster Bridge*:

Earth has not anything to show more fair:	a
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by	b
A sight so touching in its majesty:	b
This City now doth like a garment wear	a
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,	a
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie	b
Open unto the fields, and to the sky, —	b
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.	a
Never did sun more beautifully steep	c
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;	d
Ne’er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!	c
The river glideth at his own sweet will:	d
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;	c
And all that mighty heart is lying still!	d

The second is one of Shakespeare’s sonnets:

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought	a
I summon up remembrance of things past,	b
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,	a
And with old woes new wail my dear time’s waste;	b

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,	c
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,	d
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancelled woe,	c
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.	c
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,	e
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er	f
The sad account of fore-bemoanéd moan,	e
Which I new pay as if not paid before:	f
— But if the while I think on thee, dear Friend,	g
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.	g

Longfellow's *Chaucer* and *Nature* and Timrod's *Fate or God?* are Italianate sonnets.

Next to the form in which it is cast, the most noticeable characteristic of poetry is its love of pictures.

Pictures Appeal to the imagination is made largely through vivid gleams of picturesque material which enforce the idea, or beautify the thought, and which may be condensed into a single phrase or elaborated through an extended passage. Instances are readily found: Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal* contains some striking examples, and the work of Poe is full of them. Here are illustrations from two other poets, picked almost at random:

I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
 I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
 Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all:
 But the night's black was burst through by a blaze —
 Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and bore,
 Through her whole length of mountain'visible:
 There lay the city thick and plain with spires,
 And like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.

— BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book*.

One show'd an iron coast and angry waves,
 You seem'd to hear them climb and fall
 And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves,
 Beneath the windy wall

And one, a foreground black with stones and slags,
 Beyond, a line of heights, and higher,
 All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,
 And highest, snow and fire.

— TENNYSON, *The Palace of Art*.

Such pictures play an essential part in the poem. They do not exist for their own sake — beautiful as they are — but for what they contribute to the general meaning.

An interesting device, used sometimes with fine effect, is “onomatopœia.” Here the words are employed in such a way that the sound echoes the sense, as may be seen in the lines quoted:

The murmuring surge,
 That on the unnumbered idle pebble chafes,
 Can scarce be heard so high.

— SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*.

Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawns,
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
 And murmuring of innumerable bees.

— TENNYSON, *The Princess*.

On a sudden open fly
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
 The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder.

— MILTON, *Paradise Lost*.

Hear the loud alarum bells,
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune

— POE, *The Bells*.

The effect of the pictures so frequently presented in poetry is heightened by the employment of “figures of speech.” A figure of speech is any departure from the ordinary mode of expression with a view to gaining greater force or beauty. Figurative language is of the very essence of poetry; so fully indeed has it been developed, that those who make a study of the matter have distinguished over one hundred varieties. Of this large number, however, there are only a few which are of importance to the average reader. These may be briefly explained and illustrated.

Simile. A simile is a comparison, definitely expressed.

Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
 Stains the white radiance of eternity.

— SHELLEY, *Adonais*.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
 And her cheeks like the dawn of day.

— LONGFELLOW, *Wreck of the Hesperus*

Metaphor. A metaphor is a comparison which is implied, not fully expressed. It may be condensed into

a single word, as when Marullus, in *Julius Caesar*, addresses the Roman mob.

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

Or it may be more elaborate, as:

This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.

He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

— JOAQUIN MILLER, *Columbus*.

Personification is a figure in which things without life, or abstract ideas, are given the qualities of living persons.

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

— SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*.

But, O Grief! where hast thou led me?

— SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Caesar*.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls.

— LONGFELLOW, *Hymn to the Night*.

Apostrophe addresses the absent as if present.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour.

— WORDSWORTH, *Milton*.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!

— HALLECK, *To Francis Rodman Drake*.

Hyperbole is exaggeration for the sake of finer effect.

Then broke

The thunder like a whole sea overhead.

— BROWNING, *Pippa Passes*.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
 That sweeps his great plateau,
 Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
 Came down the serried foe.

— O'HARA, *Bivouac of the Dead*.

As a result of the careful attention to the expression of his ideas which is enforced upon the poet by the **Economy of Language** very nature of his work, all good poetry is characterized by what may be termed economy of language. It uses the exact word, the "inevitable phrase," and thus tends to compactness and condensation. Thus, too, it becomes suggestive and thought-provoking; many poems are a collection of hints, as it were, which stimulate the imagination. This matter of economy may be tested by writing out in clear prose the full meaning of a poem like Emerson's *Terminus*, or Poe's *Dream-Land*. The prose version will not only lack the power and the beauty of the original, but will occupy considerably more space in expressing the same ideas.

Our brief discussion of poetry leads us, finally, to one other quality — the mark of all true poetry — "**Inspiration**" which cannot be exactly defined. The poet must not only give beautiful pictures and set forth noble and stimulating ideas. To all this he must add something else — that indefinable thing which Wordsworth spoke of as

The light that never was on sea or land,
 The consecration, and the Poet's dream.

Genius, inspiration — term it what we will; in the last analysis it is something that no one can explain. But

it is a real thing; it is present in all great poetry; we can feel it if we are willing to enter with due reverence into the treasure-house opened for us.

We turn now to the divisions into which poetry may be separated. Speaking broadly, there are four such classes: narrative, dramatic, lyric, and didactic. These, of course, are not mutually exclusive; they do not stand apart according to a rigid classification. Thus the epic, for example, shows touches of the dramatic; the drama usually contains lyric poetry. But it is useful to observe certain divisions, based upon certain dominant characteristics. Of the four classes mentioned, didactic poetry is the least important, and may be dismissed with a word. It is written for the definite purpose of teaching a moral or inculcating a principle; perhaps, strictly considered, it is not poetry at all, for the poet becomes a preacher. The other classes may be considered more fully. We must remember that different arrangements are possible, but the one which has been adopted here will serve to show plainly the characteristic features of the several types.

Narrative poetry is poetry that tells a story. It is concerned with what happens, and takes little or no account of reasons or causes. The tone is "objective" — that is, the interest lies in the story rather than in the writer of the story. Under narrative poetry are grouped the "epic," the "ballad," the "tale," the "romance," and the "idyl." The epic is "a poem celebrating, in stately verse, the real or mythical exploits of great

**Narrative
Poetry: the
Epic**

personages, heroes, or demigods." It consists of a series of episodes, loosely strung together and unified by the personality of the one strong central character. In Homer's *Iliad*, for instance, we are told of "the wrath of Achilles" and its results; in the *Odyssey*, of the voyagings of Odysseus, the "far-wanderer." These are the Greek national epics. The type is not common: in the whole of English literature there are only two true examples — *Beowulf*, the epic of the Saxons before they came to England, and Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

A "ballad" is a story told in the simplest way. Examples of the old ballads are *Sir Patrick Spens* and the Robin Hood cycle; of the modern Ballad, variety, Kipling's *Ballad of East and Romance*, Tale, Idyl West and Whittier's *Skipper Ireson's Ride*. The term "romance" is used somewhat loosely. Originally it referred to the long rhymed stories of the Middle Ages; in modern times it is represented by work like Scott's *Marmion* or *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The "tale," also, has a somewhat indeterminate application. The masterpiece in the kind is Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*; other tales are grouped together in Morris's *The Earthly Paradise*, Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, or Whittier's *Tent on the Beach*. For the "idyl," one naturally turns to Tennyson, whose *Idylls of the King* afford the finest examples. Pure narrative poetry has been very successfully written in recent years by John Masefield, in his three remarkable poems, *The Story of a Roundhouse*, *Reynard the Fox*, and *Right Royal*. Descriptive narrative — where

we are interested in the series of pictures rather than in the story — occurs in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* and Whittier's *Snow-Bound*.

Dramatic poetry includes the great body of verse written for presentation on the stage. Composed primarily to be acted, it possesses certain features — such as the rapid interchange of conversation and the development of character — which differentiate it from the other types; the whole thing, moreover, moves swiftly and compactly to a definite climax. The noblest examples of dramatic poetry are found in Shakespeare's plays; less important members of the class are the "closet dramas," such as Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* and Byron's *Manfred*, which are not intended for the material theatre. In the same category should be included "dramatic monologues" like Browning's *My Last Duchess* and *The Bishop Orders His Tomb*. In these there is only one speaker, yet the presence of others is implied by the nature of the monologue.

The lyric is a short poem which turns upon "some single thought, feeling, or situation." Unlike narrative verse, it is "subjective": it reflects the personal feelings of the author — often his deepest emotions. Intended originally to be sung to the "lyre" (whence its name), the lyric retains as one of its characteristic features a distinctly musical quality. This quality is very noticeable in the little songs scattered through the plays of Shakespeare, and in the beautiful poems by such writers as Shelley, Keats, and Byron included in collections like

Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*. The elements of lyric poetry have been said to be "emotion and imagery" — the mood, or emotion, of the writer, which in itself may be vague or formless, is expressed in terms of effective imagery. Thus, the emotion of patriotism underlies the imagery of *Old Ironsides*; melancholy is the theme of *The Day Is Done*; sorrow, of *The Band in the Pines*, and so forth. It is this quality of voicing strong emotion through beautiful imagery in musical form which has made the lyric invariably popular, and in some respects the most important type of poetical expression.

It will be clear, from our discussion of the subject, that the reading and understanding of poetry calls for an alert mind. There must be a sympathetic attitude, and a readiness to receive impressions that come from many different sources. For poetry, more than any other form of literature, is the expression of life; the poet touches the human heart, and looks more deeply than other men into the springs of human action. The best way to read poetry is to read it aloud, as it is meant to be read; this method not only emphasizes the rare melodies inherent in all good verse, but also develops the significance of the poem — what is sometimes called the "message" of the poet. The ear will help the eye; the mind will more justly apprehend, the taste more surely appreciate.

A practical "approach" to the real knowledge and enjoyment of poetry can be illustrated by some definite examples. Let us take, for one of these, Poe's *The*

Haunted Palace. A first reading of the poem will raise various questions: Is the poem easy to understand?

The Haunted Palace What is the general meaning? To what class of poetry does it belong? What is the metre, stanza form, etc.? Are

there any striking pictures? A little consideration will lead to some such answers as these: The poem is fairly difficult; the general spirit seems to be allegorical — the allegory of a lost mind. It is a lyric, evidently, and the metrical form (handled with very musical effect) is trochaic tetrameter, with variations, arranged in eight-line stanzas. As you become familiar with the poem, you will observe the remarkable series of pictures — first beautiful, then repulsive; you will note how skilfully the language changes from the melodious expression of the first four stanzas to the harsh phraseology of the last two; how the last part is carefully balanced against the first; and, finally, how all these things tend to intensify the idea which the poet wishes to convey — the thought of a noble intellect ruined by madness. If you care to read *The Fall of the House of Usher*, the story in which the poem occurs, you will see how finely it illustrates the mentality of the hero.

Taking for another example Whittier's *Snow-Bound*, you will find that from the first it is perfectly clear,

Snow-Bound and Other Poems giving a clean-cut picture of New England farm life in winter. The type is obviously narrative, the metre iambic

tetrameter, arranged in couplets. With a straightforward simplicity of language, the pictures are almost

photographic, drawn from memory rather than from imagination. Other poems may be cited. Emerson's *The Problem* is an example of didactic poetry, somewhat difficult of comprehension, with a message couched in vigorous but irregular tetrameters. Longfellow's *Wreck of the Hesperus*, simple in plan and execution, has a special interest as a careful reproduction of the old ballad type. From other points of view we may study the patriotic lyric, as *Old Ironsides* or *Concord Bridge*; the personal lyric, as the *Hymn to the Night* and *Ulalume*; poems of places, as *The Song of the Chat-tahoochee* and *San Francisco*.

There is no doubt that it is harder to read a good poem intelligently than to glance through the latest novel or to follow the most recent play. Study a Means to Enjoyment The thought, the feeling, and the imagination must all be trained to appreciate what the poet has to give. But such training is pleasant in itself, because it keeps us continually in contact with fine and beautiful things, while the result opens for us a way to the keenest intellectual enjoyment.

As a guide towards the appreciation of poetry it is helpful to use suggestive questions. Poems differ much, of course, in the demands which Helpful Questions they make upon our understanding, just as they do in their metrical form or their emotional appeal. We should not need, for example, to take the same mental attitude towards Longfellow's *Village Blacksmith* as towards Emerson's *Each and All*. In general, however, questions of some sort have a real

purpose to serve, and we may include here a few, adapted from various sources, which have been found to be of practical benefit.

What kind of poetry is it — what metre, etc. Is the purpose of the poem to convey emotion? to amuse? to instruct? Does it seem to require careful study?

Is the language simple, or involved? Is the expression figurative? literal? Are the figures effective? Are the words unusual? employed in an unusual sense?

Does it appeal to the imagination, or to the intellect? Is the thought difficult to understand? Is the meaning clear or veiled? Is the obscurity (if there is any) intentional, or due to some deficiency of presentation? Does the poem leave a unified impression?

Is the poem easy to read aloud? melodious? Does the metre satisfy your ear? What lines or stanzas seem to you especially musical? or the reverse? Do you find instances of onomatopoeia? Does the art of the poet impress you more than his thought?

Does the poem reveal anything about the author? Should you be able to say whether he was sentimental? emotional? religious? optimistic? humorous? intellectual? Should you think that he was more interested in books, or in human nature — or in his own personality? After reading one of his poems, do you want to know more about him?

As we become more familiar with the general field of poetry, other points will naturally be taken up. Our investigation may take the form indicated below.

Implication. Many poems are highly suggestive, and produce their effect by what is implied quite as much as by what is actually said. Browning and Emerson are noteworthy in this respect. Search, then, for what lies behind the printed word. Nothing will help so much towards a right judgment of values; nothing, moreover, will so effectually check the bad habit of

absorbing merely surface impressions — a habit which is fatal to literary appreciation.

Structure. Stanza division and metre may seem in themselves subjects that are mechanical and uninteresting. We must remember, however, that the verse which moves so easily, the line which seizes so exactly the fleeting thought, embodies the result of most careful observation and experiment — “for a good poet’s made as well as born.” *Why* is this type of stanza used, instead of some other? *Why* should this particular metre be selected? These questions and others like them take us directly into the workshop.

Criticism. We may further direct our attention to the telling words or phrases; noting how the poet selects the “ultimate word,” the one best phrase, for the expression of his thought. We may ask *why* this phrase, or that word, so emphatically serves the purpose. We may then formulate our own opinions about the poem. In any such statement, however, two things are important: we must be honest with ourselves and just with the poet. It is useless to offer any opinion unless we really understand what we talk about; too much criticism nowadays is conditioned either by indolence or by ignorance. Criticism — to apply Matthew Arnold’s famous definition — is a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best. Our ultimate aim should be nothing less than this.

Correlation. It is interesting and profitable to see how some thought, or some picture, or the poem as a whole, resembles some experience of our own. What, for instance, is our personal reaction to *The Dandelion*, or *My Lost Youth*, or *Flammonde*? Can we interpret the poet in terms of our own inner lives? Does the poem mean more to us because of what we have seen or done? Or, again, can we correlate what we read with other pieces of literature already known to us?

For a definite summary and the clarifying of ideas, a simple formula is sometimes useful.

What is the poet trying to tell us?

Why is his method a good one?

What portions of the poem appear to us best?

Why are the ideas more effective in verse than they would be in prose?

A genuine love of good poetry will mean more to us than we are sometimes disposed to think. "Poetry is a deep thing, a teaching thing, the most surely and wisely elevating of human things;" the enduring record of high thoughts clothed in noble language. It opens up the beauty of the world we live in; it enlarges our views of life and broadens our sympathies. As we read more widely, we shall gain power from men who write strongly and wisely; solace from men who have experienced our own troubles and sorrows. A knowledge of great poetry will store our minds with splendid memories, which in time of need will

flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

AMERICAN POETRY

A SKETCH OF ITS DEVELOPMENT

American poetry, considered as a form of national expression, does not appear until after the Revolution. Poetry of a sort, indeed, had been written at earlier stages of our country's history; but there was nothing which could fairly be termed characteristic, or valuable from a literary point of view. It was only natural, as a little thought will show, that this should be the case.

Our forefathers began life in a new land — they were transported from an old and long-established civilization to strange surroundings. In the wilderness where they set up their habitation there was no legendary background upon which traditions and folk-lore (the very life-blood of poetry) could be founded. They were beset, moreover, by hardship and peril; they were busied in making settlements and organizing governments; and forerunners of civilization in a far country do not usually turn poets to sing their own achievements.

Moreover, while the colonies were being planted there flourished in the mother country a very great and enduring literature, in which her children shared by right of inheritance. Shakespeare died only a half-dozen years before the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock; Milton and Bunyan were more than mere names to the men who peopled New England. There, and in the plantations of Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas those who were able to enjoy the pleasures of education had little stimulus to original production. They turned naturally to the poets of the home-land — to Shakespeare and Milton, to Dryden, Pope, and Gray — for the satisfaction of their literary tastes.

In New England, where the Puritan influence was always strong, strenuous opposition was shown from the first to anything which tended to turn men's minds from the serious affairs of life, or to lighten the theology of the stern divines who were the organizers of public opinion. The point of view is well illustrated in a passage written about

The Be-
ginnings
Winthrop's
Journal

1640 in the Journal of John Winthrop, Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay:

"Mr. Hopkins, the governor of Hartford in Connecticut, came to Boston and brought his wife with him (a godly young woman and of special parts) who was fallen into a sad infirmity, the loss of understanding and reason, which had been growing upon her divers years by occasion of her giving herself wholly to reading and writing, and had written many books If she had attended to her household affairs, and such things as belong to women, and not gone out of her way to meddle with such things as are proper to men, whose minds are stronger, etc., she had kept her wits and might have improved them honorably and usefully in the place God had set her."

It can be seen that the type of poetry favored by these men would not be touched by the graces of life
 Unpoetic or art. Such poetry is found in the *Bay*
 Poetry *Psalm Book*, issued by authority some
 twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrims. "Style and verse," says one critic, "are simply barbarous"; another speaks of it as "hammered out on an anvil, by blows from a blacksmith's sledge." For example

"In death no mem'ry is of thee
 and who shall praise thee in the grave?
 I faint with groans, all night my bed
 swims, I with tears my couch washed have."

— Psalm vi, 5, 6.

The limitations of the age are still further shown in a volume of verse by Anne Bradstreet, published in London in 1650 and conditioned by the stark intellectual conditions of her day. Another poem which may be mentioned was Michael Wigglesworth's *Day*

of *Doom*, a grim description of the Last Judgment. On such meat were the early colonists fed.

During the eighteenth century, the influence of Dryden and Pope caused some gain in clearness of thought and ease of form, but even the best poetic work was uninspired and smoothly conventional. In the course of the Revolutionary period, however, vigorous ballads and satires appeared, remarkable for their strong feeling rather than for their poetic excellence. In spirit they followed the English political verse-type — “the didactic and satiric verse of Dryden and Pope feathered the shaft of the American satirist.” For the student of history these poems have considerable interest; as literature they possess little significance.

Of the goodly number who at this time used their pens in the service of their country, the name of only one is generally known today. Philip Freneau combined with vigorous patriotism a sense of form and a poetic feeling which was not found in his contemporaries. His satires were often harsh and coarse; but poems such as *The Indian Burying-ground* and *The Wild Honeysuckle* justify the statement that he was the most original of the early American poets. He was a man of contrasts, with a “vital surplusage” that expended itself in bitter controversy. His poetry at its best has in it something genuinely lyrical; he was the first to discover the romantic element in the life of the Indian — that element afterwards so fully exploited by Cooper and Longfellow.

For some forty years of the nineteenth century, New York enjoyed a kind of literary primacy. A group of writers appeared there who came to be known by the general name of the "Knickerbocker School" — a term reminiscent of Washington Irving's famous *Knickerbocker History* of New York. Best known of these writers were Irving himself, and James Fenimore Cooper; among the poets, Joseph Rodman Drake, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and John Howard Payne. Nathaniel Parker Willis was another prominent member of the group; Charles F. Hoffman founded the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1833. All these poets were distinguished by a certain felicity of phrase, a knowledge of what was wanted by the public, and the somewhat sentimental attitude towards life which was characteristic of the time. Their work, however, did not touch the highest level; for a manifestation of what was best in contemporary American verse we must turn to another figure

After the War of 1812 the country rapidly established itself in nationality, power, and wealth; national expansion brought immense growth in territory and population, while the industrial development of the land underwent an enormous increase. We should expect, under these conditions, some corresponding growth in a poetry of national importance. And we find it first appearing in the work of William Cullen Bryant. He has been called our first national poet; the justice of the appellation is apparent when we realize that both his

style and his thought show an originality and a force such as had not previously been found in America. He won the approval of critical minds at home and abroad. The best of his poetry was written while he was still a young man; the kind of excellence which he commanded is seen in *Thanatopsis*, *To a Waterfowl*, and *The Battlefield*. Bryant held an acknowledged preëminence. "The rest of us," said the novelist Cooper, "may be mentioned now and then, but Bryant is the real American author." Justness of phrasing, a fine sense of the beauty of Nature and her consolatory power, a restrained emotional feeling — these would seem to be the contributions of Bryant to American verse. The greater part of his long career was devoted to prose writing; for this reason, perhaps, he did not respond to the strong poetic influences which made noteworthy the middle portion of the century.

The work of the Southern poets during the period which we are discussing, was somewhat limited in amount, but of good quality. Richard Southern Poets Henry Wilde, one of the earlier poets, is remembered by his graceful lines, *My Life Is Like the Summer Rose*. The name of Henry Timrod is usually associated with that of his friend and biographer, Paul Hamilton Hayne. Both were deeply affected by the Civil War, as a result of which they lost property and means of livelihood; both evinced the poetic temperament and left work of marked beauty and typical Southern sentiment. Timrod's work is found in the volume edited and published after his death by Hayne; best of his poems, perhaps, is the stirring ode, *The*

Cotton Boll. Hayne wrote some artistic lyrics, of which *The Mocking-Bird* clearly shows his feeling for beauty. William Gilmore Simms was a very versatile author and, next to Poe, the most widely known writer of the South. He began to write early and for more than forty years poured forth a stream of poems, novels, and histories, besides acting as editor of several magazines. The *Song in March* gives a good idea of his poetic ability. John Esten Cooke was also a novelist, but he is better known to modern readers by virtue of two or three short poems.

Greatest of Southern writers — by some, indeed, regarded as the most remarkable literary figure which our country has produced — was Edgar Allan Poe. Marked out for sorrow by the peculiar qualities of his own temperament and also, it must be said, by the circumstances of an unsympathetic environment, Poe produced work of the highest genius. The America of his day was unfriendly to his special literary gifts; he would doubtless have lived out a happier life elsewhere — in the England, for instance, of Shelley and Keats, of De Quincey and Hazlitt. The details of his career will be found elsewhere in this book; a modern writer has compared him, not inaptly, to a solitary land-bird winging its way with increasing weariness over the stormy sea into which it is sure to fall at last. His work separates itself naturally into the two divisions of prose and poetry. The former includes the short story — a type which he handled with a mastery that has never been surpassed. Of the various kinds which engaged his

dicating the salient features of this most important division of our poetry.

One of the moving causes which led to the revival of letters in New England — and in itself a factor of **Transcenden- vital import — was the remarkable move- talism** ment known as “transcendentalism.”

Briefly and somewhat inadequately, it may be defined as “an impatience of routine thinking,” a breaking away from the hard and fast rules of conventional thought, a revolt against tradition. It laid stress upon individuality. Beginning in the sphere of religion, it soon concerned itself with social questions, and with literature. Of the movement Lowell said that it had “a very solid kernel, full of the most deadly explosiveness.” The effect upon the literature of the day was stimulating to the highest degree; even those who owed little allegiance to its teachings and who were inclined to smile at the vagaries into which some of its devotees were led, themselves reacted strongly to its influence. Phrases such as these could not fail to stir the hearts of thoughtful men: “Each man has his own vocation. The talent is the call. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion.”

The most remarkable exponent of the new idealism was Ralph Waldo Emerson. He was educated at Harvard University and after serving for a time as minister in a Boston church resigned because of his opinions upon certain matters of doctrine. He went to England in

Ralph Waldo
Emerson

1832, and met Thomas Carlyle, who exercised a lifelong influence upon his thought. The philosophic teachings of Emerson were promulgated through several series of lectures; beginning in New England in 1832, he afterwards gave courses in Scotland and England, and in the Middle States. It was the age of the lecture-platform; but we may be sure that very few lecturers were more consistently successful than was Emerson. The best short summary is one by the eminent English writer, Harriet Martineau:

“There is a vague nobleness and thorough sweetness about him which move people to their very depths, without their being able to explain why He conquers minds as well as hearts, wherever he goes; and, without convincing anybody’s reason of any one thing, exalts their reasons, and makes their minds worth more than they ever were before.”

It is generally conceded that he moved more naturally in the field of prose than in that of poetry; indeed, we have his own words: “I am naturally keenly susceptible to the pleasures of rhythm, and cannot believe but one day I shall attain to that splendid dialect, so ardent is my wish; and these wishes, I suppose, are ever only the buds of power; but up to this hour I have never had a true success in these attempts.” The truth is that poetry does not adapt itself to the somewhat rarefied philosophizing which Emerson sought to comprise within its limits; and while we revere the pure and beautiful spirit which underlies everything he wrote, we miss the perfection of that “splendid dialect” which is found in the work of his great contemporaries.

Emerson felt that American taste was too subservient to European art and culture. "We have listened too long," he said, "to the courtly muse of Europe . . . we will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak out our own minds." But another poet saw the changeless beauty inherent, for the minds that could receive it, in the glories of European literature and art. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was familiarized with life in the older lands by the close knowledge born of two extended sojourns; he sought to picture in sincere and charming verse something of the beauty of ancient legends and the men and the deeds of an earlier day. At the same time, his appreciation of the poetic possibilities of his own country suffered no diminishment; folk-lore and history inspire *Hiawatha* and *Miles Standish*, everyday life forms the background of ballads like *The Village Blacksmith* and *The Bridge*.

Longfellow visited Europe four times, making these pilgrimages at a time when such journeyings were less common — and productive of greater intellectual stimulus — than is the case today. The first visit extended from 1826 to 1829 and, like the second visit a few years later, was made with the practical object of fitting himself for his teaching work, yet the results went deeper than that. The experience colored his whole literary career; he was enabled to reveal to his countrymen phases of life which had been hidden from their eyes — the essential beauty of foreign thought and culture, the charm of "old, forgotten, far-off things." Such a revelation, expressed in the

Henry

Wadsworth

Longfellow

Poetry

I Introduction

fine simplicity of Longfellow's literary style was not least among the contributions to a sane and healthy growth of taste in the national consciousness.

Of his longer poems with an American setting, *Miles Standish* is perhaps a more truthful and sympathetic piece of work than *Evangeline*. It is historically more accurate; it is couched in lighter vein and, while lacking the pathos of the latter, has touches of unaffected humor which are conspicuously absent from the Acadian idyl. *Hiawatha* is a highly successful treatment of Indian myth and legend. Here, Longfellow avoided the fault of making the Indian either repulsive or sentimental — the faults of most earlier literary pictures — by placing him in a setting of pre-historic days. *The Tales of a Wayside Inn* are told with the skill of an artist who was at his ease in narrative verse.

The anti-slavery movement which so strongly influenced Whittier and Lowell affected Longfellow but slightly. His *Poems on Slavery*, as Professor Wendell has pointed out, are academic; they do not breathe the spirit of fiery protest which infuses the verse of Whittier. This is undoubtedly due to his taste and training; perhaps one would not wish for the harsher note, in view of the simple beauty of thought and expression and the true artistic feeling that was characteristic of his poetry.

Widely removed from Longfellow in the circumstances of his upbringing, John Greenleaf Whittier comes very close to him in love of the homely joys of life. It is only necessary to read *Maud Muller*, or *In Schooldays*,

John
Greenleaf
Whittier

or the winter idyl *Snow-Bound* to realize this, and to feel the freshness and open-air quality that marked so much of his verse. Like Longfellow, he has a real gift for telling a story effectively in clear and appealing poetic form; his ballads, historical and other, are among the most successful poems that have been written in America.

While it has been deemed best to omit from this book poems of a controversial nature, yet we must not forget that a very considerable period of Whittier's life was closely engaged in politics and that much of his poetry reflects the bitter feeling of the time in which it was written. As the warm supporter of abolition, he found occasion to express his ideas in many anti-slavery poems. Typical of these are *The Slave Ship* and *The Virginia Slave Mother*. They have been characterized as "impassioned rhetoric," "defiant declamation"; but they are utterly sincere and evince noble qualities of thought. For this reason, they are infinitely more effective than the decorative and impersonal slavery poems of Longfellow or the somewhat whimsical verses in which Lowell made his protest.

Whittier has been called the "homespun poet." Such a name is fairly chosen; it points out the qualities of truth and naturalness, of unpretentious music and straightforward narrative that mark his verse. He tells us not only what he saw, but what he lived; the peace of his own hearth-fire and the scenery of his own countryside.

James Russell Lowell was so much besides a poet

that it has never been easy for the critics definitely to

James appraise his position. Perhaps the best
Russell criticism upon his work in poetry judges
Lowell him deeper and more passionate than

Longfellow, more intellectual than Whittier, less philosophical but more human than Emerson, less elemental but more vital than Bryant. He was a man of the world, a diplomat, and a writer of distinguished prose — and all this apart from his noteworthy achievement in poetry. For this versatility he paid penalty; in no one of the fields of his varied activity did he attain quite the excellence which we feel might have been his. Yet, with the possible exception of Irving, he remains the greatest of our men of letters; that is, the range of his effective literary output and his literary personality is wider than that of any other American writer. This range may be indicated by a few typical works — in literary criticism, *Among my Books* and *My Study Windows*; in miscellaneous essays, *Democracy* and the essay on *Dante*; in poetry, the highly original *Biglow Papers*, the *Vision of Sir Launfal*, and the two odes, the *Commemoration Ode* and *Under the Old Elm*.

A man of broader experience, on the whole, than any of his literary fellows, he touched Longfellow in
His his genuine love of what was beautiful
Personality and worthy in European literature and life, and joined hands with Whittier in his honestly-phrased opposition to slavery. His robust personality underlaid his poetry with a solid strength of fibre, while his broad intellectual tastes enabled him to

reach the hearts of his countrymen at many points of contact.

In respect of his wit and humor, Oliver Wendell Holmes was unique among the New England poets.

Oliver His original gifts were drawn in part
Wendell from a literary ancestry, but were de-
Holmes veloped after his own fashion through a long life of literary activity. He was by profession a doctor and attained much success as lecturer on anatomy at Harvard University. Even into the field of medicine, however, his indomitable wit made entrance; as when he punned upon his daily work by announcing that "the smallest fevers will be thankfully received." His poetry was of brilliant quality; his prose, especially in the "Breakfast Table" series, seems to those who know it equally characteristic and effective.

Well-known though he was locally for many years, it was not until the publication of *The Autocrat of the*
Literary *Breakfast Table* in 1857-8 that his fame
Wisdom began to be national. To the keen critical judgment of Lowell, newly appointed editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, Holmes owed the opportunity of reaching the wider audience which he continued to interest and delight until the end. Chief among the reasons for his success was his own literary wisdom, for "he attempted nothing that he could not do well." Thus we have the original form into which he cast the three "Breakfast Table" books — the *Autocrat*, the *Professor*, and the *Poet*; thus, too, we find in all his poetry the sureness of touch and the command of

polished wit and urbane humor which were characteristic of the man himself. In "poetry of occasion" he has never been surpassed; and it is a remarkable proof of his genius that throughout a poetical career of over forty years he preserved the perfection of neat phrasing and appropriate humor. His poetry at its best may be indicated by *Old Ironsides*, *The Boys*, and *The Chambered Nautilus*.

It is doubtful if any group of poets has held a position of more unquestioned leadership in their own country than was occupied during the last half of the nineteenth century by the five New England writers whom we have been discussing. They came to be regarded with a feeling almost akin to veneration; visitors to the homes of Emerson, Longfellow, and Whittier approached in the spirit of a pilgrimage. Looking back from a later day, it is not difficult to understand the reason for such an attitude. For fifty years—from the appearance of Longfellow's *Voices of the Night* in 1839, let us say, to Holmes's *Over the Tea-Cups* in 1890—the five great poets stirred their readers, taught and amused them, with a knowledge of the poetic art such as no American had possessed before. Never, certainly, had there been a time when poetry made so many contacts with American life. The appearance of so unusual a group is a literary phenomenon of great interest; but one with which we cannot deal here. The New England poets reacted to tendencies in literature, in education, and in national growth; they in turn created the first body of verse of national significance which the country had seen. They established American poetry.

It is convenient to mention at this point several poets who may be assigned to the Middle States.

The Middle States George Henry Boker was a "respectable" writer, remembered by virtue of his lyric *Dirge for a Soldier*. Bayard Taylor travelled far and wide and recorded his travels in books which evoked keen interest at the time, but which now belong to our literary past. A writer of plays and poems, besides volumes of travel, he somehow failed to impress himself permanently.

Far otherwise was it with another writer of the Middle States group. For good or ill, Walt Whitman left a very definite impress upon our poetry. Critics are divided as to the value of his work; they are at one, however, as to its immense vigor and its intense preoccupation with all phases of human nature. That his work might the better reflect the novelty of his message, he broke away from all established conventions of poetic form; hence it is difficult to judge him by the accepted rules of criticism. Yet since all the greatest poets have worked under the strictest laws of the poetic art and within those laws have given the world their greatest work, it is certain that he who wilfully rejects such forms must have something very notable to offer. What Whitman had to offer was a broad feeling for humanity, a deep love of nature and the sea, and the power of presenting vivid pictures. But the studied crudity of much of his work, his lack of structural skill, and his failure to enunciate a consistent philosophy of life prevent him, in the opinion of competent

critics, from being estimated as a great poet. He said some great things in a most effective way; but much else that he said was neither effective nor great.

The romance of the Far West was first put into the form of fiction by Francis Bret Harte. His short stories — *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, *Tennessee's Partner*, and others — are known wherever good stories are read; his poetry, less familiar than his prose, possesses truth and beauty couched in excellent metrical form. He lived in California from 1854 till 1871 and pictured in his poems the dying glory of the old Spanish civilization, episodes from the rough-and-tumble life of the "forty-niners," and scenes from the mountains and forests of California. He was a true poet and a realistic painter of an important phase of western life. Another western writer, remembered through one book, was John Hay — the book, *Pike County Ballads*. Hay contributed far more to American statecraft than to American poetry; but his few poems of the West are vivid and vital. Later than these come the vigorous and voluminous writings of Joaquin Miller, who has been called, with more picturesqueness than truth, "the Oregon Byron." He wrote of the Pacific slope in general, of Central America and some phases of Europe. The graceful poems of Ina Coolbrith deal with a limited section of California.

In the Middle West, James Whitcomb Riley is the best known and best loved poet. He wrote chiefly in dialect and voiced with manly directness the joys and sorrows of the "home folks." Eugene Field is remembered through his child

poems; no one has interpreted more truthfully the little world of childhood.

The greatest poet of the South since Poe was Sidney Lanier. His attitude towards poetry is indicated by **The Later South** his own words: "Whatever turn I have for art is purely musical; poetry being with me a mere tangent into which I shoot sometimes." The musical talent which he possessed in so large measure influenced his poetry in an unusual way; in his *Science of English Verse* he formulated a theory of prosody which attracted wide attention. His poetry — notably the very characteristic *Marshes of Glynn* — illustrated the theory through which he was able to produce effects new to English verse. He commanded beautiful harmonies, together with sincere and brilliant descriptive power; his comparatively early death removed one of the truest poets of America before the great promise of his work was fully realized. Father Tabb composed many short poems which are cameo-like in their exquisite finish. In particular, he was a master of the quatrain — a form in which but few have attained success. Madison Cawein, like the other Southern poets, possessed what has been called the "right poetic sense." His lyrics suffer from the diffuseness caused by too wide a range of subject, but his interpretation of nature has individuality and charm.

A contribution of importance was made by the work of Edward Roland Sill. He did not live to develop the full possibilities of his gifts, but what he left showed originality and freshness of treatment. Henry Cuyler

Bunner was a writer of singular skill in the field of lighter verse. Clinton Scollard manifests a scholarly ease throughout a somewhat extended field of poetic choice. Richard Hovey, too early lost, turned from the recording of unconventional delights in *Songs from Vagabondia* to work of deeper significance and higher merit in *Lancelot and Guinevere*.

Two of the best known poets of recent years are William Vaughn Moody and Edwin Arlington Robinson. Both these men unite the modern spirit with the older culture. Moody possessed unusual power of a grim sort; it is not too much to say that his extraordinary *Masque of Judgment* shows an imaginative quality which has not been surpassed in American poetry. The work of Robinson is characterized by restrained beauty of form and a sympathy for "all who are desolate and oppressed." The fine sentiment of such poems as *Captain Craig*, or *Flammonde*, always rings true and never degenerates into sentimentality. He has the art of uniting distinction of phrase with unaffected understanding of those unfortunate ones who tread the darker ways of life. Robert Frost is another poet who has brought to our modern verse gifts of much value. He has made peculiarly his own the interpretation of the mentality of ordinary men and women; simple and characteristic, as in *Christmas Trees*, or pathetically tragic as in *The Death of the Hired Man*, or self-revelatory as in *Birches* and *The Road Not Taken*. The quiet sincerity of his verse is eminently pleasing; and no

one since Whittier has so admirably set forth the inmost feelings of the reticent New England country-folk.

While it would be apart from the purposes of this book to discuss at any length the course of recent American poetry, yet it will be helpful to take a brief survey of some significant tendencies. The more conservative side of our modern verse is illustrated by the work of Robinson and Frost. They concern themselves with phases of life and thought which are peculiarly characteristic of the present day, and they use a medium of expression wherein new and unexpected effects are secured under the poetic laws which have been observed by every writer since Chaucer.

More noticeable because of its originality is the work of another group of poets who are identified with what is known as the "new poetry" movement. The most prominent members of the group are the "imagists," of whom Amy Lowell, John Gould Fletcher, and Carl Sandburg are among the chief exponents. The work of these poets is marked by faith and enthusiasm and is cast in unusual form. To a thoughtful student of American poetry, the influence of Whitman is to be traced in their writings. Their aim is the presentation of images and moods of thought through the medium of the "exact word," by rendering exact particulars instead of vague generalities; they claim "absolute freedom in the choice of subject"; they affirm the artistic value of every phase of modern life; and they attempt to create "new rhythms as the ex-

pression of new moods." The form which they chiefly use, called "free verse," is defined as "writing whose cadence is more marked, more definite, and closer knit than that of prose, but which is not so violently or so obviously accented as the so-called 'regular verse'."

Without attempting any discussion of the movement, which would carry us far beyond our necessary limitations, we may say that the interest of the new school lies in its earnest effort to widen the forms of poetry. The sincerity of its followers is unquestioned. But the best critical opinion — the view, that is, of the most experienced critics — regards the new poetry as more valuable for its experimentation in technique than for any great achievement in the higher realms of poetic composition. It may be added, moreover, that those who would impose upon modern verse forms and conditions which owe no allegiance to the well-tried canons of the past, must be very sure of their ground. They must have very definite compensations to offer for what they would take away.

In briefly summarizing the development of our poetry, we find that there are three stages in the course of its growth. The first of these covered the period beginning with the settlement of the country and ending about the time of the Revolution. Such poetry as was written had little artistic merit — was, indeed, crude or imitative, presenting no features of real literary value. The second stage extended from the Revolution to the last quarter of the nineteenth century. During this time

American poetry, while absorbing the culture of other literatures, gradually developed characteristics of its own. It achieved in true literary form the expression of national thought and feeling. To the period belongs the best work which has yet been produced — notably the poetry of Poe, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell. The third division lies within our own generation; it is “one of Transition, Experiment, and a New Spirit”; it cannot yet be treated with any degree of finality. We can look forward with hope to the future; but no critic is bold enough to hazard judgment as to the ultimate value of the experimenting or the final goal to which the transition shall lead. Walt Whitman suggested years ago what is actually taking place in our poetry today:

. . . . these and more, branching forth into numberless
branches.

Always the free range and diversity!

Always the continent of Democracy!

SUGGESTIONS FOR ORAL WORK

Poetry is written to be read aloud. In the study of poetry, therefore, the importance of definite oral training can scarcely be overestimated. Only in this way can the true values of rhythm and of diction find adequate expression. Silent reading may show the charm of the picture or the significance of the ideas, but it cannot fully reveal the finer qualities of noble language. The form as well as the substance must be considered: the form expresses the substance in beautiful and well-chosen words, and these best convey

the thought that lies behind them when interpreted by the speaking voice.

The poems contained in this volume offer ample opportunity for oral work. The younger pupil can be limited to simple material, while the older boy or girl may turn to poetry in which the thought is somewhat more mature. For all alike the habit of reading aloud, once formed, will remain as a sure test of the ability to understand and to interpret, and as a constant source of service and pleasure. A few practical suggestions are here offered, which will be found useful for teacher and student.

The prime requisite in all oral work — especially in the case of poetry — is good enunciation. No amount of exact knowledge or facile speech, no degree of histrionic skill, can compensate for bad accent, slovenly phrasing, or muffled voice. Harsh tones and careless slurring of words are faults that are all too common in our schools. The utmost effort should be made to teach, by precept and example, the necessity of a clear and pleasing delivery. A well-modulated voice, trained to competent expression, is of the greatest importance in the study of poetry. It has, too, a value in the general scheme of education which may not lightly be set aside.

The most practically helpful kind of oral work in the appreciation of poetry is without doubt reciting from memory. There are various marked advantages to be gained by this method. In the first place, the pupil is freed from the tyranny of the printed page — the need, that is, of keeping his eyes

more or less upon a fixed point. In the second place, he must master every detail of the poet's phraseology; from the first word to the last his memory must hold true. But it is not enough that he be letter-perfect; the mere learning of the words is only the beginning. He must touch the spirit of the whole; he must fully understand and sympathetically interpret the thought and emotion of the poem. To this end he must control not only the material in hand but the means of expression; he must know how to employ his voice to the best advantage. There are, then, real difficulties to be coped with, and there is an insistent demand for a high degree of excellence both in knowing and doing. It is just here — in the definite problems and the demand for excellence in solving these problems — that the peculiar value of the memorized recitation is found. As to the manner, that lies within the province of the teacher; but Shakespeare's words in *Hamlet* are significant to us today. Hamlet, in his advice to the Players, gives sound doctrine:

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently. . . . Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action.

The memorized recitation should be jealously watched and carefully developed; wisely handled, it is capable of the most valuable results.

For oral work with young pupils, the short poem embodying action or the suggestion of action will be found most suitable. Some examples may be cited from

our book. Sargent's *A Life on the Ocean Wave* and Mitchell's *Tacking Ship off Shore* have always been favorites. From Longfellow may be chosen (besides the more familiar poems) *Sea-Weed*, *Sir Humphrey Gilbert*, *A Dutch Picture*, and *Ultima Thule*. From Whittier we may select goodly sections of *The Barefoot Boy* and *Snow-Bound*, while *In Schooldays* is manageable as it stands. Holmes offers *The Last Leaf* and *Old Ironsides*. Lowell presents a sound test in *The Courtin'* and a simple though very pleasing poem in *The Fountain*. Poe's *The Bells* may be attempted by interested youngsters, and *The Haunted Palace* is probably within their scope. The oral study of Walt Whitman is best limited to *O Captain, My Captain!* — though *Cavalry Crossing a Ford* is well worth a trial. Other poems which in the present writer's experience have proved successful with young pupils may be listed: *Marco Bozzaris*, Halleck; *Song of the Camp*, Taylor; *Dirge for a Soldier*, Boker; *The Blue and the Gray*, Finch; *Jim Bludso*, Hay; *Reveille*, *Plain Language from Truthful James*, and *Dickens in Camp*, Bret Harte; *Columbus*, Miller; *Little Boy Blue*, Field; *America the Beautiful*, Bates; *Mark!*, McGaffey; *The Flag Goes By*, Bennett. To these should be added Seeger's tragic war-poem, *I Have a Rendezvous with Death*, and — because of its appeal to the lover of wild life — Rutledge's *The Sanctuary*.

The older pupils will naturally find a wider field of choice. They will be interested in interpreting orally the deeper significance of *Thanatopsis*, or *Telling the Bees*, or *Terminus*. For all

alike, however, the following groups will be helpful in making a choice. The classification is in some cases approximate; but it is practical, and has met the test of actual class-room work.

ACTION OR SITUATION. — The Skeleton in Armor; Skipper Ireson's Ride; The Courtin'; Pioneers, O Pioneers; Jim Bludso; Plain Language from Truthful James.

THE SEA. — A Life on the Ocean Wave; Tacking Ship off Shore; The Wreck of the Hesperus; Sea-Weed; Sir Humphrey Gilbert; A Dutch Picture; Columbus.

NATURE. — The Wild Honeysuckle; A Song in March; The Fringed Gentian; To a Water-fowl; The Snow-Storm; The Rhodora; Snow-Bound; Preludes to The Vision of Sir Launfal; The Fountain; The Dandelion; The Mocking-bird; The Angler's Wish; Do You Fear the Wind?; Mark!; The Creek Road; Trees; The Sanctuary; The Green Inn.

REFLECTION AND PATHOS. — Home, Sweet Home; Thanatopsis; Terminus; The Psalm of Life; My Lost Youth; The Village Blacksmith; The Day Is Done; The Bridge; Hymn to Night; Ultima Thule; Telling the Bees; The Last Leaf; The Boys; The Chambered Nautilus; O Captain, My Captain!; Bedouin Love Song; The Band in the Pines; Dickens in Camp; Song of the Chattahoochee.

WAR. — Monterey; Where's Peace (from The Biglow Papers); Cavalry Crossing a Ford; Bivouac of the Dead; Song of the Camp; Little Giffen; Dirge for a Soldier; The Blue and the Gray; Reveille; I Have a Rendezvous with Death.

PATRIOTISM. — The American Flag; The Building of the Ship; Concord Hymn; Old Ironsides; Lincoln (from the Commemoration Ode); Washington (from Under the Old Elm); Freedom; America the Beautiful; The Flag Goes By.

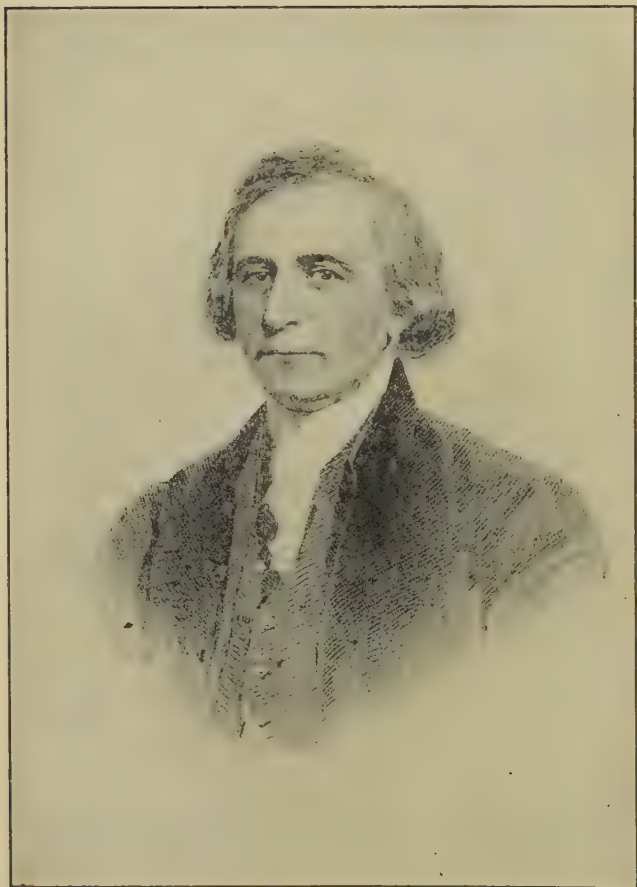
CHILDHOOD. — The Barefoot Boy; In Schooldays; Little Boy Blue; The Old Swimmin'-Hole.

The writings of Poe have been omitted from our lists, because of certain peculiar characteristics which make

them difficult to classify under a conventional arrangement. Nevertheless, his poems are singularly well adapted both for reading aloud and for reciting from memory, if (and this is an important qualification) they can be adequately treated by the pupil. They demand a subtle adjustment to the mood of the poet, and a careful study of delicate metrical forms. Of the poems, *The Raven* and *The Bells* would perhaps first be chosen. In the former, when one understands the mood, attention must be paid to the rhythm so as to avoid any tendency to monotony; in the latter, a highly original use of metre presents considerable difficulty. Students who appreciate the wonderful melody of Poe's verses will take delight in *The Haunted Palace*, *The City in the Sea*, and *Dreamland*; here again the mood is important. Of the other poems, *Israfel* and *To Helen* have an extraordinary intensity of lyrical feeling. They should not be attempted except by those who realize their poetic truth and beauty.

In all oral recitation, whether reading or memorizing, stress should be laid chiefly upon two things: clearness of utterance, and sincerity of feeling.

Clearness, Sincerity A simple, straightforward presentation, based upon a real understanding and an honest liking of the poem selected, will go far towards arousing both in speaker and hearer the spirit of genuine appreciation. And to those who truthfully speak and truthfully hear, the message of the poet will never come in vain.



PHILIP FRENEAU.

AMERICAN POETRY

PHILIP FRENEAU

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat, 5
Untouched thy honied blossoms grow
Unseen thy little branches greet;
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed, 10
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose. 15

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died — nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power 20
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came;
If nothing more, you nothing lose,
For when you die, you are the same; 25
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND

In spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep;
The posture that we give the dead
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands; —
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison, for a journey dressed,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
Activity, that wants no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,
And arrows with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the old ideas are gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit. —
Observe the swelling turf, and say,
They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which a curious eye may trace
(Now wasted half by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
 Beneath whose far-projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
 The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen
 (Pale Shebah with her braided hair)
And many a barbarous form is seen
 To chide the man that lingers here.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dew,
 In habit for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
 The hunter and the deer — a shade!

And long shall timorous Fancy see
 The painted chief, and pointed spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
 To shadows and delusions here.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE

My life is like the Summer Rose,
 That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
 Is scattered on the ground — to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dew of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see —
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
 That trembles in the moon's pale ray:
 Its hold is frail — its date is brief,
 Restless — and soon to pass away!
 Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
 The parent tree will mourn its shade,
 The winds bewail the leafless tree —
 But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints, which feet
 10 Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
 Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
 All trace will vanish from the sand;
 Yet, as if grieving to efface
 All vestige of the human race,
 15 On that lone shore loud moans the sea —
 But none, alas, shall mourn for me!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

HOME, SWEET HOME!

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 20 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
 A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-
 where.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!

25 There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
 O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

The birds singing gayly, that came at my call, —
Give me them, — and the peace of mind, dearer than
all!

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home! 5

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home! 10
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home. 15

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

Green be the turf above thee, 20
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep, 25
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
 Like thine, are laid in earth,
 There should a wreath be woven
 To tell the world their worth;

And I who woke each morrow
 To clasp thy hand in mine,
 Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
 Whose weal and woe were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
 Around thy faded brow,
 But I've in vain essayed it,
 And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
 Nor thoughts nor words are free, —
 The grief is fixed too deeply
 That mourns a man like thee.

MARCO BOZZARIS

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power:
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
 Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood, 5
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Plataea's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare, 10
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke — to die midst flame, and smoke, 15
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band: 20
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires;
God — and your native land!"

They fought — like brave men, long and well; 25
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
5 Calmly, as to a night's repose
Like flowers at set of sun.

.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
10 Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
15 The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
20 For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
25 Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;

And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's:
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

5

10

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

15

20

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trummings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,

25

When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
5 To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

10 Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life blood, warm and wet,
15 Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each seldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
20 And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
25 And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;



Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free.

When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

5

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!

By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.

10

Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

15

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

UNSEEN SPIRITS

The shadows lay along Broadway,

'Twas near the twilight tide,

20

And slowly there a lady fair

Was walking in her pride.

Along walked she; but, viewlessly,

Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet

25

And Honor charmed the air;

And all astir looked kind on her,

And called her good as fair,

For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
5 For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo —
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

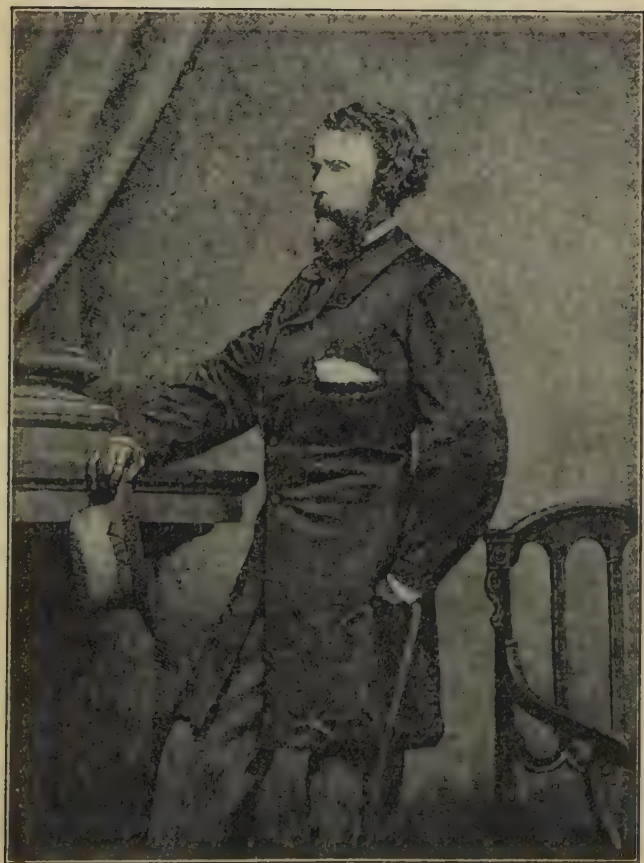
Now walking there was one more fair —
10 A slight girl, lily pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail:
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
15 For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way! —
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
20 By man is cursed alway!

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN

MONTEREY

We were not many — we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day —
25 Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if he then could
Have been with us at Monterey.



NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.



CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

5

And on — still on our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

10

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

15

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

20

We are not many — we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest,
Than not have been at Monterey?

25

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

SONG IN MARCH

- Now are the winds about us in their glee,
Tossing the slender tree;
5 Whirling the sands about his furious car,
March cometh from afar;
Breaks the sealed magic of old Winter's dreams,
And rends his glassy streams;
Chafing with potent airs, he fiercely takes
10 Their fetters from the lakes,
And, with a power by Queenly Spring supplied,
Wakens the slumbering tide.
- With a wild love he seeks young Summer's charms
And clasps her to his arms;
15 Lifting his shield between, he drives away
Old Winter from his prey; —
The ancient tyrant whom he boldly braves,
Goes howling to his caves;
And, to his northern realm compelled to fly,
20 Yields up the victory;
Melted are all his bands, o'erthrown his towers,
And March comes bringing flowers.

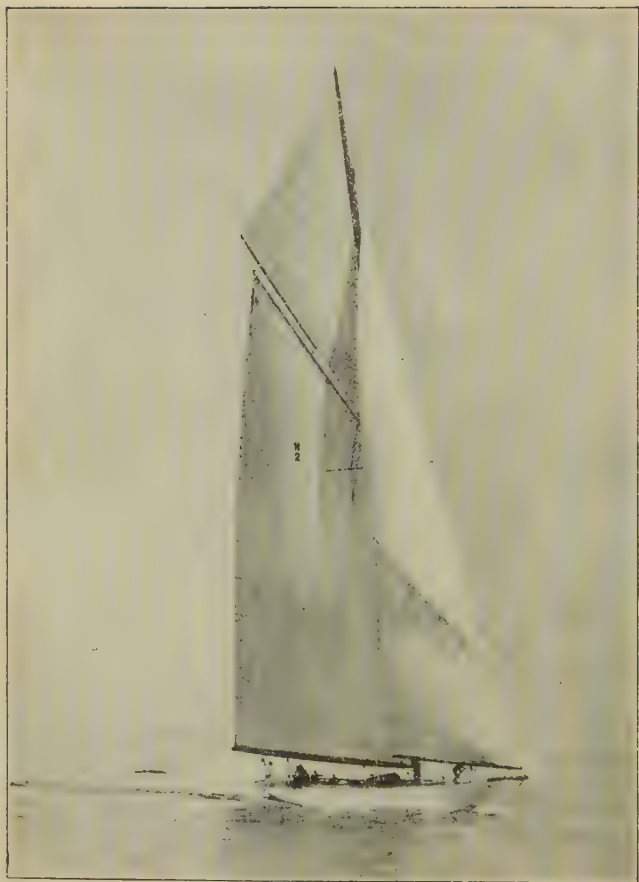
EPES SARGENT

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

- 25 A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their vigils keep!



WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.



Copyright by International News Service

Once more on the deck I stand
Of my own swift-gliding craft.

Like an eagle caged, I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore:
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand 5
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Set sail! farewell to the land!
The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam
Like an ocean-bird set free; — 10
Like the ocean-bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew, 15
We'll say, Let the storm come down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave! 20

WALTER MITCHELL

TACKING SHIP OFF SHORE

The weather-leech of the topsail shivers,
The bowlines strain, and the lee-shrouds slacken,
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers, 25
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather-bow,
Is the light-house tall on Fire Island Head.
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

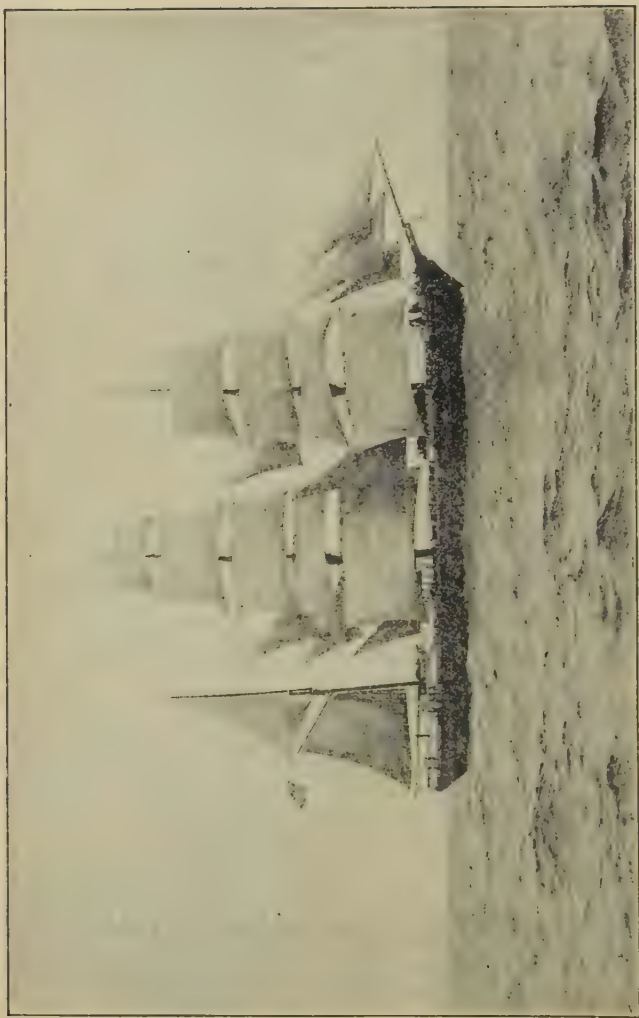
5 I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
'Till the muttered order of "Full and by!"
Is suddenly changed for "Full for stays!"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
10 As her broadside fair to the blast she lays.
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the pilot calls, "Stand by for stays!"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coil in his hardened hands,
15 By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island Head draws near,
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
20 With the welcome call of "Ready! About!"

No time to spare! It is touch and go;
And the captain growls, "Down helm! Hard down!"
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's
25 frown.



And so off shore let the good ship fly.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, "Ay, ay, sir! Ha-a-rd a-lee!"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind. 5

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats;
The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps;
And thunders the order, "Tacks and sheets!" 10

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew,
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall:
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
And now is the moment for "Mainsail, haul!" 15

And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung:
She holds her way, and I look with joy
For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung. 20

"Let go, and haul!" 'T is the last command,
And the head-sails fill to the blast once more:
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, "Belay, there, all!"
And the captain's breath once more comes free. 25

And so off shore let the good ship fly;
Little care I how the gusts may blow,
In my fo'castle bunk, in a jacket dry.
Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below.

5

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
10 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
15 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —
20 Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teaching, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice: — Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
25 In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

5

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods

10

15

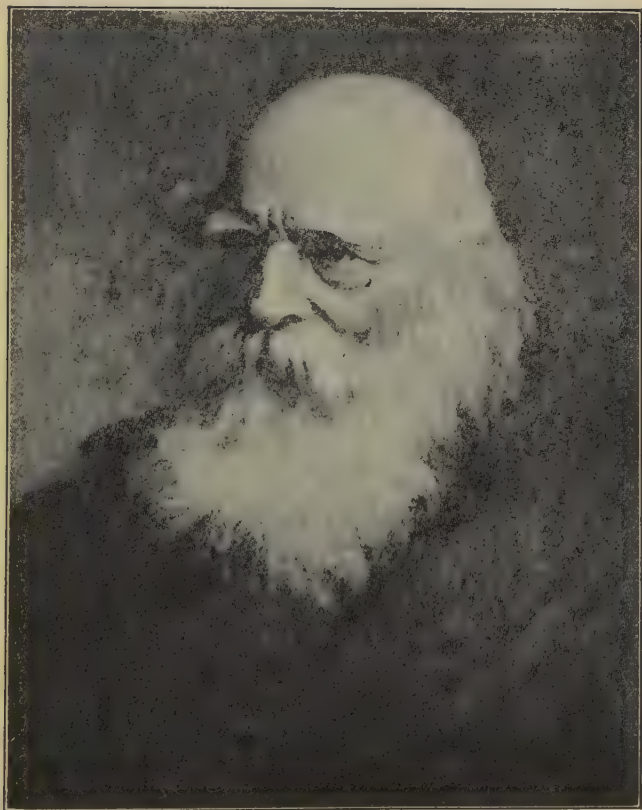
20

25

30

- Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
5 In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
10 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
15 Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
20 By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

- So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
25 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way? 5

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink 10
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care 15
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land, 20
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest. 25

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

5 He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

10 The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves
lie dead;

15 They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's
tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs
the jay,

And from the wood top calls the crow through all the
20 gloomy day.

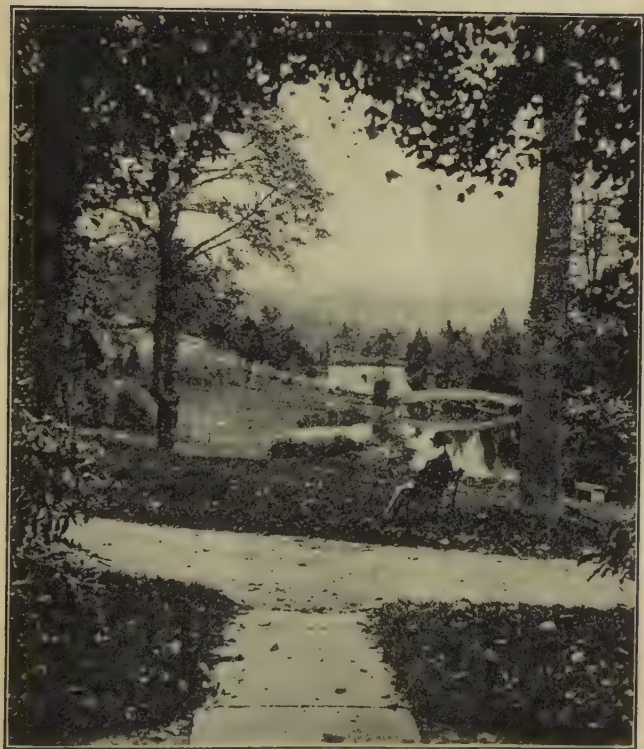
Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that
lately sprang and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of

25 flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of
ours.



BRYANT IN HIS GROUNDS AT ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND.

The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones
again.

The wind flower and the violet, they perished long ago, 3
And the brier rose and the orchid died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn
beauty stood, 10
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls
the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland,
glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such 15
days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter
home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all
the trees are still, 20
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream
no more. 25

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my
side,

In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest
cast the leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so
brief:

5 Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend
of ours,

So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the
flowers.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

10 Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,

15 Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

20 Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frost and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

25 Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.



Fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

THE BATTLEFIELD

5

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life blood of her brave —
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they sought to save.

10

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

15

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry,
Oh, be it never heard again!

20

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

25

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year,
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

5 Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown — yet faint thou not.

10 Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

15 Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

20 Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.



Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

CONCORD HYMN

*Sung at the Completion of the Battle Monument,
July 4, 1837*

By the rude bridge that arched the flood, 5
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps: 10
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem, 15
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare 20
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

THE PROBLEM

I like a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles: 25
Yet not for all his faith can see

Would I that cowlèd churchman be.
Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?

5 Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
10 The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below, —
The canticles of love and woe:
The hand that rounded Peter's dome
15 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

20 Knowst thou what wove yon wood bird's nest
Of leaves and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine tree adds
25 To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone,

And Morning opes with haste her lids
 To gaze upon the Pyramids;
 O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
 As on its friends, with kindred eye;
 For out of Thought's interior sphere
 These wonders rose to upper air;
 And Nature gladly gave them place,
 Adopted them into her race,
 And granted them an equal date
 With Andes and with Ararat.

5

10

These temples grew as grows the grass
 Art might obey, but not surpass.
 The passive Master lent his hand
 To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
 And the same power that reared the shrine
 Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
 Ever the fiery Pentecost
 Girds with one flame the countless host,
 Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
 And through the priest the mind inspires.
 The word unto the prophet spoken
 Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
 The word by seers or sibyls told,
 In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
 Still floats upon the morning wind,
 Still whispers to the willing mind.
 One accent of the Holy Ghost
 The heedless world hath never lost.
 I know what say the fathers wise, —
 The Book itself before me lies,

15

20

25

30

Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger Golden Lips or mines,
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.

5 His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowlèd portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

EACH AND ALL

10 Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
15 Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
20 All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
25 He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
 And the bellowing of the savage sea
 Greeted their safe escape to me.
 I wiped away the weeds and foam,
 I fetched my sea-born treasures home; 5
 But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
 Had left their beauty on the shore
 With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
 The lover watched his graceful maid,
 As 'mid the virgin train she strayed, 10
 Nor knew her beauty's best attire
 Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
 At last she came to his hermitage,
 Like the bird from the woodland to the cage;
 The gay enchantment was undone, 15
 A gentle wife, but fairy none.
 Then I said, "I covet truth;
 Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
 I leave it behind with the games of youth:"
 As I spoke, beneath my feet 20
 The ground pine curled its pretty wreath,
 Running o'er the club moss burs;
 I inhaled the violet's breath;
 Around me stood the oaks and firs;
 Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground; 25
 Over me soared the eternal sky,
 Full of light and deity;
 Again I saw, again I heard,
 The rolling river, the morning bird;
 Beauty through my senses stole; 30
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

THE HUMBLE-BEE

Burly, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
5 Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
10 Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
15 Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum, —
20 All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
25 Tints the human countenance
With the color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,

Thou, in sunny solitudes,
 Rover of the underwoods,
 The green silence dost displace
 With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone, 5
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
 Tells of countless sunny hours,
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers,
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
 In Indian wildernesses found; 10
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
 Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
 Hath my insect never seen;
 But violets and bilberry bells, 15
 Maple-sap and daffodels,
 Grass with green flag half-mast high,
 Succory to match the sky,
 Columbine with horn of honey,
 Scented fern and agrimony, 20
 Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue
 And brier roses, dwelt among;
 All beside was unknown waste,
 All was picture as he passed.

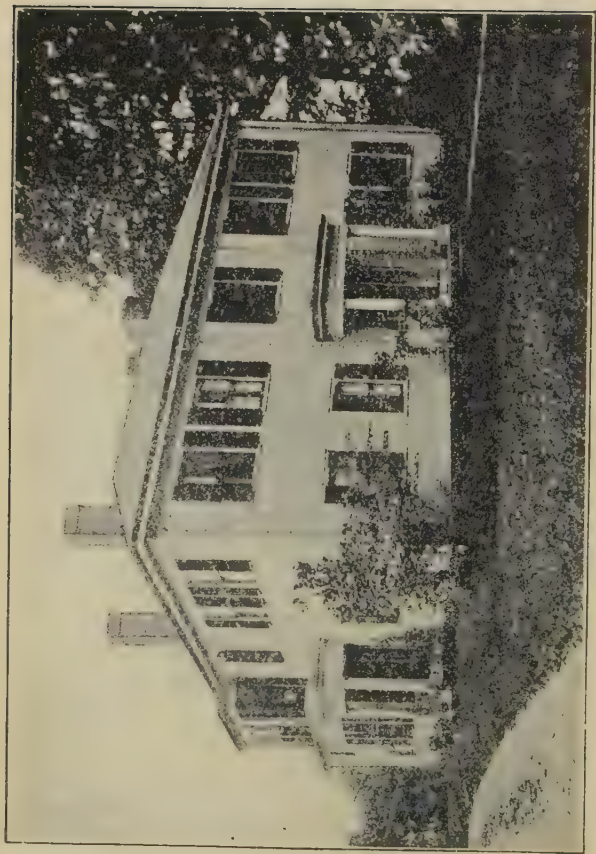
Wiser far than human seer, 25
 Yellow-breeched philosopher
 Seeing only what is fair,
 Sipping only what is sweet,

Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
5 Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

THE SNOW-STORM

10 Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
15 The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the house mates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come, see the north wind's masonry.
20 Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected root
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
25 So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swanlike form invests the hidden thorn;



HOME OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON
CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Mauger the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

5

THE RHODORA

10

On being asked whence is the flower

In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought
you.

15

20

25

TERMINUS

It is time to be old,
To take in sail;
The god of bounds,
5 Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said: "No more!
No farther shoot
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root.
10 Fancy departs: no more invent;
Contract thy firmament
To the compass of a tent.
There's not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two;
15 Economize the failing river,
Not the less revere the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise accept the terms,
Softens the fall with wary foot;
20 A little while
Still plan and smile,
And — fault of novel germs —
Mature the unfallen fruit.
Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
25 Bad husbands of their fires,
Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath .
The needful sinew stark as once,
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
30 But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heart and nerveless reins —

Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the gladiators, halt and numb."

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,

5

I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:

"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;

The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

10

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!

Who, with thy hollow breast

15

Still in rude armor drest,

Comest to daunt me!

Wrapt not in Eastern balms,

But with thy fleshless palms

Stretched, as if asking alms,

20

Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes

Pale flashes seemed to rise,

As when the Northern skies

Gleam in December;

25

And like the water's flow

Under December's snow,

Came a dull voice of woe

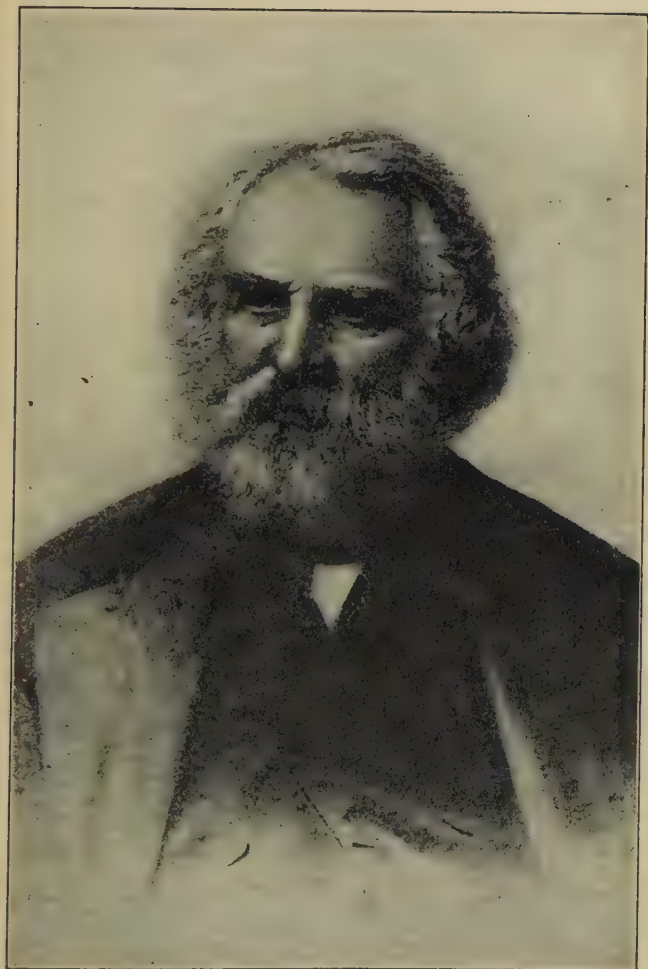
From the heart's chamber.

“I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
5 Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man’s curse;
For this I sought thee.

10 “Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic’s strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
15 That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
20 Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf’s bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

25 “But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair’s crew,
O’er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail-bout 5
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk’s tale
Measured in cups of ale, 10
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o’erflowing.

“Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me, 15
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor. 20

“I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest’s shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest 25
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

“Bright in her father’s hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
5 When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter’s hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

10 “While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
15 From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

20 “She was a Prince’s child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew’s flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

25 “Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me, —
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen! —

When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

“Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

8]

10

“And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
‘Death!’ was the helmsman’s hail,
‘Death without quarter!’
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

15

20

“As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden, —
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

25

“Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o’er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
5 There for my lady’s bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

10 “There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden’s tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
15 Ne’er shall the sun arise
On such another!

20 “Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

25 “Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!

There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *Skoal!*"
— Thus the tale ended.

A PSALM OF LIFE

5

What the Heart of the Young Man Said to the Psalmist

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream! —
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

10

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

15

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

20

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

25

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

5 Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

10 Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
15 Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
20 And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
25 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailôr, 5
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
“I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!” 10
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine, 15
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length. 20

“Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat 25
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?"

"'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!" —
And he steered for the open sea.

5 "O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

10 "O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
15 The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
20 On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

25 And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
4 With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
10 His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
15 You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

20 And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
25 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;

He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!

5

He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

10

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

15

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

20

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

25

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my heart cannot resist:

5 A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

10 Come, read to me some old poem
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

15 Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

20 For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

5

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

10

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

15

THE BRIDGE

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower.

20

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

25

American Poetry

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

5 Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

10 As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

15 And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

20 How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide.

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then!

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow.

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

5

10

15

20

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

5

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

10

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

15

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

20

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there, —
From those deep cisterns flows.

26

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-belovèd Night!

SEA-WEED

5

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with sea-weed from the rocks:

10

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador;

15

From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas; —

20

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;

25

Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

5 So when storms of wild emotion
 Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, erelong
From each cave and rocky fastness,
 In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song.

10 From the far-off isles enchanted,
 Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
 Gleams Elysian
15 In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will and the Endeavor
That for ever
Wrestle with the tides of Fate;
From the wrecks of Hope far-scattered,
20 Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate; —

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
25 Till at length in books recorded,
 They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town, 5
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.” 10

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides 15
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the black wharves and the slips, 20
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song 25
Is singing and saying still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;

The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum beat repeated o'er and o'er,

6 And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old song

Throbs in my memory still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

10 I remember the sea-fight far away,

How it thundered o'er the tide!

And the dead captains as they lay

In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay

Where they in battle died.

15 And the sound of that mournful song

Goes through me with a thrill:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,

20 The shadows of Deering's Woods;

And the friendships old and the early loves

Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves

In quiet neighborhoods.

And the verse of that sweet old song,

25 It flutters and murmurs still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.

5

And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.

10

And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

15

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

20

25

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
5 I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

10 SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

Southward with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east wind was his breath.

15 His lordly ships of ice
Glistened in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

20 His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

25 Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck, 5
The Book was in his hand;
“Do not fear! Heaven is near,”
He said, “by water as by land!”

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound, 10
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed, 15
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled. 20

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain o'er the open main;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, for ever southward, 25
They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream in the Gulf-stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

A DUTCH PICTURE

Simon Danz has come home again,
From cruising about with his buccaneers;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
5 And carried away the Dean of Jaen
And sold him in Algiers

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles
And weathercocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of antique styles,
10 Plunder of convent and castle, and piles
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip garden there by the town
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown
15 The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
20 And the silent gardener as he works
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost
Verge of the landscape in the haze,
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,
25 With whiskered sentinels at their post,
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old sea-faring men come in,
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

3

They sit there in the shadow and shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter night:
Figures in color and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

10

And they talk of their ventures lost or won,
And their talk is ever and ever the same,
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish Don,
Or convent set on flame.

15

Restless at times, with heavy strides
He paces his parlor to and fro;
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,
And swings with the rising and falling tides,
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

20

Voices mysterious far and near,
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his ear,
"Simon Danz! Why stayest thou bere?
Come forth and follow me!"

25

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,
And capture another Dean of Jaen
5 And sell him in Algiers.

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET

October, 1746.

MR. THOMAS PRINCE, *loquitur*

A fleet with flags arrayed
10 Sailed from the port of Brest,
And the Admiral's ship displayed
The signal — "Steer south-west."
For this Admiral D'Anville
Had sworn by cross and crown
15 To ravage with fire and steel
Our helpless Boston town.

There were rumors in the street,
In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
20 And the danger hovering near;
And while from mouth to mouth
Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
Saying humbly, "Let us pray!

25 "O Lord! we would not advise;
But if in Thy Providence
A tempest should arise,
To drive the French fleet hence,

And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And Thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made, 5
For my soul was all on flame,
And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came,
It came with a mighty power,
Shaking the windows and walls, 10
And tolling the bell in the tower,
As it tolls at funerals.

The Lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried, "Stand still, and see 15
The salvation of the Lord!"
The heavens were black with cloud,
The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
Blew the October gale. 20

The fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van,
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks 25
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;
Ah, never were there wrecks
So pitiful as these!

Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line;
They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.

5 O Lord! before thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When thou didst walk in wrath,
With thine horses through the sea.

NATURE

10 As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door.
15 Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him
more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
20 Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go,
Scarce knowing if we wished to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

CHAUCER

An old man in a lodge within a park;
The chamber walls depicted all around
With portraitures of huntsman, hawk, and hound,
And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark, 5
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark
Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote 10
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
Made beautiful with song; and as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odors of ploughed field or flowery mead. 15

THE REPUBLIC

(From *The Building of the Ship*)

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears, 20
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope, 25
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
5 In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
10 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

ULTIMA THULE

With favoring winds, o'er sunlit seas,
We sailed for the Hesperides,
15 The land where golden apples grow;
But that, ah! that was long ago.

How far since then the ocean streams
Have swept us from the land of dreams,
That land of fiction and of truth,
20 The lost Atlantis of our youth!

Whither, ah, whither? are not these
The tempest-haunted Hebrides,
Where sea-gulls scream, and breakers roar,
And wreck and sea-weed line the shore?

25 Ultima Thule! Utmost Isle!
Here in thy harbors for awhile
We lower our sails, awhile we rest
From the unending endless quest.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

IN SCHOOL-DAYS

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sleeping;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry-vines are creeping.

5

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

10

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

15

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

20

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled:
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

25

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered; —
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

5 He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

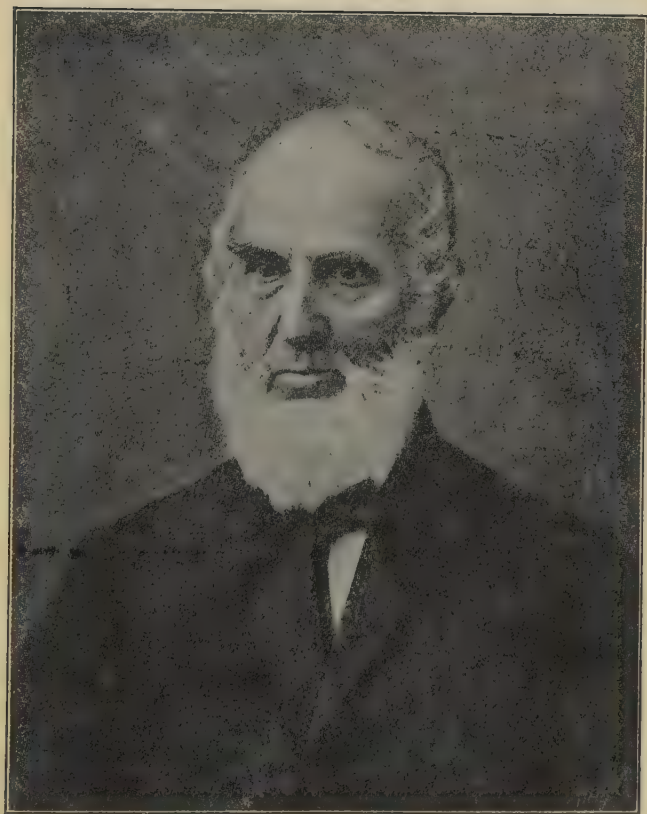
10 "I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because," — the brown eyes lower fell, —
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
15 Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
20 Like her, — because they love him.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
25 And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.

Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou has more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;

Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!

For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw
Me, their master, waited for.

I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too



Copyright by Campbell Art Company

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!

All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread, — 5
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold, 10
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire. 15
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerly, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat: 25
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,

Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
5 Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

MAUD MULLER

10 Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
15 The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast, —

20 A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
25 Of the apple-trees to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down 5
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

“Thanks!” said the Judge; “a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed.”

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees; 10

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise 15
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: “Ah me!
That I the Judge’s bride might be! 20”

“He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

“My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor.
And all should bless me who left our door."

5 The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

10 "And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

15 "But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

20 So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune.

And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

5

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

10

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

15

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

20

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein;

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

5 The weary wheel to a spinet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

10 A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

15 God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

20 Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

SKIPPER IRESOON'S RIDE

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme, —
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass, 5
Witch astride of a human back,
Islam's prophet on Al-Boràk, —
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart, 10
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings adroop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part, 15
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain: 20
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips, 25
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,

Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch shells blowing and fish horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:

5 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him! — He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay, —
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
10 With his own town's people on her deck!
 "Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
 Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
 Brag of your catch of fish again!"
 And off he sailed through the fog and rain!

15 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.
20 Mother and sister, wife and maid,
 Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
 Over the moaning and rainy sea, —
 Looked for the coming that might not be!
 What did the winds and the sea birds say

25 Of the cruel captain who sailed away? —
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead.



SKIPPER IRESON'S HOUSE
MARBLEHEAD.

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound, 5
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt 10
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue. 15
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt, 20
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried, —
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin 25
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!"

Hate me and curse me, — I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"

Said Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
5 By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him! why should we!"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"

10 So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
15 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

SNOW-BOUND

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
20 And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
25 It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,

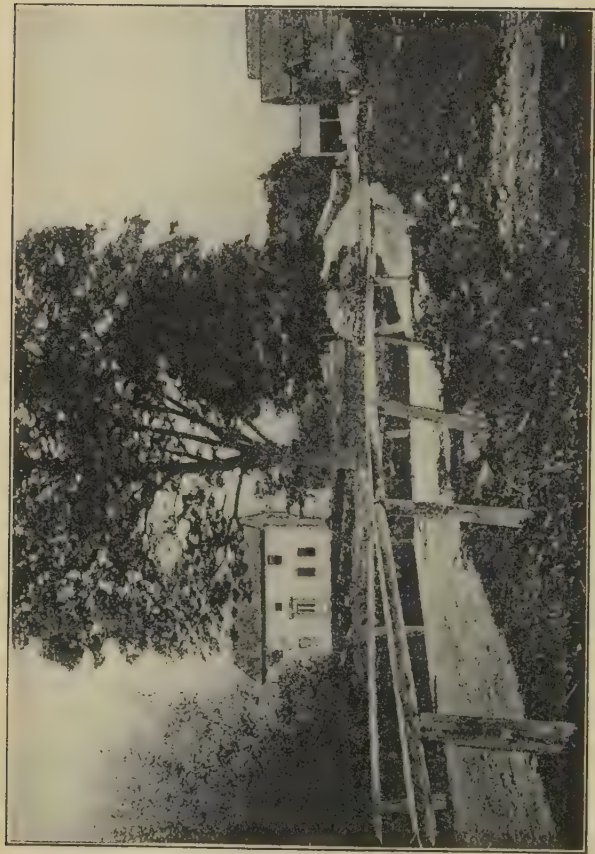
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —
Brought in the wood from out of doors, 10
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows 15
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent. 20

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zig-zag wavering to and fro 25
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow:
And ere the early bed-time came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts

Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.
So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
5 Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
10 On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament.
No cloud above, no earth below, —
A universe of sky and snow!
15 The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift where once was road;
20 The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
25 Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)



BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To shield our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made 5
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours 10
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about; 15
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep, 20
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone, 25
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.

A solitude made more intense
 By dreary-voicèd elements,
 The shrieking of the mindless wind,
 The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
 5 And on the glass the unmeaning beat
 Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.

.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
 Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
 The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
 10 From sight beneath the smothering bank,
 We piled, with care, our nightly stack
 Of wood against the chimney-back, —
 The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
 And on its top the stout back-stick;
 15 The knotty forestick laid apart,
 And filled between with curious art
 The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
 We watched the first red blaze appear,
 Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
 20 Of whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
 Until the old, rude-furnished room
 Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom.

.

The moon above the eastern wood
 Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
 25 Transfigured in the silver flood,
 Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
 Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
 Took shadow, or the sombre green

Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed, where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

5

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andiron's straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

10

15

20

25

.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear;

And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
5 Shaking the snow from heads upstost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
10 Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,
Then toiled again the cavalcade
O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
15 And woodland paths that wound between
Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.
From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit.

TELLING THE BEES

20 Here is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping stones in the shallow brook

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
25 And the poplars tall;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle yard
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes, 5
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover smell in the breeze;
And the June sun warm 10
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how, with a lover's care,
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burs, and smoothed my hair, 15
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed, —
To love, a year;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near. 20

I can see it all now, — the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before, —

The house and the trees,

The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door, —

Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

5 Before them, under the garden wall,

Forward and back,

Went, drearily singing, the chore girl small,

Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened; the summer sun

10 Had the chill of snow;

For I knew she was telling the bees of one

Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps

For the dead to-day;

15 Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps

The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,

With his cane to his chin,

The old man sat; and the chore girl still

20 Sang to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since

In my ear sounds on:

"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!

Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

O friends! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

5

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds:
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

10

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

15

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

20

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem:
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

25

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

5 More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know:
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

10 I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

15 I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail cries,
The world confess its sin.

20 Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see.
But nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above,
I know not of His hate, — I know
His goodness and his love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long.
But God hath led my dear one on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

5 I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

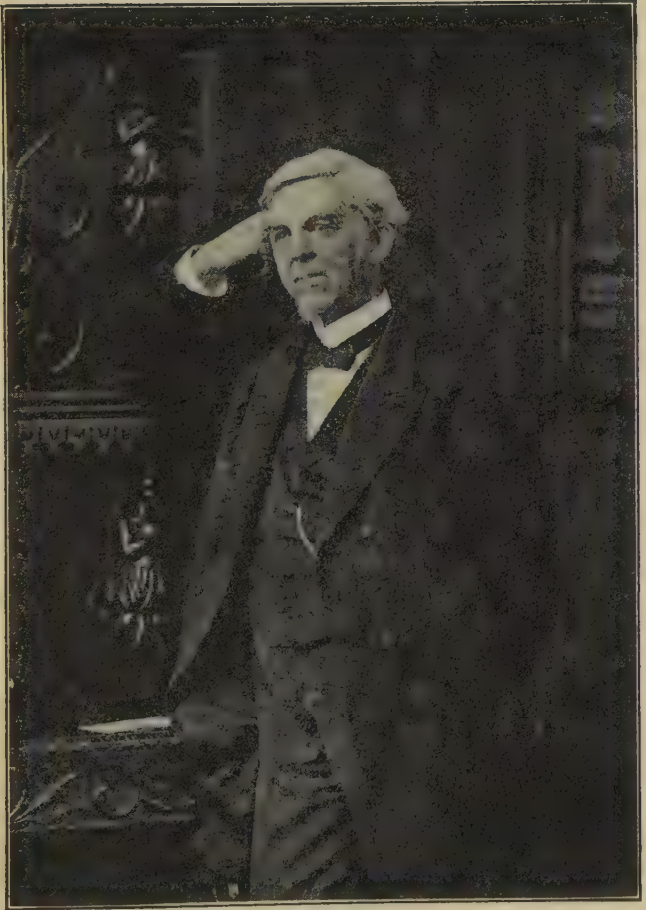
10 O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

15 And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE LAST LEAF

20 I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

They say that in his prime,
 Ere the pruning-knife of Time
 Cut him down,
 Not a better man was found
 By the Crier on his round
 Through the town.

5

But now he walks the streets,
 And he looks at all he meets
 Sad and wan,
 And he shakes his feeble head,
 That it seems as if he said,
 "They are gone."

10

The mossy marbles rest
 On the lips that he hath prest
 In their bloom,
 And the names he loved to hear
 Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

15

My grandmamma has said —
 Poor old lady, she is dead
 Long ago —
 That he had a Roman nose,
 And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow;

20

But now his nose is thin,
 And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff,

25

And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

5 I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

10 And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
15 Where I cling.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY"

A Logical Story

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
20 That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
25 Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive, —
 Snuffy old drone from the German hive!
 That was the year when Lisbon-town
 Saw the earth open and gulp her down, t
 And Braddock's army was done so brown,
 Left without a scalp to its crown.
 It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
 That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what, 10
 There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —
 In hub, tire, felloe, in spring, or thill,
 In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
 In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,
 Find it somewhere you must and will, — 15
 Above or below, or within or without, —
 And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
 That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as deacons do,
 With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*") 20
 He would build one shay to beat the taown
 'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
 It should be so built that it *could n'* break daown:
 "Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
 Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain; 25
 'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
 Is only jest
 T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
5 He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum," —
10 Last of its timber, — they could n't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,

And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips:
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
15 Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
20 That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
25 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; — it came and found
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
 Running as usual; much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

5

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large;
 Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

10

15

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the earthquake-day, —
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
 A general flavor of mild decay,
 But nothing local, as one may say.
 There could n't be, — for the Deacon's art
 Had made it so like in every part
 That there was n't a chance for one to start.
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,
 And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
 And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
 And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
 And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be *worn out*!

20

25

30

- First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
5 Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
10 All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
15 At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock! —
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
20 As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.
25 End of the wonderful one-hoss shay
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

THE BOYS

1859

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
 If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
 Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite! 5
 Old time is a liar! We're twenty to night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are
 more?

He's tipsy, — young jackanapes! — show him the door!
 "Gray temples at twenty?" — Yes! *white* if we please! 10
 Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can
 freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
 Look close, — you will not see a sign of a flake!
 We want some new garlands for those we have shed, — 15
 And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been
 told,
 Of talking (in public) as if we were old: —
 That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge"; 20
 It's a neat little fiction, — of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," — the one on the right;
 "Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
 That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we
 chaff;

There's the "Reverend" what's his name? — don't
 make me laugh!

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was *true*!
So they chose him right in; a good joke it was, too!

5 There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The
Squire."

10 And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith, —
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free, —
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? — you think he's all fun;
15 But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys, — always playing with tongue or
with pen, —
20 And I sometime have asked, — Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
25 And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS!



OLD IRONSIDES.

OLD IRONSIDES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!

Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see

That banner in the sky;

5

Beneath it rung the battle shout,

And burst the cannon's roar; —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,

10

Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the victor's tread,

Or know the conquered knee;

15

The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk

Should sink beneath the wave;

Her thunders shook the mighty deep,

20

And there should be her grave;

Nail to the mast her holy flag,

Set every threadbare sail,

And give her to the god of storms,

The lightning and the gale!

25

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,

Sails the unshadowed main, —

The venturous bark that flings

5 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings

In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,

And coral reefs lie bare,

Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

10 Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;

Wrecked is the ship of pearl!

And every chambered cell,

Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,

As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,

15 Before thee lies revealed, —

Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil

That spread his lustrous coil;

Still, as the spiral grew,

20 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,

Stole with soft step its shining archway through,

Built up its idle door,

Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
more.

25 Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,

Child of the wandering sea,

Cast from her lap, forlorn!

From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!

While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings: —

5

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

10

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

Prelude to Part First

15

Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

20

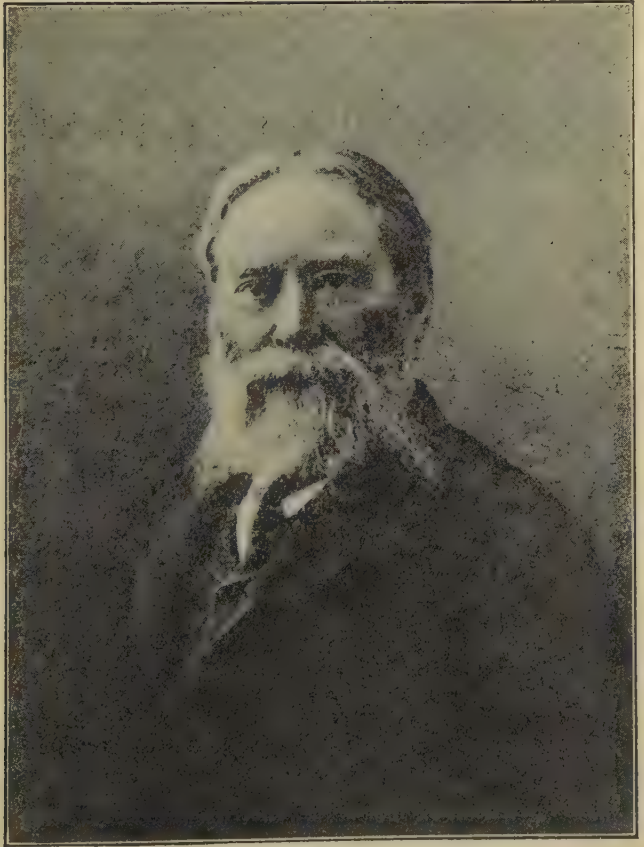
Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

25

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
5 Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
10 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
15 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer:
20 June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
25 Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
30 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

5

To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

10

Now is the high-tide of the year,

15

And whatever of life hath ebbd away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,

Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,

We are happy now because God wills it;

20

No matter how barren the past may have been,

'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well

How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing

25

That skies are clear and grass is growing;

The breeze comes whispering in our ear

That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
5 We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells it all in his lusty crowing!

Prelude to Part Second

10 Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hilltop bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
15 It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
20 He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars:
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
25 Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze:

Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear 5
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystallised the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one: 10
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'T was as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky, 15
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly, 20
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap 25
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;

And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

5

IN WAR TIME

From *The Biglow Papers*

Where's Peace? I start, some clear-blown night,
When gaunt stone walls grow numb and number,
An' creakin' 'cross the snow-crus' white,
10 Walk the col' starlight into summer;
Up grows the moon, an' swell by swell
Thru the pale pastures silvers dimmer
Than the last smile that strives to tell
O' love gone heavenward in its shimmer.

15 I hev ben gladder of sech things
Than cocks o' spring or bees o' clover;
They filled my heart with livin' springs,
But now they seem to freeze 'em over;
Sights innercent ez babes on knee,
20 Peaceful ez eyes o' pastured cattle,
Jes' coz they be so, seem to me
To rile me more with thoughts o' battle.

In-doors an' out by spells I try:
Ma'am Natur' keeps her spin-wheel goin',
25 But leaves my natur' stiff an' 'dry
Ez fiel's o' clover arter mowin';

An' her jest keepin' on the same,
 Calmer'n a clock, an' never carin',
 An' findin' nary thing to blame,
 Is wus than ef she took to swearin'.

.

Under the yaller-pines I house, 5
 When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
 And hear among their furry boughs
 The baskin' west-wind purr contented,
 While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low
 Ez distant bells that ring fer meetin' 10
 The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow,
 Further an' further South retreatin'.

Or up the slippery knob I strain
 An' see a thousand hills like islan's
 Lift their blue woods in broken chain 15
 Out o' the sea o' smoky silence;
 The farm-smokes, sweetes' sight on airth,
 Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin'
 Seem kin' o' sad, an' roun' the hearth
 Of empty places set me thinkin'. 20

Beaver roars hoarse with meltin' snows,
 An' rattles di'mon's from his granite;
 Time wuz, he snatched away my prose,
 An' into psalms or satires ran it;
 But he, nor all the rest thet once 25
 Started my blood to country-dances,
 Can't set me goin' more'n a dunce
 Thet ain't no use fer dreams an' fancies.

Rat-tat-tattle thru the streets

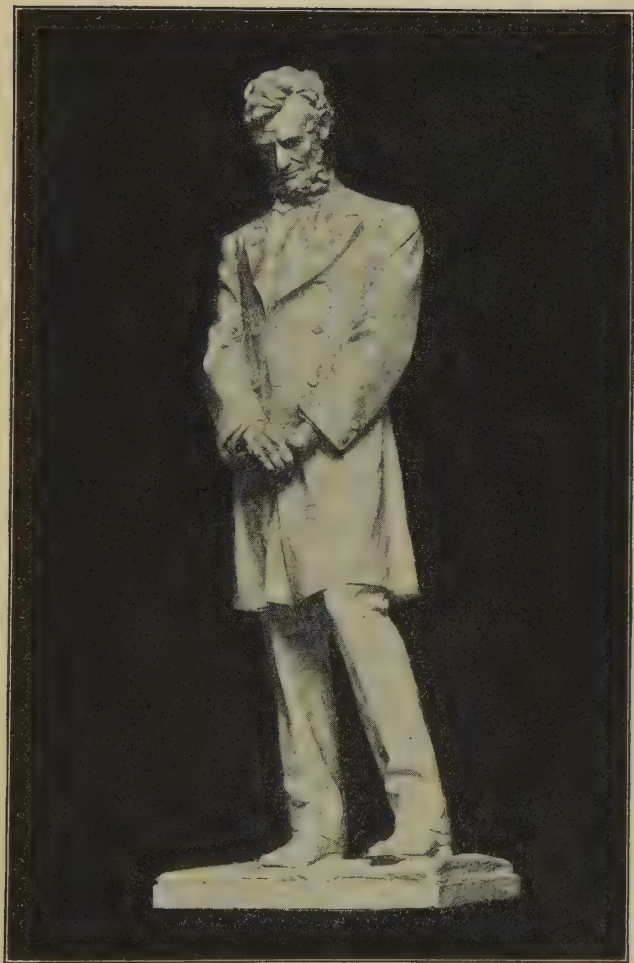
I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet

Thet follered once an' now are quiet, —
5 White feet ez snow-drops innercent,
Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' step ther's ears thet won't
No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

10 *From the Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration,*
July 21, 1865.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led
With ashes on her head,
15 Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hand my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
20 And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
25 Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.



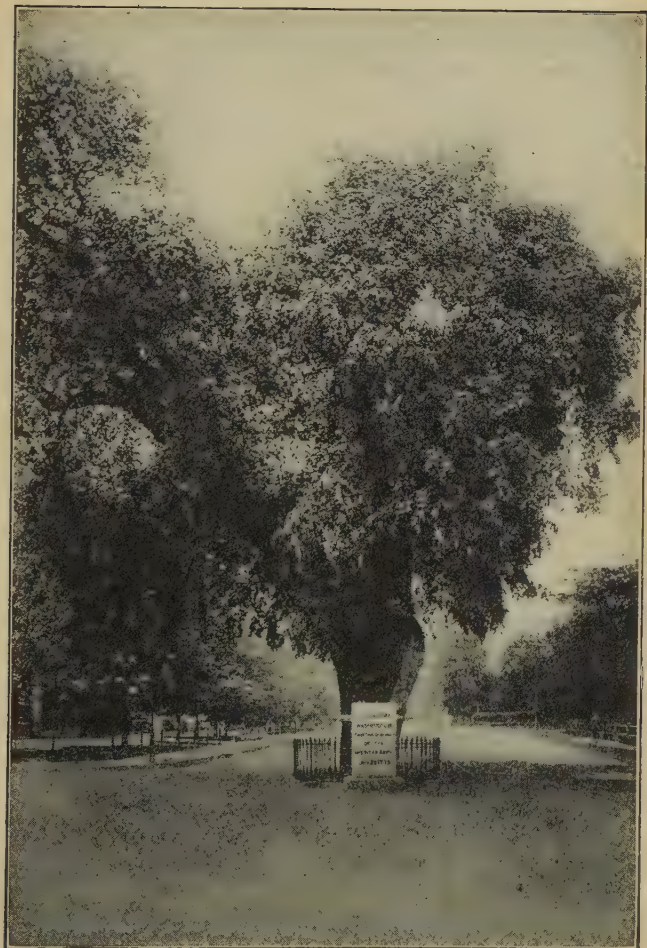
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth, 5
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill, 10
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind; 15
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still, 20
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face. 25
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate. 30

So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
5 Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
10 Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

VIRGINIA

15 From *Under the Old Elm*
Virginia gave us this imperial man
Cast in the massive mould
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
20 She gave us this unblemished gentleman:
What shall we give her back but love and praise
As in the dear old unestrangèd days
Before the inevitable wrong began?
Mother of States and undiminished men,
25 Thou gavest us a country, giving him,
And we owe always what we owed thee then:
The boon thou wouldst have snatched from us again
Shines as before with no abatement dim.



THE WASHINGTON ELM
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

A great man's memory is the only thing
With influence to outlast the present whim
And bind us as when here he knit our golden ring.
All of him that was subject to the hours
Lies in thy soil and makes it part of ours: 5
Across more recent graves,
Where unresentful Nature waves
Her pennons o'er the shot-plowed sod,
Proclaiming the sweet Truce of God,
We from this consecrated plain stretch out 10
Our hands as free from afterthought or doubt
As here the united North
Poured her embrownèd manhood forth
In welcome of our savior and thy son.
Through battle we have better learned thy worth, 15
The long-breathed valor and undaunted will,
Which, like his own, the day's disaster done,
Could, safe in manhood, suffer and be still.
Both thine and ours the victory hardly won;
If ever with distempered voice or pen 20
We have misdeemed thee, here we take it back,
And for the dead of both don common black.
Be to us evermore as thou wast then,
As we forget thou hast not always been,
Mother of States and unpolluted men, 25
Virginia, fitly named from England's manly queen!

FREEDOM

From *The Ode to Liberty*

Who cometh over the hills?
Her garments with morning sweet,
5 The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air;
Sunshine steals light from her face;
The leaden footstep of Care
10 Leaps to the tune of her pace.
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace,
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
15 FREEDOM, O fairest of all
The daughters of Time and of thought!

THE COURTIN'

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur'z you can look or listen,
20 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
25 'ith no one nigh to hender.



THE STATUE OF LIBERTY IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in —
There warn't no stoves (teill comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out 5
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted 10
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back f'om Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm f'om floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin 15
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur;
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter. 20

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clear grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals, 25
He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv' em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells —
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple;
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

5 She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Old Hunderd ring
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

10 An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
15 For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper, —
All ways to once her feelin's flew
20 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

25 An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him funder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"

"Wal. . . no . . . I come dasignin'" —

'To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals act so or so, 5
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other, 10
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";
Says she, "Think likely, Mister";
Thet last word pricked him like a pin, 15
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips.
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes. 20

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued 25
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

5

THE FOUNTAIN

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

10

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

15

Into the starlight,
Rushing like spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

20

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary;

25

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;



Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring, 5
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be 10
Fresh, cheerful, constant,
Upward like thee!

TO THE DANDELION

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold, 15
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and full of pride uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round 20
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow 25
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;

'T is the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
 Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
5 The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
 The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
10 Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
 In the white-lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

15 Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
 Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
20 Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
 That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with
25 thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
 Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,

And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
 With news from heaven, which he could bring
 Fresh every day to my untainted ears
 When birds and flowers and I were happy peers. 5

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
 Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam 10
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
 On all these living pages of God's book.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

15

ISRAFEL

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
 "Whose heart-strings are a lute;"
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel, 20
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
 Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
 In her highest noon, 25
 The enamored moon
Blushes with love,

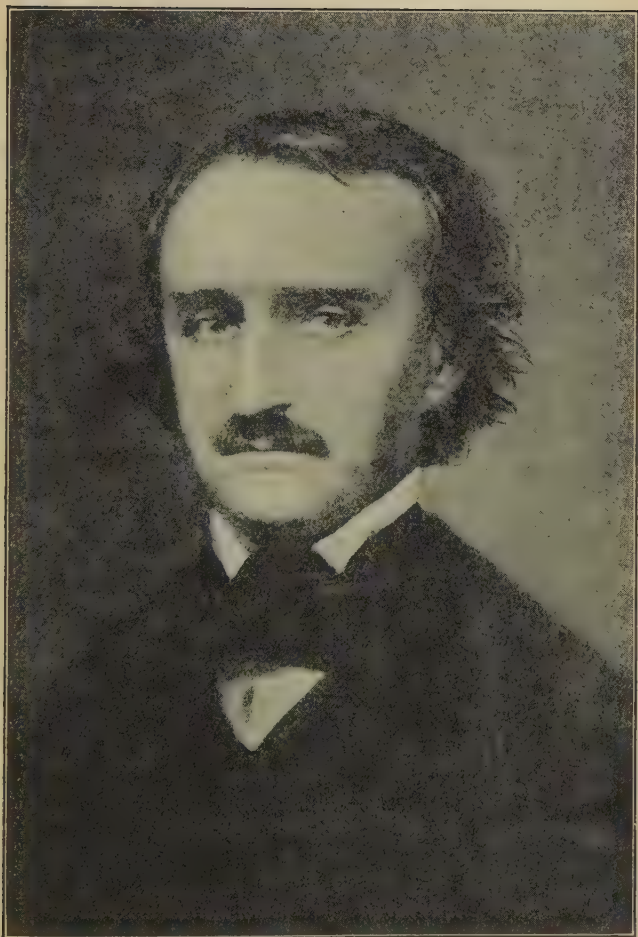
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in Heaven.

5 And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings —
10 The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty —
Where Love's a grown-up God —
15 Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
20 An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
25 With thy burning measures suit —
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute —
Well may the stars be mute!



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely — flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours. 5

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody, 10
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

THE CITY IN THE SEA

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone 15
Far down within the dim West
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!) 20
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down 25
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently —

- Gleams up the pinnacles far and free —
Up domes — up spires — up kingly halls —
Up fanes — up Babylon-like walls —
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
5 Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers —
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathèd friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.
Resignedly beneath the sky
10 The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.
- 15 There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye —
Not the gayly-jewelled dead
20 Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass —
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea —
25 No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene.
- But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave — there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,

In slightly sinking, the dull tide —
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven!
The waves have now a redder glow —
The hours are breathing faint and low —
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

5

ANNABEL LEE

10

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

15

She was a child and *I* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love —
I and my Annabel Lee —
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

20

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;

25

So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

5 The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me —
Yes! — that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
10 Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we —
And neither the angels in heaven above,
15 Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee: —

For the moon never beams, without bringing me
dreams
20 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, *my life* and my bride,
25 In the sepulchre there by the sea —
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

ULALUME

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crispèd and sear,
The leaves they were withering and sear;
It was night in the lonesome October 5
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir:
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir. 10

Here once, through an alley Titanic
Of cypress I roamed with my Soul —
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
They were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll, 15
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole,
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole. 20

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sear,
Our memories were treacherous and sear,
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year, 25
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber
(Though once we had journeyed down here),

Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
And star-dials pointed to morn,
5 As the star-dials hinted of morn,
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous luster was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn,
10 Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said — "She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs,
She revels in a region of sighs:
15 She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies,
To the Lethean peace of the skies:
20 Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes:
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
25 Said — "Sadly this star I mistrust,
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:
Oh, hasten! — oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly! — let us fly! — for we must."

In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust;
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust,
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust. 5

I replied — “This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its sibyllic splendor is beaming
With hope and in beauty to-night: 10
See, it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright:
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright, 15
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night.”

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom,
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista, 20
But were stopped by the door of a tomb,
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said — “What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?”
She replied — “Ulalume — Ulalume — 25
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!”

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispèd and sear,
As the leaves that were withering and sear,

And I cried — "It was surely October
On this very night of last year
That I journeyed — I journeyed down here,
That I brought a dread burden down here:
5 On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber,
This misty mid region of Weir:
Well, I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
10 This ghou!-haunted woodland of Weir."

THE HAUNTED PALACE

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace —
15 Radiant palace — reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion,
It stood there;
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.
20 Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This — all this — was in the olden
Time long ago),
And every gentle air that dallied,
25 In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odor went away.



In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace —
Radiant palace — reared its head.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne where, sitting, 5
Porphyrogene,
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door, 10
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty, 15
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!) 20
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers now within that valley 25
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;

While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh — but smile no more.

5

DREAM-LAND

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
10 I have reached these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thule —
From a wild weird clime that lieth, sublime,
Out of SPACE — out of TIME.

15

20

25

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
And chasms, and caves and Titan woods,
With forms that no man can discover
For the tears that drip all over;
Mountains toppling evermore
Into seas without a shore;
Seas that restlessly aspire,
Surging, unto skies of fire;
Lakes that endlessly outspread
Their lone waters — lone and dead, —
Their still waters — still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily.

By the lakes that thus outspread
Their lone waters, lone and dead, —
Their sad waters, sad and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily, —
By the mountains — near the river 5
Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever, —
By the grey woods, — by the swamp
Where the toad and the newt encamp, —
By the dismal tarns and pools
Where dwell the Ghouls, — 10
By each spot the most unholy —
In each nook most melancholy, —
There the traveller meets, aghast,
Sheeted Memories of the Past —
Shrouded forms that start and sigh 15
As they pass the wanderer by —
White-robed forms of friends long given,
In agony, to the Earth — and Heaven.

For the heart whose woes are legion
'T is a peaceful, soothing region — 20
For the spirit that walks in shadow
'T is — oh 't is an Eldorado!
But the traveller, travelling through it,
May not — dare not openly view it;
Never its mysteries are exposed 25
To the weak human eye unclosed;
So wills its King, who hath forbid
The uplifting of the fringed lid;
And thus the sad Soul that here passes
Beholds it but through darkened glasses. 30

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
5 I have wandered home but newly
From this ultimate dim Thule.

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak
and weary,
10 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came
a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber
15 door.
“T is some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my
chamber door —
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak De-
20 cember;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon
the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I had sought to
borrow
25 From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the
lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore —
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood 5
repeating
“’T is some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber
door —
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber
door; —
This it is and nothing more.” 10

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no
longer,
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore; 15
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came
rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my cham-
ber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you” — here I opened 20
wide the door: —
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there
wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to 25
dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no
token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered
word "Lenore?"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
word, "Lenore":

5 Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than
before.

10 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my win-
dow lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore;

Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery ex-
15 plore:

"Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt
and flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of
20 yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped
or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door,

25 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door:

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance
it wore, —

“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, 5
“art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the
Nightly shore:

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plu-
tonian shore!”

10

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse
so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy
bore:

15

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his cham-
ber door —

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his 20
chamber door.

With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke
only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did 25
outpour.

Nothing further then he uttered — not a feather then
he fluttered —

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends
have flown before —

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have
flown before."

5 Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,

"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock
and store

10 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful
Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one
burden bore —

Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden
15 bore

Of 'Never — nevermore.'

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird,
and bust and door;

20 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
of yore —

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
25 bird of yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable ex-
pressing

To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
30 bosom's core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light
gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light
gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from
an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the
tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by
these angels he hath sent thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of
Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost
Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird
or devil! —
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed
thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted —
On this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I
implore —
Is there — is there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell
me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil! — prophet still, if
bird or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us — by that God
we both adore —

5 Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant
Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
Lenore —

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
10 name Lenore.”

Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I
shrieked, upstarting —

15 “Get thee back unto the tempest and the Night’s Plu-
tonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul
hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above
my door!

20 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form
from off my door!”

Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is
sitting

25 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that
is dreaming,



And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door.

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating
on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

5

THE BELLS

I

Hear the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells! 10
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight; 15
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells — 20
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells —
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells! 25
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight! —

From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
5 On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
10 On the future! — how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
15 Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
20 What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
25 Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells, —
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people — ah, the people —

5 They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

10 On the human heart a stone —

They are neither man nor woman —

They are neither brute nor human —

They are Ghouls: —

And their king it is who tolls: —

15 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls

A pæan from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells!

20 And he dances, and he yells:

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells: —

Of the bells:

25 Keeping time, time, time

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells —

Of the bells, bells, bells —

To the sobbing of the bells: —

30 Keeping time, time, time,

As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells: —
To the tolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, 5
Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

ELDORADO

Gayly bedight,
A gallant knight, 10
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old — 15
This knight so bold —
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado. 20

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow —
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be — 25
This land of Eldorado?"

“Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,”
The shade replied, —
“If you seek for Eldorado.”

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicéan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy-Land!

WALT WHITMAN

MANAHATTA

I was asking for something specific and perfect for my
city,
Whereupon lo! upsprang the aboriginal name. 6
Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid, sane,
unruly, musical, self-sufficient,
I see that the word of my city is that word from of old,
Because I see that word nested in nests of water-bays,
superb, 10
Rich, hemmed thick all around with sail ships and
steam ships, an island sixteen miles long, solid-
founded,
Numberless crowded streets high growths of iron,
slender, strong, light, splendidly arising towards 15
clear skies,
Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me, towards
sundown,
The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, larger ad-
joining islands, the heights, the villas, 20
The countless masts, the white shore-steamers, the
lighters, the ferry-boats, the black sea-steamers well
modelled,
The down-town streets, the jobber houses of business,
the houses of business of the ship-merchants and the 25
money-brokers, the river-streets,
Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand in a
week,
The carts hauling goods, the manly race of drivers of
horses, the brown-faced sailors, 30

The summer air, the bright sun shining, and the sailing
clouds aloft,
The winter snows, the sleigh-bells, the broken ice in
the river, passing along up or down with the flood-
5 tide or ebb-tide,
The mechanics of the city, the masters, well-formed,
beautiful-faced, looking you straight in the eyes,
Trottoirs thronged, vehicles, Broadway, the women,
the shops and shows,
10 A million people — manners free and superb — open
voices — hospitality — the most courageous and
friendly young men,
City of hurried and sparkling waters! city of spires and
masts!
15 City nested in bays! my city!

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

Come my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged
20 axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt
of danger,
25 We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!



WALT WHITMAN.

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and
friendship,
Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with
the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers! 5

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there
beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the 10
lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied
world, 15
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and
the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountain 20
steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the
unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling, 25
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep
the mines within,

We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil up-
 heaving,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Colorado men are we,
 5 From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the
 high plateaus,
 From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting
 trail we come,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

10 From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
 Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the
 continental blood intervein'd,
 All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern,
 all the Northern,
 15 Pioneers! O pioneers!

.
 Not for delectations sweet,
 Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and
 the studious,
 Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame
 20 enjoyment,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?
 Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? have they locked and
 bolted doors?
 25 Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the
 ground,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Has the night descended?
Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop discour-
aged nodding on our way?
Yet a passing hour I yield you in your tracks to pause
oblivious,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call — hark! how loud and
clear I hear it wind,
Swift! to the head of the army! — swift! spring to your 10
places,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

I hear America singing, the various carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each singing his as it should be, 15
blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or
beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or
leaves off work, 20
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat,
the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the
hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in 25
the morning, or at noon intermission, or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young
wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,

Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none
else,
The day what belongs to the day — at night the party
of young fellows, robust, friendly.
5 Singing with open mouths their strong, melodious songs.

CAVALRY CROSSING A FORD

A line in long array where they wind betwixt green
islands,
They take a serpentine course, their arms flash in the
10 sun — hark to the musical clank,
Behold the silvery river, in it the splashing horses loi-
tering stop to drink,
Behold the brown faced men, each group, each person
a picture, the negagent rest on the saddles,
15 Some emerge on the opposite bank, others are just
entering the ford — while,
Scarlet and blue and snowy white,
The guidon flags flutter gayly in the wind.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

20 O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought
is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
25 daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells; 5

Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle
thrills,

For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for you the
shores acrowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces 10
turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck

You've fallen cold and dead.

15

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will,

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object 20
won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

25

DAREST THOU NOW O SOUL

Darest thou now, O soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to
5 follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in
that land.

10 I know it not, O soul!
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us, —
All waits undreamed of in that region, that inaccessible
land.

Till when the tie is loosened,
15 All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds
bounding us.

Then we burst forth, we float,
In Time and Space, O soul! prepared for them,
20 Equal, equipped at last, (O joy! O fruit of all!) them to
fulfill, O soul!



On Fame's eternal camping-ground

THEODORE O'HARA

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet 5
That brave and fallen few.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead. 10

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife 15
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their pluméd heads are bowed; 20
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed, 25
Are free from anguish now

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
5 Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

10 Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
15 Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death."

20 Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain.
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

25 'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land,
The nation's flag to save.

By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a mother's breath has swept 5
O'er Angustora's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight
Or shepherd's pensive lay, 10
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound 15
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war his richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave. 20

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest
Far from the gory field,
Born to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky 25
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!

Dear as the blood ye gave;

No impious footstep here shall tread

The herbage of your grave;

5 Nor shall your glory be forgot

While Fame her record keeps,

Or Honor points the hallowed spot

Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone

10 In deathless song shall tell,

When many a vanished age hath flown,

The story how ye fell;

Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,

Nor time's remorseless doom,

15 Shall dim one ray of glory's light

That gilds your deathless tomb.

BAYARD TAYLOR

A SONG OF THE CAMP

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,

20 The outer trenches guarding,

When the heated guns of the camps allied

Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,

Lay, grim and threatening, under;

25 And the tawny mound of the Malakoff

No longer belched its thunder.



BAYARD TAYLOR.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
 "We storm the forts tomorrow;
 Sing while we may, another day
 Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side, 5
 Below the smoking cannon:
 Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
 And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
 Forgot was Britain's glory: 10
 Each heart recalled a different name,
 But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
 Until its tender passion
 Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, — 15
 Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
 But, as the song grew louder,
 Something upon the soldier's cheek
 Washed off the stains of powder. 20

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
 The bloody sunset's embers,
 While the Crimean valleys learned
 How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell 25
 Rained on the Russian quarters,

With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
5 And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honoured rest
Your truth and valour wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest, —
10 The loving are the daring.

BEDOUIN SONG

From the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
15 In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
20 *Till the sun grows cold,*
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
25 My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.



From the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire.

Let the night winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

5

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy-chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

10

15

20

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR

LITTLE GIFFEN

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen!)
Spectre! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

25

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said;
Little the doctor can help the dead!
So we took him; and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
5 And we laid him down on a wholesome bed
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with bated breath, —
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.
Months of torture, how many such?
10 Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't. Nay, more, in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write.
15 "Dear Mother," at first, of course; and then
"Dear Captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: "Of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
20 Johnston pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear — his first — as he bade good-bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight;
25 But none of Giffen. He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,

And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For "Little Giffen," of Tennessee.

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN

5

REUNITED

Written after the Yellow Fever epidemic of 1878

Purer than thy own white snow,
Nobler than thy mountain's height;
Deeper than the ocean's flow, 16
Stronger than thy own proud might;
O Northland! to thy sister land,
Was late thy mercy's generous deed and grand.

Nigh twice ten years the sword was sheathed:
In mist of green o'er battle plain 15
For nigh two decades Spring had breathed;
And yet the crimson life-blood stain
From passive sward had never paled,
Nor fields, where all were brave and some had failed.

Between the Northland, bride of snow, 20
And Southland, brightest sun's fair bride,
Swept, ever deepening in its flow,
The stormy wake, in war's dark tide:
No hand might clasp across the tears
And blood and anguish of four deathless years. 25

When Summer, like a rose in bloom,
Had blossomed from the bud of Spring,
Oh! who could deem the dew of doom
Upon the blushing lips could cling?

5 And who believe its fragrant light
Would e'er be freighted with the breath of blight?

Yet o'er the Southland crept the spell,
That e'en from out its brightness spread;
And prostrate, powerless, she fell,

10 Rachel-like, amid her dead.
Her bravest, fairest, purest, best,
The waiting grave would welcome as its guest.

The Northland, strong in love, and great,
Forgot the stormy days of strife;

15 Forgot that souls with dreams of hate
Or unforgiveness e'er were rife.
Forgotten was each thought and hushed;
Save — she was generous and her foe was crushed.

No hand might clasp, from land to land;

20 Yea! there was one to bridge the tide;
For at the touch of Mercy's hand

The North and South stood side by side:
The Bride of Snow, the Bride of Sun,
In Charity's espousals are made one.

25 "Thou gavest back my sons again,"
The Southland to the Northland cries;
"For all my dead, on battle plain,
Thou bidst my dying now arise:

I still my sobs, I cease my tears,
For thou hast recompensed my anguished years."

GEORGE HENRY BOKER

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

Close his eyes; his work is done! 5

What to him is friend or foe-man,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,

Hand of man or kiss of woman?

Lay him low, lay him low,

In the clover or the snow! 10

What cares he? he cannot know:

Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,

Proved his truth by his endeavor;

Let him sleep in solemn night, 15

Sleep forever and forever.

Lay him low, lay him low,

In the clover or the snow!

What cares he? he cannot know:

Lay him low. 20

Fold him in his country's stars,

Roll the drum and fire the volley!

What to him are all our wars,

What but death bemocking folly?

Lay him low, lay him low, 25

In the clover or the snow!

What cares he? he cannot know:

Lay him low.

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
5 Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

10 THE BLUE AND THE GRAY
By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
15 Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
20 Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-field gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
25 Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.



Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!

From the silence of sorrowful hours

The desolate mourners go,

Lovingly laden with flowers

Alike for the friend and the foe:

Under the sod and the dew,

5

Waiting the judgment day;

Under the roses, the Blue,

Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,

The morning sun-rays fall,

10

With a touch impartially tender,

On the blossoms blooming for all:

Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment day;

Broidered with gold, the Blue,

15

Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,

On forest and field of grain,

With an equal murmur falleth

The cooling drip of the rain:

20

Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment day;

Wet with the rain, the Blue,

Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,

25

The generous deed was done,

In the storm of the years that are fading

No braver battle was won:

Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the blossoms, the Blue,
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

5 No more shall the war cry sever,
 Or the winding river be red;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of the dead!
 Under the sod and the dew,
 10 Waiting the judgment day;
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

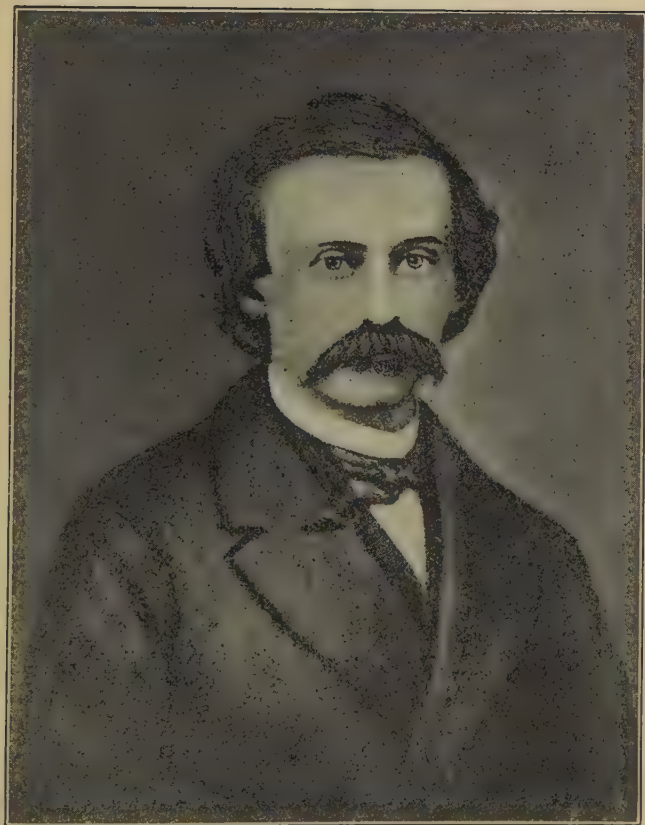
HENRY TIMROD

AT MAGNOLIA CEMETERY

15 Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
 Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
 Though yet no marble column craves
 The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
 20 The blossom of your fame is blown,
 And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
 The shaft is in the stone.

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
 Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
 25 Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
 And these memorial blooms.



HENRY TIMROD.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned.

5

Charleston, 1867.

THE PAST

10

To-day's most trivial act may hold the seed
Of future fruitfulness, or future dearth; —
O, cherish always every word and deed!
The simplest record of thyself hath worth.

If thou hast ever slighted one old thought,
Beware lest Grief enforce the truth at last;
The time must come wherein thou shalt be taught
The value and the beauty of the Past.

15

Not merely as a warner and a guide,
“A voice behind thee,” sounding to the strife;
But something never to be put aside,
A part and parcel of thy present life.

20

Not as a distant and a darkened sky,
Through which the stars peep, and the moonbeams
glow;

25

But a surrounding atmosphere, whereby
We live and breathe, sustained in pain and woe.

A Fairy-land, where joy and sorrow kiss —
Each still to each corrective and relief —
Where dim delights are prisoned into bliss,
And nothing wholly perishes but Grief.

5 Ah, me! — not dies — no more than spirit dies;
But in a change like death is clothed with wings, —
A serious angel, with entrancéd eyes,
Looking to far-off and celestial things.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

10 A LITTLE WHILE I FAIN WOULD LINGER YET

A little while (my life is almost set!)
I fain would pause along the downward way,
Musing an hour in this sad sunset ray,
While, Sweet! our eyes with tender tears are wet:

15 A little hour I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger yet,
All for love's sake, for love that cannot tire;
Though fervid youth be dead, with youth's desire,
And hope has faded to a vain regret,
20 A little while I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger here:
Behold! who knows what strange, mysterious bars
'Twixt souls that love may rise in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair;
25 A little while I fain would linger here.

A little while I yearn to hold thee fast,
Hand locked in hand, and loyal heart to heart;
(O pitying Christ! those woeful words, "We part!")
So ere the darkness fall, the light be past,
A little while I fain would hold thee fast. 5

A little while, when light and twilight meet, —
Behind, our broken years; before, the deep
Weird wonder of the last unfathomed sleep, —
A little while I still would clasp thee, Sweet,
A little while, when night and twilight meet. 10

A little while I fain would linger here;
Behold! who knows what soul-dividing bars
Earth's faithful loves may part in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair:
A little while I still would linger here. 15

THE MOCKING BIRD

(At Night)

A golden pallor of voluptuous light
Filled the warm southern night:
The moon, clear orb'd, above the sylvan scene 20
Moved like a stately queen.
So rife with conscious beauty all the while,
What could she do but smile
At her own perfect loveliness below,
Glass'd in the tranquil flow 25
Of crystal fountains and unruffled streams?
Half lost in waking dreams,

- As down the loneliest forest dell I strayed,
Lo ! from a neighboring glade,
Flashed through the drifts of moonshine, swiftly came
A fairy shape of flame.
- 5 It rose in dazzling spirals overhead,
Whence to wild sweetness wed,
Poured marvellous melodies, silvery trill on trill;
The very leaves grew still
On the charmed trees to hearken; while for me,
- 10 Heart-trilled to ecstasy,
I followed — followed the bright shape that flew,
Still circling up the blue,
Till, as a fountain that has reached its height
Falls back in sprays of light
- 15 Slowly dissolved, so that enrapturing lay
Divinely melts away
Through tremulous spaces to a music-mist,
Soon by the fitful breeze
How gently kissed
- 20 Into remote and tender silences.

FATE OR GOD?

- Beyond the record of all eldest things,
Beyond the rule and region of past time,
From out Antiquity's hoary-headed rime,
- 25 Looms the dread phantom of a King of kings:
Round his vast brow the glittering circlet clings
Of a thrice-royal crown; beneath him climb,
O'er Atlantean limbs and breast sublime,
The sombre splendors of mysterious wings;

Deep calms of measureless power, in awful state,
Gird and uphold him; a miraculous rod,
To heal or smite, arms his infallible hands;
Known in all ages, worshipped in all lands,
Doubt names this half-embodied mystery — Fate, ■
While Faith, with lowliest reverence, whispers — God!

JOHN ESTEN COOKE

THE BAND IN THE PINES

Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease!
Cease with your splendid call; 10
The living are brave and noble,
But the dead are noblest of all!

They throng to the martial summons,
To the loud triumphant strain,
And the dear bright eyes of long-dead friends 15
Come to the heart again!

They come with the ringing bugle,
And the deep drum's mellow roar;
Till the soul is faint with longing
For the hands we clasp no more! 20

Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease!
Or the heart will melt with tears,
For the gallant eyes and the smiling lips,
And the voices of old years.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND

THE CREED

I believe if I should die,
And you should kiss my eyelids, when I lie
5 Cold dead and dumb to all the world contains,
The folded orbs would open at thy breath,
And from its exile in the isles of death
Life would come gladly back along my veins.

I believe if I were dead
10 And you upon my lifeless heart should tread
Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to be,
It would find sudden pulse beneath the touch
Of thee it ever loved in life so much,
And throb again — warm, tender, true to thee.

I believe if on my grave
15 Hidden in woody depths, or by the wave,
Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret,
From every salty seed of your dear grief
Some fair sweet blossom would leap into leaf
20 To prove death could not make my love forget

I believe if I should fade
Into those mystic realms where light is made
And you should long once more my face to see,
I would come forth upon the hills of night
25 And gather stars like faggots till thy sight,
Led by their beacon blaze, fell full on me.

I believe my faith in thee
Strong as my life, so nobly placed to be
I would as soon expect to see the sun
Fall like a dead king from his height sublime,—
His glory stricken from the throne of time, —
As thee unworth the worship thou hast won.

I believe who hath not loved
With half the glory of his life unproved
Like one who with the grape within his grasp
Drops it with all its crimson juice unpressed
And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed
Out of his careless and unheeding clasp.

I believe love, pure and true,
Is to the soul a sweet immortal dew
Which gems life petals in its hours of dusk.
The waiting angels see, and recognize
The rich crown jewel — love — of Paradise
When life falls from us like a withered husk.

JOHN HAY

JIM BLUDSO OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE 20

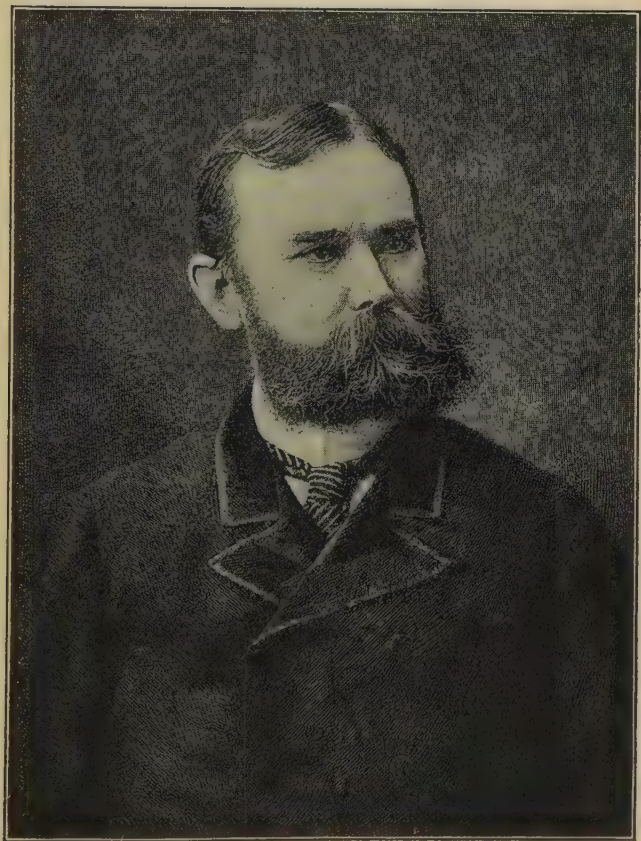
Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.

Whar have you been for the last three years
That you have n't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

5 He were n't no saint — them engineers
Is all pretty much alike, —
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
10 And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied, —
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had, —
To treat his engine well;
15 Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire, —
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
20 Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last, —
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she *would n't* be passed.
25 And so she come tearin' along that night —
The oldest craft on the line —
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.



JOHN HAY.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out, 5
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard, 10
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell, —
And Bludso's ghost went up alone 15
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint, -- but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That would n't shook hands with him. 20
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing, --
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

SAN FRANCISCO

From the Sea

Serene, indifferent of Fate,
5 Thou sittest at the Western Gate;

Upon thy heights so lately won
Still slant the banners of the sun;

Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,
O Warder of two Continents!

10 And scornful of the peace that flies
Thy angry winds and sullen skies,

Thou drawest all things, small or great,
To thee, beside the Western Gate.

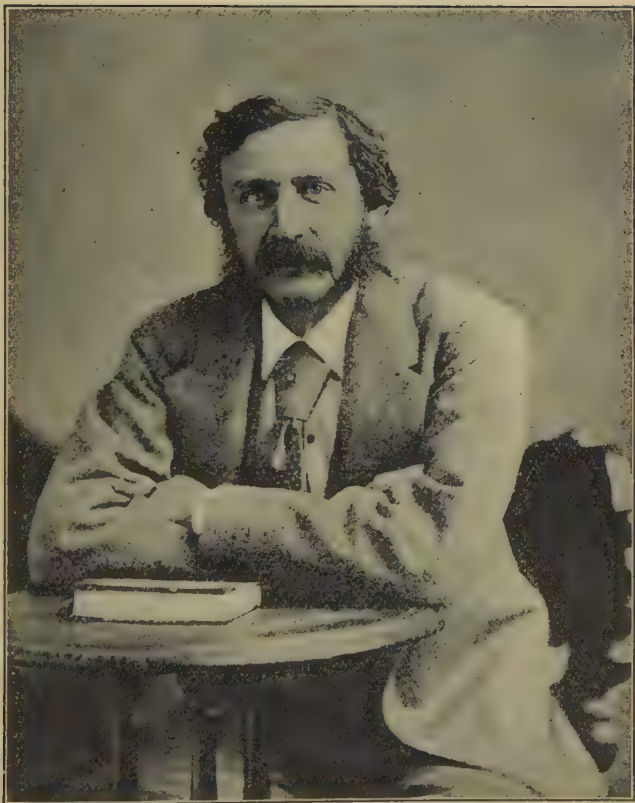
.

O lion's whelp, that hidest fast
In jungle growth of spire and mast,

15 I know thy cunning and thy greed,
Thy hard high lust and wilful deed,

And all thy glory loves to tell
Of specious gifts material.

20 Drop down, O fleecy Fog, and hide
Her sceptic sneer, and all her pride!



FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

Wrap her, O Fog, in gown and hood
Of her Franciscan Brotherhood.

Hide me her faults, her sin and blame;
With thy gray mantle cloak her shame!

So shall she, cowléd, sit and pray
Till morning bears her sins away.

5

Then rise, O fleecy Fog, and raise
The glory of her coming days;

Be as the cloud that flecks the seas
Above her smoky argosies.

10

When forms familiar shall give place
To stranger speech and newer face;

When all her throes and anxious fears
Lie hushed in the repose of years;

When Art shall raise and Culture lift
The sensual joys and meaner thrift,

15

And all fulfilled the vision, we
Who watch and wait shall never see, —

Who, in the morning of her race,
Toiled fair or meanly in our place, —

20

But, yielding to the common lot,
Lie unrecorded and forgot.

CHICAGO

Oct. 9, 1870

Blackened and bleeding, helpless, panting, prone,
On the charred fragments of her shattered throne
5 Lies she who stood but yesterday alone.

Queen of the West! by some enchanter taught
To lift the glory of Aladdin's court,
Then lose the spell that all that wonder wrought

Like her own prairies by some chance seed sown,
10 Like her own prairies in one brief day grown,
Like her own prairies in one fierce night mown.

She lifts her voice, and in her pleading call
We hear the cry of Macedon to Paul,
The cry for help that makes her kin to all.

15 But haply with wan fingers may she feel
The silver cup hid in the proffered meal,
The gifts her kinship and our loves reveal

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES

Table Mountain, 1870

20 Which I wish to remark, —
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chineese is peculiar, —
25 Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name.

And I shall not deny

In regard to the same

What that name might imply;

But his smile it was pensive and childlike,

5

As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;

And quite soft was the skies:

Which it might be inferred

That Ah Sin was likewise;

10

Yet he played it that day upon William

And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,

And Ah Sin took a hand:

It was euchre. The same

15

He did not understand;

But he smiled as he sat by the table,

With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked

In a way that I grieve.

20

And my feelings were shocked

At the state of Nye's sleeve:

Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,

And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played

25

By that heathen Chineese,

And the points that he made,

Were quite frightful to see. —
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
5 And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour;"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

10 In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand;
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
15 In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs, —
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
20 And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers, — that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
25 And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar, —
Which the same I am free to maintain.

THE RÉVEILLE

- Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum, — 5
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming
drum.
- "Let me of my heart take counsel: 10
War is not of Life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed, "Come! 15
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-
sounding drum.
- "But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation, 20
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-
answering drum. 25
- "What if, 'mid the cannon's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,

Were quite frightful to see. —
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,

5 And he gazed upon me;

And he rose with a sigh,

And said, "Can this be?

We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour;"

And he went for that heathen Chinee.

10 In the scene that ensued

I did not take a hand;

But the floor it was strewed

Like the leaves on the strand

With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,

15 In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,

He had twenty-four packs, —

Which was coming it strong,

Yet I state but the facts;

20 And we found on his nails, which were taper,

What is frequent in tapers, — that's wax.

Which is why I remark,

And my language is plain,

That for ways that are dark,

25 And for tricks that are vain,

The heathen Chinee is peculiar, —

Which the same I am free to maintain.

THE RÉVEILLE

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;

Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum, —

5

Saying, "Come,

Freemen, come!

Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming
drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:

10

War is not of Life the sum;

Who shall stay and reap the harvest

When the autumn days shall come?"

But the drum

Echoed, "Come!

15

Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-
sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,

What of profit springs therefrom?

What if conquest, subjugation,

20

Even greater ills become?"

But the drum

Answered, "Come!

You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-
answering drum.

25

"What if, 'mid the cannon's thunder,

Whistling shot and bursting bomb,

When my brothers fall around me,

Should my heart grow cold and numb?"

But the drum

Answered, "Come!

Better there in death united, than in life a recreant, —
5 come!"

Thus they answered, — hoping, fearing,

Some in faith, and doubting some,

Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,

Said, "My chosen people, come!"

10 Then the drum,

Lo! was dumb,

For the great heart of the nation, throbbing answered,

"Lord, we come!"

DICKENS IN CAMP

15 Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,

The river sang below;

The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting

Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted

20 The ruddy tints of health

On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted

In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure

A hoarded volume drew,

25 And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure

To hear the tale anew.



The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 't was boyish fancy, — for the reader 5
Was youngest of them all, —
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray, 10
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English mead-
ows,
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes — o'ertaken
As by some spell divine — 15
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:
And he who wrought that spell? —
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire, 20
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Bland with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills. 25

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly, —
This spray of Western pine!

5

July, 1870

THE ANGELUS

Heard at the Mission Dolores, 1868

Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
10 Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present
With colour of romance:

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
15 Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

20 Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past, —
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
25 The white Presidio;

The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting 5
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old, —
O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold! 10

Your voices break and falter in the darkness, —
Break, falter, and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

15

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

The royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!" 20

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool ;
His pleading voice arose : " O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !

5 " No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool :
The rod must heal the sin ; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !

10 " 'T is not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay ;
'T is by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

15 " These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end ;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

20 " The ill-timed truth we might have kept —
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung !
The word we had not sense to say —
Who knows how grandly it had rung !

" Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all ;
But for our blunders,— oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose 5
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

JOAQUIN MILLER

COLUMBUS 10

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray, 15
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly pale and weak." 20
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day: 25
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:

“Why now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.

5 These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak, and say —”
He said: “Sail on! sail on! and on!”

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:

9 “This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.

He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth as if to bite!

Brave Admiral, say but one word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?”

5 The word leapt like a leaping sword:
“Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!”

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —

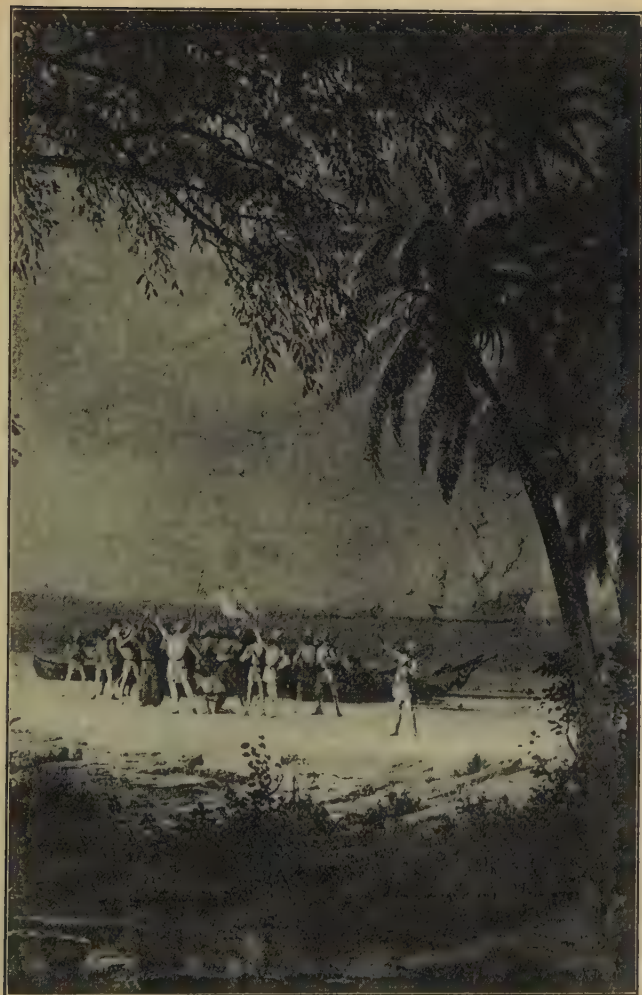
20 A light! a light! a light! a light!

It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!

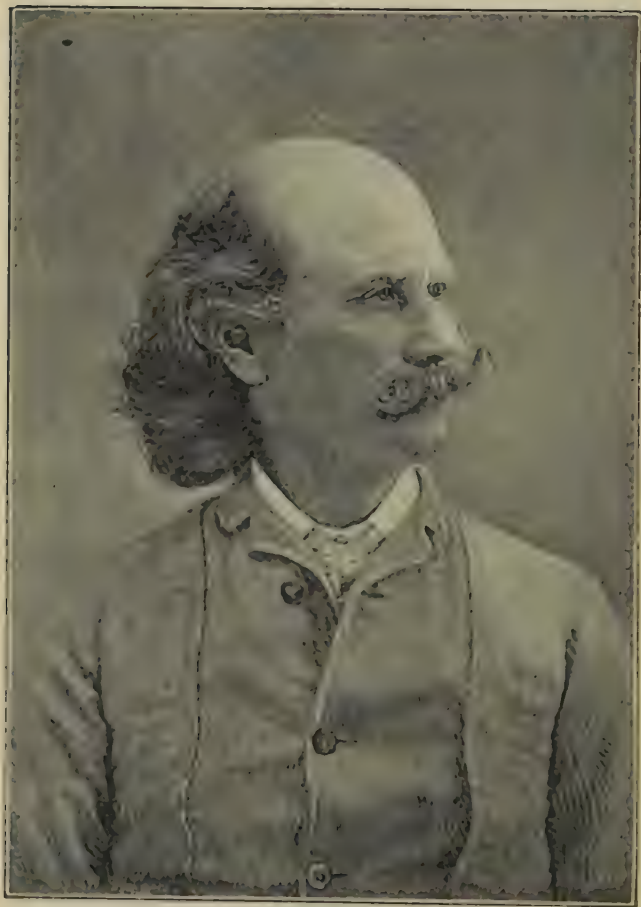
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn;
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest message: “On! sail on!”

WESTWARD HO!

What strength! what strife! what rude unrest!
What shocks! what half-shaped armies met!
A mighty nation moving west,



THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.



JOAQUIN MILLER.

With all its steely sinews set
Against the living forests. Hear
The shouts, the shots of pioneer,
The rended forests, rolling wheels,
As if some half-checked army reels, 5
Recoils, redoubles, comes again,
Loud-sounding like a hurricane.

O bearded, stalwart, westmost men,
So tower-like, so Gothic built!
A kingdom won without the guilt 10
Of studied battle, that hath been
Your blood's inheritance . . . Your heirs
Know not your tombs: the great plough-shares
Cleave softly through the mellow loam
Where you have made eternal home, 15
And set no sign. Your epitaphs
Are writ in furrows. Beauty laughs
While through the green ways wandering
Beside her love, slow gathering
White, starry-hearted May-time blooms 20
Above your lowly levelled tombs;
And then below the spotted sky
She stops, she leans, she wonders why
The ground is heaved and broken so,
And why the grasses darker grow 25
And droop and trail like wounded wing.

Yea, Time, the grand old harvester,
Has gathered you from wood and plain.
We call to you again, again;

The rush and rumble of the car
Comes back in answer. Deep and wide
The wheels of progress have passed on;
The silent pioneer is gone.

5 His ghost is moving down the trees,
And now we push the memories
Of bluff, bold men who dared and died
In foremost battle, quite aside.

EUGENE FITCH WARE

10 QUIVERA — KANSAS

1542 — 1892

In that half-forgotten era,
With the avarice of old,
Seeking cities that 'twas told
45 Had been paved with solid gold,
In the kingdom of Quivera —

Came the restless Coronado
To the open Kansas plain,
With his knights from sunny Spain;
50 In an effort that, though vain,
Thrilled with boldness and bravado.

League by league, in aimless marching,
Knowing scarcely where or why,
Crossed they uplands drear and dry,
45 That an unprotected sky
Had for centuries been parching.

But their expectations, eager,
Found, instead of fruitful lands,
Shallow streams and shifting sands,
Where the buffalo in bands
Roamed o'er deserts dry and meager.

5

Back to scenes more trite, yet tragic,
Marched the knights with armor'd steeds;
Not for them the quiet deeds;
Not for them to sow the seeds
From which empires grow like magic.

10

Never land so hunger stricken
Could a Latin race re-mold;
They could conquer heat or cold —
Die for glory or for gold —
But not make a desert quicken.

15

Thus Quivera was forsaken;
And the world forgot the place
Through the lapse of time and space.
Then the blue-eyed Saxon race
Came and bade the desert waken.

20

And it bade the climate vary;
And awaiting no reply
From the elements on high,
It with plows besieged the sky —
Vexed the heavens with the prairie.

25

Then the vitreous sky relented,
And the unacquainted rain
Fell upon the thirsty plain
Whence had gone the knights of Spain,
5 Disappointed, discontented.

Sturdy are the Saxon faces,
As they move along in line;
Bright the rolling cutters shine,
Charging up the State's incline,
10 As an army storms a glacis.

Cities grow where stunted birches
Hugged the shallow water line;
And the deepening rivers twine
Past the factory and mine,
15 Orchard slopes and schools and churches.

Deeper grows the soil and truer,
More and more the prairie teems
With a fruitage as of dreams;
Clearer, deeper, flow the streams,
20 Blander grows the sky, and bluer.

We have made the State of Kansas,
And to-day she stands complete —
First in freedom, first in wheat;
And her future years will meet
25 Ripened hopes and richer stanzas.

SIDNEY LANIER

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHE

Out of the hills of Habersham,
 Down the valleys of Hall,
 I hurry amain to reach the plain, 5
 Run the rapid and leap the fall,
 Split at the rock and together again,
 Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
 And flee from folly on every side
 With a lover's pain to attain the plain 10
 Far from the hills of Habersham,
 Far from the valleys of Hall.

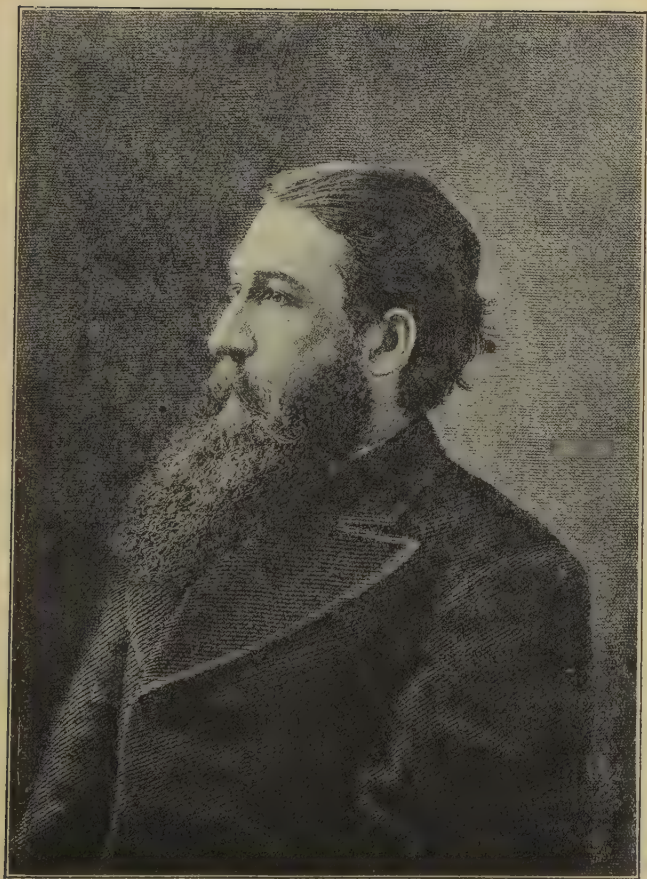
All down the hills of Habersham,
 All through the valleys of Hall,
 The rushes cried, *Abide, abide*, 15
 The wilful water weeds held me thrall,
 The laving laurel turned my tide,
 The ferns and the fondling grass said, *Stay*,
 The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
 And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, abide*, 20
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
 And oft in the valleys of Hall,
 The hickory told me manifold 25
 Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
 Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
 The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,

Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

5 And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
10 — Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst —
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

15 But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall,
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of duty call —
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
20 The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.



SIDNEY LANIER.

72

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven
 With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven
 Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs, —

Emerald twilights, —

5

Virginal shy lights,

Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
 When lovers pace timidly down through the green col-
 lonades

Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,

16

Of the heavenly woods and glades,

That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
 The wide sea-marshes of Glynn; —

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noonday fire, —

Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,

15

Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras
 of leaves, —

Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer for the soul
 that grieves,

Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the 20
 wood,

Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good; —

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the
 vine,

While the riotous noonday sun of the June-day long 25
 did shine

Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in
 mine;

But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,
And the sun is await at the ponderous gate of the West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth
seem

5 Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream, —
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul
of the oak,

And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome
sound of the stroke

10 Of the scythe of time, and the trowel of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I
know,

And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass
within,

15 That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn

Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought
me of yore

When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but
20 bitterness sore,

And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnameable
pain

Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain, —
Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face

25 The vast sweet visage of space.

To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of
the dawn,

For a mete and a mark

30 To the forest-dark: —

So:

Affable live-oak, bending low, —

Thus — with your favor — soft, with a reverent hand,
(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land!)

Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand 5

On the firm-packed sand,

Free

By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.

Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the
shimmering band 10

Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh
to the folds of the land.

Inward and outward to northward and southward the
beach-lines linger and curl

As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows 15
the firm sweet limbs of a girl.

Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray loop-
ing of light.

And what if behind me to westward the wall of the 20
woods stands high?

The world lies east: how ample, the marsh and the sea
and the sky!

A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high,
broad in the blade, 25

Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light
or a shade,

Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,

To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
6 marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-
withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves
to the sea!
20 Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and
the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath
mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
15 And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh
20 and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.
25 And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his
plenty the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:

Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that
flow

Here and there,

Everywhere,

5

Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and
the low-lying lanes

And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow

In the rose-and-silver evening glow.

10

Farewell, my lord Sun!

The creeks overflow; a thousand rivulets run

'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-
grass stir;

Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward
whirr;

15

Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!

The tide is in his ecstasy;

20

The tide is at his highest height;

And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of
sleep

Roll in on the souls of men,

25

But who will reveal to our waking ken

The forms that swim and the shapes that creep

Under the waters of sleep?

And I would I could know what swimmeth below when
the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvellous
marshes of Glynn.

5

INA COOLBRITH

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

What songs found voice upon those lips,
What magic dwelt within the pen,
Whose music into silence slips,
10 Whose spell lives not again.

For her the clamorous to-day
The dreamful yesterday became;
The brands upon dead hearths that lay
Leaped into living flame.

15

Clear ring the silvery Mission bells
Their call to vesper and to mass;
O'er vineyard slopes, through fruited dells,
The long processions pass;

20

The pale Franciscan lifts in air
The Cross above the kneeling throng;
Their simple world how sweet with prayer,
With chant and matin-song!

25

There, with her dimpled, lifted hands,
Parting the mustard's golden plumes,
The dusky maid, Ramona, stands
Amid the sea of blooms.



Clear ring the silvery Mission bells.

And Alessandro, type of all
 His broken tribe, for evermore
 An exile, hears the stranger call
 Within his father's door.

The visions vanish and are not,
 Still are the sounds of peace and strife, —
 Passed with the earnest heart and thought
 Which lured them back to life.

O sunset land! O land of vine,
 And rose and bay! in silence here
 Let fall one little leaf of thine,
 With love, upon her bier.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY
 AN ART MASTER

He gathered cherry-stones, and carved them quaintly 15
 Into fine semblances of flies and flowers;
 With subtle skill, he even imaged faintly
 The forms of tiny maids and ivied towers.

His little blocks he loved to file and polish;
 And ampler means he asked not, but despised. 20
 All art but cherry-stones he would abolish,
 For then his genius would be rightly prized.

For such rude hands as dealt with wrongs and passions,
 And throbbing hearts, he had a pitying smile;
 Serene his way through surging years and fashions, 25
 While Heaven gave him his cherry-stones and file!

JOHN BANISTER TABB

CLOVER

5 Little masters! hat in hand,
Let me in your presence stand,
Till your silence solve for me
This your threefold mystery.

10 Tell me — for I long to know —
How, in darkness there below,
Was your fairy fabric spun,
Spread and fashioned, three in one.

Did your gossips gold and blue,
Sky and sunshine, choose for you,
Ere your triple forms were seen,
Suited liveries of green?

15 Can ye — if ye dwelt indeed
Captives of a prison seed —
Like the Genie, once again
Get you back into the grain?

20 Little masters, may I stand
In your presence, hat in hand,
Waiting till you solve for me
This your threefold mystery?



EUGENE FIELD.

EUGENE FIELD
LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust, 5
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there. 10

“Now, don’t you go till I come,” he said,
“And don’t you make any noise!”
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song 15
Awakened our Little Boy Blue —
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place, 20
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue, 25
Since he kissed them and put them there.

EDWIN MARKHAM

¹THE MAN WITH THE HOE*Written after seeing the painting by Millet*

5 God made man in His own image, in the image of God made
He him. — GENESIS.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.

10 Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
15 Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?

20 Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this —
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed —
25 More filled with signs and portents for the soul —
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?

¹ Copyright, 1922, by Edwin Markham.



THE MAN WITH THE HOE

What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers of the lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings —
With those who shaped him to the thing he is —
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

A MENDOCINO MEMORY

- Once in my lonely, eager youth I rode,
With jingling spur, into the clouds' abode —
Rode northward lightly as the high crane goes —
5 Rode into the hills in the month of the frail wild rose,
To find the soft-eyed heifers in the herds,
Strayed north along the trail of nesting birds,
Following the slow march of the springing grass,
From range to range, from pass to flowering pass.
- 10 I took the trail, the fields were yet asleep;
I saw the last star hurrying to its deep —
Saw the shy wood-folk starting from their rest
In many a crannied rock and leafy nest.
A bold, tail-flashing squirrel in a fir,
15 Restless as fire, set all the boughs astir;
A jay, in dandy blue, flung out a fine
First fleering sally from a sugar-pine.
- A flight of hills, and then a deep ravine
Hung with madrono boughs — the quail's demesne;
20 A quick turn in the road, a wingéd whir,
And there he came with fluted whispering,
The captain of the chaparral, the king,
With nodding plume, with circumstance and stir,
And step of Carthaginian conqueror!
- 25 I climbed the canyon to a river-head,
And looking backward saw a splendor spread,
Miles beyond miles, of every kingly hue
And trembling tint the looms of Arras knew —

A flowery pomp as of the dying day,
A splendor where a god might take his way.

And farther on the wide plains under me,
I watched the light-foot winds of morning go,
Soft shading over wheat-fields far and free, 5
To keep their old appointment with the sea.
And farther yet, dim in the distant glow,
Hung on the east a line of ghostly snow.

After the many trails an open space
Walled by the tulés of a perished lake; 10
And there I stretched out, bending the green brake,
And felt it cool against my heated face.
My horse went cropping by a sunny crag,
In wild oats taller than the antlered stag
That makes his pasture there. In gorge below 15
Blind waters pounded boulders, blow on blow —
Waters that gather, scatter and amass
Down the long canyons where the grizzlies pass,
Slouching through manzanita thickets old,
Strewing the small red apples on the ground, 20
Tearing the wild grape from its tree-top hold,
And wafting odors keen through all the hills around.

Now came the fording of the hurling creeks,
And joyous days among the breezy peaks,
Till through the hush of many canyons fell 25
The faint quick tenor of a brazen bell,
A sudden, soft, hill-stilled, far-falling word,
That told the secret of the straying herd.

It was the brink of night, and everywhere
Tall redwoods spread their filmy tops in air;
Huge trunks, like shadow upon shadow cast,
Pillared the under twilight, vague and vast.

5 And one had fallen across the mountain way,
A tree hurled down by hurricane to lie
With worn-out roots pronged-up against the sky
And clutching still their little dole of clay.

Lightly I broke green branches for a bed,
10 And gathered ferns, a pillow for my head.
And what to this were kingly chambers worth --
Sleeping, an ant, upon the sheltering earth,
High over Mendocino's windy capes,
Where ships go flying south like shadow shapes --
15 Gleam into vision and go fading on,
Bearing the pines hewn out of Oregon.

HENRY VAN DYKE
AN ANGLER'S WISH

I

20 When tulips bloom in Union Square,
And timid breaths of vernal air
Go wandering down the dusty town,
Like children lost in Vanity Fair;

When every long, unlovely row
25 Of westward houses stands aglow,
And leads the eyes towards sunset skies
Beyond the hills where green trees grow --

Then weary seems the street parade,
And weary books, and weary trade:
I'm only wishing to go a-fishing;
For this the month of May was made.

II

5

I guess the pussy willows now
Are creeping out on every bough
Along the brook; and robins look
For early worms behind the plow.

The thistle birds have changed their dun
For yellow coats, to match the sun;
And in the same array of flame
The dandelion show's begun.

11

The flocks of young anemones
Are dancing round the budding trees:
Who can help wishing to go a-fishing
In days as full of joy as these?

15

III

I think the meadow lark's clear sound
Leaks upward slowly from the ground,
While on the wing the bluebirds ring
Their wedding bells to woods around.

20

The flirting chewink calls his dear
Behind the bush; and very near,
Where water flows, where green grass grows,
Song sparrows gently sing, "Good cheer."

25

And, best of all, through twilight's calm
The hermit thrush repeats his psalm.

How much I'm wishing to go a-fishing
In days so sweet with music's balm!

5

IV

'Tis not a proud desire of mine;
I ask for nothing superfine;
No heavy weight, no salmon great,
To break the record — or my line:

10 Only an idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,
Where I may wade, through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream:

Only a trout or two, to dart
15 From foaming pools, and try my art:
No more I'm wishing — old-fashioned fishing,
And just a day on Nature's heart.

A MILE WITH ME

O, who will walk a mile with me
20 Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay

That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?

A friend whose heart has eyes to see 5
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day, —
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
When he walks a mile with me. 10

With such a comrade, such a friend
I fain would walk till journey's end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then? — Farewell, we shall meet again!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

15

THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! whare the crick so still
and deep
Looked like a baby-river that was laying half asleep,
And the gurgle of the worter round the drift jest below 20
Sounded like the laugh of something we onc't used to
know
Before we could remember anything but the eyes
Of the angels lookin' out as we left Paradise;
But the merry days of youth is beyond our controle, 25
And it's hard to part ferever with the old swimmin'-hole.

- Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the happy days of yore,
 When I ust to lean above it on the old sickamore.
 Oh! it showed me a face in its warm sunny tide
 That gazed back at me so gay and glorified,
 5 It made me love myself, as I leaped to caress
 My shadder smilin' up at me with sich tenderness.
 But them days is past and gone, and old Time's tuck
 his toll
 From the old man come back to the old swimmin'-hole.
- 10 Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the long, lazy days
 When the hum-drum of school made so many run-
 aways,
 How plesant was the journey down the old dusty lane,
 Whare the tracks of our bare feet was all printed so
 15 plane
 You could tell by the dent of the heel and the sole
 They was lots o' fun on hand at the old swimmin'-hole.
 But the lost joys is past! Let your tears in sorrow roll
 Like the rain that ust to dapple up the old swimmin'-
 20 hole.
- Thare the bullrushes growed, and the cattails so tall,
 And the sunshine and the shadder fell over it all;
 And it mottled the worter with amber and gold
 Till the glad lillies rocked in the ripples that rolled;
 25 And the snake-feeder's four gauzy wings fluttered by
 Like the ghost of a daisy dropped out of the sky,
 Or a wownded apple-blossom in the breeze's controle
 As it cut acrost some orchard to'rds the old swimmin'-
 hole.

O! the old swimmin'-hole! when I last saw the place,
The scenes was all changed, like the change in my face;
The bridge of the railroad now crosses the spot
Whare the old divin'-log lays sunk and fergot.
And I stray down the banks whare the trees ust to be — 5
But never again will theyr shade shelter me!
And I wish in my sorrow I could strip to the soul,
And dive off in my grave like the old swimmin'-hole.

WIND OF THE SEA

Wind of the Sea, come fill my sail — 10
Lend me the breath of a freshening gale,
And bear my port-worn ship away!
For O the greed of the tedious town —
The shutters up and the shutters down!
Wind of the Sea, sweep over the bay, 15
And bear me away! — away!

Whither you bear me, Wind of the Sea,
Matters never the least to me:
Give me your fogs, with the sails adrip,
Or the weltering path through the starless night — 20
On, somewhere, is a new daylight
And the cheery glint of another ship
As its colors dip and dip!

Wind of the Sea, sweep over the bay,
And bear me away! — away! 25

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER

THE WAY TO ARCADY

Oh, what's the way to Arcady,

To Arcady, to Arcady;

5 *Oh, what's the way to Arcady,*
Where all the leaves are merry?

Oh, what's the way to Arcady?

The spring is rustling in the tree, —

The tree the wind is blowing through,

10 It sets the blossoms flickering white.

I knew not skies could burn so blue

Nor any breezes blow so light.

They blow an old-time way for me,

Across the world to Arcady.

15 Oh, what's the way to Arcady?

Sir Poet, with the rusty coat,

Quit mocking of the song bird's note.

How have you heart for any tune,

You with the wayworn russet shoon?

20 Your srip, a-swinging by your side,

Gapes with a gaunt mouth hungry-wide.

I'll brim it well with pieces red,

If you will tell the way to tread.

Oh, I am bound for Arcady,

25 *And if you but keep pace with me*

You tread the way to Arcady.

And where away lies Arcady,
And how long yet may the journey be?

*Ah, that (quoth he) I do not know:
Across the clover and the snow —
Across the frost, across the flowers —* 5
*Through summer seconds and winter hours,
I've trod the way my whole life long,
And know not now where it may be;
My guide is but the stir to song,
That tells me I cannot go wrong,* 10
*Or clear or dark the pathway be
Upon the road to Arcady.*

But how shall I do who cannot sing?
I was wont to sing, once on a time, —
There is never an echo now to ring 15
Remembrance back to the trick of rhyme.

*'Tis strange you cannot sing (quoth he), —
The folk all sing in Arcady.*

But how may he find Arcady
Who hath nor youth nor melody? 20

*What, know you not, old man (quoth he), —
Your hair is white, your face is wise, —
That Love must kiss that Mortal's eyes
Who hopes to see fair Arcady?
No gold can buy you entrance there;* 25
*But beggared Love may all go bare —
No wisdom won with weariness;*

*But Love goes in with Folly's dress —
 No fame that wit could ever win;
 But only Love may lead Love in
 To Arcady, to Arcady.*

5 Ah, woe is me, through all my days
 Wisdom and wealth I both have got,
 And fame and name, and great men's praise;
 But Love, ah Love! I have it not.
 There was a time, when life was new —
 10 But far away, and half forgot —
 I only know her eyes were blue;
 But Love — I fear I knew it not.
 We did not wed, for lack of gold,
 And she is dead, and I am old.
 15 All things have come since then to me,
 Save Love, ah Love! and Arcady.

*Ah, then I fear we part (quoth he) —
 My way's for Love and Arcady.*

But you, you fare alone, like me;
 20 The gray is likewise in your hair.
 What love have you to lead you there,
 To Arcady, to Arcady?

*Ah, no, not lonely do I fare;
 My true companion's Memory.
 25 With Love he fills the Springtime air;
 With Love he clothes the Winter tree.*

*Oh, past this poor horizon's bound
My song goes straight to one who stands, —
Her face all gladdening at the sound, —
To lead me to the Spring-green lands,
To wander with enlacing hands. 5
The songs within my breast that stir
Are all of her, are all of her.
My maid is dead long years (quoth he), —
She waits for me in Arcady.*

*Oh, yon's the way to Arcady, 10
To Arcady, to Arcady;
Oh, yon's the way to Arcady,
Where all the leaves are merry.*

KATHARINE LEE BATES

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL 15

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America! 20
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress 25
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!

America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

5 O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
10 May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
15 Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
20 From sea to shining sea!

DANSKE DANDRIDGE

GLAMOUR-LAND

Ah! dim, lost Glamour-land,
On whose confines I stand,
25 Longing for home that shall be home no more!
There stood my palace grand,

Where now, on either hand,
The fiery swords of seraphs guard the door.

There once I roamed to cull
Dear hopes more beautiful
Than siren thoughts that musing monks resist; 6
Nothing too far or fair
But its mirage was there
Pictured upon the valley's rosy mist.

There each sweet day I heard
Songs of a brooding bird 10
Telling of purest pleasure yet to be;
There, by the singing streams,
Faint forms of darling dreams
Loitered and lingered hand in hand with me.

Ah, dim, sweet Fancy-land! 1
Thy welkin, rainbow-spanned,
The softened light of halcyon hours o'er past,
Fading away, away;
All the expanse is gray —
As fades the moon on nights too fair to last. 20

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

ON A GREEK VASE

Divinely shapen cup, thy lip
Unto me seemeth thus to speak:
"Behold in me the workmanship, 25
The grace and cunning of a Greek!

“Long ages since he mixed the clay,
Whose sense of symmetry was such,
The labor of a single day
Immortal grew beneath his touch.

5 “For dreaming while his fingers went
Around this slender neck of mine,
The form of her he loved was blent
With every matchless curve and line.

10 “Her loveliness to me he gave
Who gave unto herself his heart,
That love and beauty from the grave
Might rise and live again in art.”

15 And hearing from thy lips this tale
Of love and skill, of art and grace,
Thou seem'st to me no more the frail
Memento of an older race:

20 But in thy form divinely wrought
And figured o'er with fret and scroll,
I dream, by happy chance was caught,
And dwelleth now, that maiden's soul.

HAMLIN GARLAND

DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?

Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them, 5
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane;
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheek will tan, 10
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,
But you'll walk like a man!

IN THE GRASS

O to lie in long grasses!
O to dream of the plain! 15
Where the west wind sings as it passes
A weird and unceasing refrain;
Where the rank grass wallows and tosses,
And the plains' ring dazzles the eye;
Where hardly a silver cloud bosses 20
The flashing steel arch of the sky.

To watch the gay gulls as they flutter
Like snowflakes and fall down the sky,
To swoop on the deeps of the hollows,
Where the crow's-foot tosses awry, 25

And gnats in the lee of the thickets
Are swirling like waltzers in glee
To the harsh, shrill creak of the crickets,
And the song of the lark and the bee.

5 O far-off plains of my west land!
O lands of the winds and the free,
Swift deer — my mist-clad plain!
From my bed in the heart of the forest,
From the clasp and the girdle of pain
10 Your light through my darkness passes;
To your meadows in dreaming I fly
To plunge in the deeps of your grasses,
To bask in the light of your sky!

CLINTON SCOLLARD

15 DUSK

Her feet along the dewy hills
Are lighter than blown thistle-down;
She bears the glamour of one star
Upon her violet crown

20 With her soft touch of mothering,
How soothing to the sense she seems!
She holds within her gentle hand
The quiet gift of dreams.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

THE WILD RIDE

*I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses;
All night, from their stalls, the importunate tramping and 5
neighing.*

Let cowards and laggards fall back! but alert to the
saddle,
Straight, grim; and abreast, go the weatherworn,
galloping legion, 10
With a stirrup-cup each to the lily of women that
loves him.

The trail is through dolor and dread, over crags and
morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things that 15
appal or entice us:
What odds? We are knights, and our souls are but
bent on the riding.

*I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses; 20
All night, from their stalls, the importunate tramping and
neighing.*

We spur to a land of no name, outracing the stormwind;
We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the
anvil. 25
Thou leadeſt, O God! All's well with Thy troopers
that follow.

SANCTUARY

High above hate I dwell:
O storms! farewell.
Though at my sill your daggered thunders play,
5 Lawless and loud to-morrow as to-day,
To me they sound more small
Than a young fay's footfall;
Soft and far-sunken, forty fathoms low
In Long Ago,
10 And winnowed into silence on that wind
Which takes wars like a dust, and leaves but love
behind.

Hither Felicity
Doth climb to me,
15 And bank me in with turf and marjoram
Such as bees lip, or the new-weanèd lamb;
With golden barberry wreath,
And bluets thick beneath;
One grosbeak, too, mid apple-buds a guest
20 With bud-red breast,
Is singing, singing! All the hells that rage
Float less than April fog beneath our hermitage.

ERNEST McGAFFEY

"MARK!"

25 The heavy mists have crept away,
Heavily swims the sun,
And dim in mystic cloudlands gray
The stars fade one by one;

Out of the dusk enveloping
Come marsh and sky and tree,
Where erst has rested night's dark ring
Over the Kankakee.

"Mark right!" Afar and faint outlined 5
A flock of mallards fly,
We crouch within the reedy blind
Instantly at the cry.
"Mark left!" We peer through wild rice-blades, 10
And distant shadows see,
A wedge-shaped phalanx from the shades
Of far-off Kankakee.

"Mark overhead!" A canvas-back!
"Mark! Mark!" A bunch of teal!
And swiftly on each flying track 15
Follows the shot-guns' peal;
Thus rings that call, till twilight's tide
Rolls in like some gray sea,
And whippoorwills complain beside
The lonely Kankakee. 20

BENJAMIN SLEDD
THE CHILDREN

No more of work! Yet ere I seek my bed,
Noiseless into the children's room I go,
With its four little couches all a-row, 25
And bend a moment over each dear head.

Those soft, round arms upon the pillow spread,
Those dreaming lips babbling more than we know,
One tearful smothered sigh of baby woe —
Fond words of chiding, would they were unsaid!

- 5 And while on each moist brow a kiss I lay,
With tremulous rapture grown almost to pain,
Close to my side I hear a whispered name: —
Our long-lost babe, who with the dawning came,
And in the midnight went from us again.
10 And with bowed head, one more good-night I say.

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!

Along the street there comes

- 15 A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,

- 20 Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;

But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,

- 25 Fought to make and to save the State:

Weary marches and sinking ships;

Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and days of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong 5
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor, — all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes 10
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

RICHARD HOVEY 15

LOVE IN THE WINDS

When I am standing on a mountain crest,
Or hold the tiller in the dashing spray,
My love of you leaps foaming in my breast,
Shouts with the winds and sweeps to their foray; 20
My heart bounds with the horses of the sea,
And plunges in the wild ride of the night,
Flaunts in the teeth of tempest the large glee

That rides out Fate and welcomes gods to fight.
Ho, love, I laugh aloud for love of you, 25
Glad that our love is fellow to rough weather, —

No fretful orchid hothoused from the dew,
 But hale and hardy as the highland heather,
 Rejoicing in the wind that stings and thrills,
 Comrade of ocean, playmate of the hills.

5

MADISON CAWEIN

THE CREEK-ROAD ¹

Calling, the heron flies athwart the blue
 That sleeps above it; reach on rocky reach
 Of water sings by sycamore and beach,
 10 In whose warm shade bloom lilies not a few.
 It is a page whereon the sun and dew
 Scrawl sparkling words in dawn's delicious speech;
 A laboratory where the wood-winds teach,
 Dissect each scent and analyze each hue.
 15 Not otherwise than beautiful, doth it
 Record the happenings of each summer day;
 Where we may read, as in a catalogue,
 When passed a thresher; when a load of hay;
 Or when a rabbit; or a bird that lit;
 20 And now a barefoot truant and his dog.

REST ¹

Under the brindled beech,
 Deep in the mottled shade,
 Where the rocks hang in reach

25 ¹ From *The Shadow Garden*, by Madison Cawein. Courtesy of
 G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London.

Flower and ferny blade,
Let him be laid.

Here will the brooks that rove
Under the mossy trees,
Grave with the music of
Underworld melodies,
Lap him in peace.

5

Here will the winds, that blow
Out of the haunted west,
Gold with the dreams that glow
There on the heaven's breast,
Lull him to rest.

10

Here will the stars and moon,
Silent and far and deep,
Old with the mystic rune
Of the slow years that creep,
Charm him with sleep.

15

Under the ancient beech,
Deep in the mossy shade,
Where the hill moods may reach,
Where the hill dreams may aid,
Let him be laid.

20

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

MINIVER CHEEVY

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
5 He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.

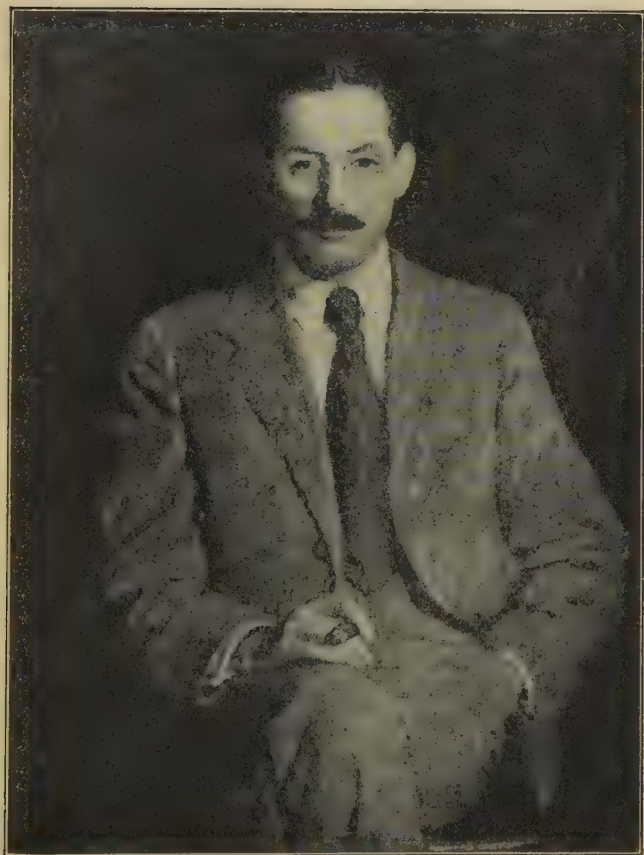
Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds were
The vision of a warrior bold [prancing;
10 Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

15 Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
20 Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace,
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;



EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

He missed the mediaeval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought, 5
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking. 10

FLAMMONDE ¹

The man Flammonde, from God knows where,
With firm address and foreign air,
With news of nations in his talk
And something royal in his walk, 15
With glint of iron in his eyes,
But never doubt, nor yet surprise,
Appeared, and stayed, and held his head
As one by kings accredited.

Erect, with his alert repose 20
About him, and about his clothes,
He pictured all tradition hears
Of what we owe to fifty years.

¹ From the Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Used by permission of the Author and The Macmillan Company, Pub-25 lishers.

His cleansing heritage of taste
Paraded neither want nor waste;
And what he needed for his fee
To live, he borrowed graciously.

5 He never told us what he was,
Or what mischance, or other cause,
Had banished him from better days
To play the Prince of Castaways.
Meanwhile he played surprising well
10 A part, for most, unplayable;
In fine, one pauses, half afraid
To say for certain what he played.

For that, one may as well forego
Conviction as to yes or no;
15 Nor can I say just how intense
Would then have been the difference
To several who, having striven
In vain to get what he was given,
Would see the stranger taken on
20 By friends not easy to be won.

Moreover, many a malcontent
He soothed and found munificent;
His courtesy beguiled and foiled
Suspicion that his years were soiled;
25 His mien distinguished any crowd,
His credit strengthened when he bowed;
And women, young and old, were fond
Of looking at the man Flammonde.

There was a woman in our town
On whom the fashion was to frown;
But while our talk renewed the tinge
Of a long-faded scarlet fringe,
The man Flammonde saw none of that, 5
And what he saw we wondered at —
That none of us, in her distress,
Could hide or find our littleness.

There was a boy that all agreed .
Had shut within him the rare seed 10
Of learning. We could understand,
But none of us could lift a hand.
The man Flammonde appraised the youth,
And told a few of us the truth;
And thereby, for a little gold, 15
A flowered future was unrolled.

There were two citizens who fought
For years and years, and over nought;
They made life awkward for their friends,
And shortened their own dividends. 20
The man Flammonde said what was wrong
Should be made right; nor was it long
Before they were again in line,
And had each other in to dine.

And these I mention were but four 25
Of many out of many more.
So much for them. But what of him —
So firm in every look and limb

What small satanic sort of kink
Was in his brain? What broken link
Withheld him from the destinies
That came so near to being his?

5 What was he, when we came to sift
His meaning, and to note the drift
Of incommunicable ways
That make us ponder while we praise?
Why was it that his charm revealed
10 Somehow the surface of a shield?
What was it that we never caught?
What was he, and what was he not?

How much it was of him we met
We cannot ever know; nor yet
15 Shall all he gave us quite atone
For what was his and his alone;
Nor need we now, since he knew best,
Nourish an ethical unrest;
Rarely at once will nature give
20 The power to be Flammonde and live.

We cannot know how much we learn
From those who never will return,
Until a flash of unforeseen
Remembrance falls on what has been.
25 We've each a darkening hill to climb;
And this is why, from time to time
In Tilbury Town, we look beyond
Horizons for the man Flammonde.

ROBERT FROST

THE TUFT OF FLOWERS

I went to turn the grass once after one
Who mowed it in the dew before the sun.

The dew was gone that made his blade so keen
Before I came to view the leveled scene. 5

I looked for him behind an isle of trees;
I listened for his whetstone on the breeze.

But he had gone his way, the grass all mown,
And I must be as he had been,— alone. 10

“As all must be,” I said within my heart,
“Whether they work together or apart.”

But as I said it, swift there passed me by
On noiseless wing a 'wildered butterfly,

Seeking with memories grown dim o'er night,
Some resting flower of yesterday's delight. 15

And once I marked his flight go round and round,
As where some flower lay withering on the ground,

And then he flew as far as eye could see,
And then on tremulous wing came back to me. 20

I thought of questions that have no reply,
And would have turned to toss the grass to dry;

But he turned first, and led my eye to look
At a tall tuft of flowers beside a brook,

A leaping tongue of bloom the scythe had spared
Beside a reedy brook the scythe had bared.

6 I left my place to know them by their name,
Finding them butterfly weed when I came.

The mower in the dew had loved them thus,
By leaving them to flourish, not for us,

Nor yet to draw one thought of ours to him.

10 But from sheer morning gladness at the brim.

The butterfly and I had lit upon,
Nevertheless, a message from the dawn,

That made me hear the wakening birds around,
And hear his long scythe whispering to the ground,

15 And teel a spirit kindred to my own;
So that henceforth I worked no more alone;

But glad with him I worked as with his aid,
And weary, sought at noon with him the shade;

20 And dreaming, as it were, held brotherly speech
With one whose thought I had not hoped to reach.

"Men work together," I told him from the heart,
"Whether they work together or apart."



ROBERT FROST.

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could 5
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there 10
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh! I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way, 15
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
I took the one less travelled by, 20
And that has made all the difference.

JOYCE KILMER

TREES¹

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree. 25

¹ From *Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters*, Copyright 1918, George H. Doran Company, Publishers.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

5 A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
10 But only God can make a tree.

ALAN SEEGER

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
15 When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air —
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
20 And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath —
It may be I shall pass him still.



A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.



On some scarred slope of battered hill.

I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep 5
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear.
But I've a rendezvous with Death 10
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

AMY LOWELL

15

THE GARDEN BY MOONLIGHT

A black cat among roses,
Phlox, lilac-misted under a first-quarter moon,
The sweet scents of heliotrope and night-scented stock.
The garden is very still, 20
It is dazed with moonlight,
Contented with perfume,
Dreaming the opium dreams of its folded poppies.
Firefly lights open and vanish
High as the tipbuds of the golden glow, 25
Low as the sweet alyssum flowers at my feet.
Moon-shimmer on leaves and trellises,
Moon-spikes shafting through the snow-ball hush.

Only the little faces of the ladies' delight are alert
and staring,
Only the cat, padding between the roses,
Shakes a branch and breaks the chequered pattern
5 As water is shaken by the falling of a leaf.
Then you come.
And you are quiet like the garden,
And white like the alyssum flowers,
And beautiful as the silent sparks of the fireflies.
10 Ah, Beloved, do you see those orange lilies?
They knew my mother,
But who belonging to me will they know
When I am gone.

CARL SANDBURG

15 THREE PIECES ON THE SMOKE OF AUTUMN

Smoke of autumn is on it all.
The streamers loosen and travel.
The red west is stopped with a gray haze.
They fill the ash trees, they wrap the oaks,
20 They make a long-tailed rider
In the pocket of the first, the earliest evening star.

Three muskrats swim west on the Desplaines River.

There is a sheet of red ember glow on the river; it is
dusk; and the muskrats one by one go on patrol
25 routes west.

Around each slippery padding rat, a fan of ripples;
in the silence of dusk a faint wash of ripples, the
padding of the rats going west, in a dark and shiv-
ering river gold.

(A newspaper in my pocket says the Germans pierce 5
the Italian line; I have letters from poets and sculp-
tors in Greenwich Village; I have letters from an
ambulance man in France and an I.W.W. man in
Vladivostock.)

I lean on an ash and watch the lights fall, the red 10
ember glow, and three muskrats swim west in a fan
of ripples on a sheet of river gold.

Better the blue silence and the gray west,
The autumn mist on the river,
And not any hate and not any love, 15
And not anything at all of the keen and the deep:
Only the peace of a dog head on a barn floor,
And the new corn shoveled in bushels
And the pumpkins brought from the corn rows,
Umber lights of the dark. 20
Here a dog head dreams.
Not any hate, not any love.
Not anything but dreams.
Brothers of dusk and umber.

WITTER BYNNER

A FARMER REMEMBERS LINCOLN

"Lincoln? —

Well, I was in the old Second Maine,

5 The first regiment in Washington from the Pine Tree
State.

Of course I didn't get the butt of the clip;

We was there for guardin' Washington —

We was all green.

10 "I ain't never ben to but one theater in my life —
I didn't know how to behave.

I ain't never ben since.

I can see as plain as my hat the box where he sat in
When he was shot.

15 I can tell, you, sir, there was a panic

When we found our President was in the shape he was
in!

Never saw a soldier in the world but what liked him.

"Yes, sir. His looks was kind o' hard to forget.

20 He was a spare man,

An old farmer.

Everything was all right, you know,

But he wasn't a smooth-appearin' man in no ways;

Thin-faced, long-necked,

25 And a swellin' kind of a thick lip like.

"And he was a jolly old fellow — always cheerful;
He wan't so high but the boys could talk to him their
own ways.

While I was servin' at the Hospital
He'd come in and say, 'You look nice in here,' 5
Praise us up, you know.

And he'd bend over and talk to the boys —
And he'd talk so good to 'em — so close —
That's why I call him a farmer.

I don't mean that everything about him wan't all right, 10
you understand,

It's just — well, I was a farmer —
And he was my neighbor, anybody's neighbor.

"I guess even you young folks would' a' liked him."

VACHEL LINDSAY

15

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH ENTERS
INTO HEAVEN

I

[*Bass drum beaten loudly*]

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum — 20
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

The Saints smiled gravely and they said: "He's come."
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
Lurching bravoos from the ditches dank, 25

Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale —
Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers frail: —

Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death —
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

[*Banjos*]

- 5 Every slum had sent its half-a-score
The round world over. (Booth had groaned for more.)
Every banner that the wide world flies
Bloomed with glory and transcendent dyes.
Big-voiced lasses made their banjos bang,
10 Tranced, fanatical, they shrieked and sang: —
“Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?”
Hallelujah! It was queer to see
Bull-necked convicts of that land made free.
Loons with trumpets blowed a blare, blare, blare
15 On, on upward thro’ the golden air!
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

II

[*Bass drum slower and softer*]

- Booth died blind and still by Faith he trod,
20 Eyes still dazzled by the ways of God.
Booth led boldly, and he looked the chief
Eagle countenance in sharp relief,
Beard a-flying, air of high command
Unabated in that holy land.

[*Sweet flute music*]

Jesus came from out the court-house door,
Stretched his hands above the passing poor.
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones there
Round and round the mighty court-house square. 5
Yet in an instant all that blear review
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.
The lame were straightened, withered limbs uncurled
And blind eyes opened on a new, sweet world.

[*Bass drum louder*] 10

Drabs and vixens in a flash made whole!
Gone was the weasel-head, the snout, the jowl!
Sages and sybils now, and athletes clean,
Rulers of empires and of forests green!

[*Grand chorus of all instruments. Tambourines
to the foreground*] 15

The hosts were sandalled, and their wings were fire!
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
But their noise played havoc with the angel-choir.
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?) 20
O, shout Salvation! It was good to see
Kings and Princes by the Lamb set free.
The banjos rattled and the tambourines
Jing-jing-jingled in the hands of Queens.

[*Reverently sung, no instruments*]

And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer
 He saw his Master thro' the flag-filled air.
 Christ came gently with a robe and crown
 5 For Booth the soldier while the throng knelt down.
 He saw King Jesus. They were face to face,
 And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

10

CITY ROOFS¹

(*From the Metropolitan Tower*)

Roof-tops, roof-tops, what do you cover?
 Sad folk, bad folk, and many a glowing lover;
 Wise people, simple people, children of despair —
 15 Roof-tops, roof-tops, hiding pain and care.

 Roof-tops, roof-tops, O what sin you're knowing,
 While above you in the sky the white clouds are
 blowing;
 While beneath you, agony and dolor and grim strife
 20 Fight the olden battle, the olden war of Life.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, cover up their shame —
 Wretched souls, prison souls too piteous to name;

¹From Charles Hanson Towne: *Today and Tomorrow*, Copyright 1916, George H. Doran Company, Publishers.



Photo by Underwood and Underwood.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, what do you cover?

Man himself hath built you all to hide away the
stars —

Roof-tops, roof-tops, you hide ten million scars.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, well I know you cover
Many solemn tragedies and many a lonely lover; 5
But ah! you hide the good that lives in the throb-
bing city —
Patient wives, and tenderness, forgiveness, faith, and
pity.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, this is what I wonder: 10
You are thick as poisonous plants, thick the people
under;
Yet roofless, and homeless, and shelterless they roam,
The driftwood of the town who have no roof-top,
and no home! 15

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

SPRING IN THE SOUTH

All in this greenly-shimmering spring,
In dimly-iridescent days,
I hear the mated thrushes sing, 20
And down the fragrant woodland ways

Shy happy birds with plumage rare
Flash through the glimmering solitudes,
And like sweet censers swung in air,
Perfume with song the dewy woods. 25

The yellow pine that soars above
The bullgrape-woven thicket dim,
Bears to the blue a song of love,
Bears to the earth the azure's hymn.

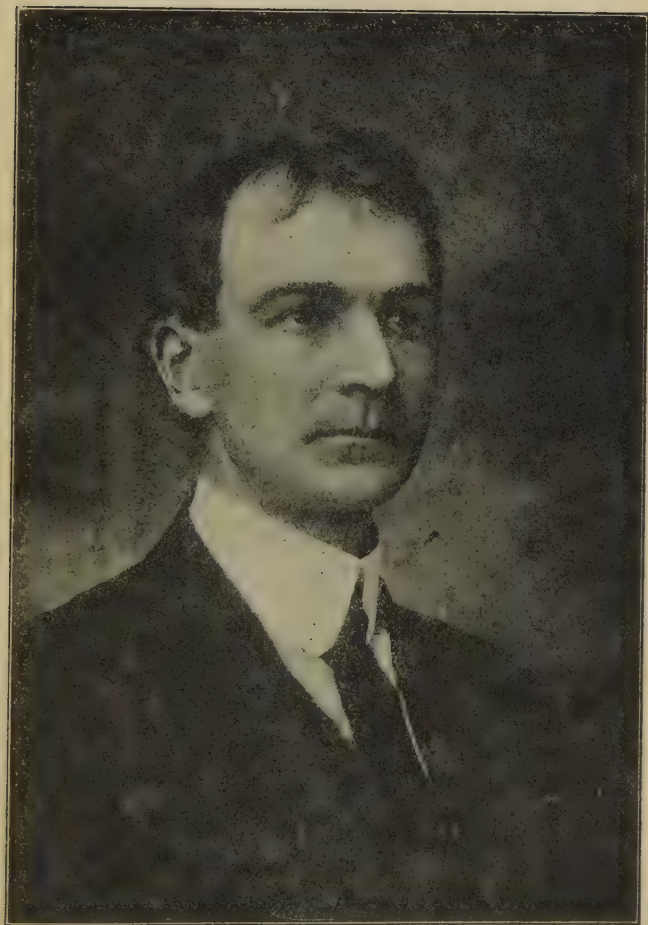
5 The columbine her ruby cup
Uplifts, brimful of honey rare;
The jasmine-fountain tosses up
Her saffron showers, stayed in air.

10 When, as a rain-drop on a rose,
A white star in the red west gleams,
Peace wraps the world in deep repose,
In silence, sleep, and lovely dreams.

More magic's by the night conferred!
While for a sinless world I long,
15 I hear a midnight mockingbird
Rebuilding Eden with a song.

THE SANCTUARY

Every wild wing of the harried, the hunted,
Every fleet foot of the stalked, the pursued,
20 Every bright eye of the fearful, the followed
Solace may find in this blithe solitude.
Here the wing folds by the peace of the water;
Here the feet pause in the woodland's bright calm;
Here the eye rests; for the woods and the waters,
25 Friendly and welcoming, offer their balm.



ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE.



Every wild wing of the harried, the hunted,
Every fleet foot of the stalked, the pursued,
Every bright eye of the fearful, the followed
Solace may find in this blithe solitude.

Where the tree dips to the wide placid water,
Where the reed bends to the stately slow tide,
Where the moon rises o'er leagues of dim marshland
Glimmering greenly, — there may they abide.
Hither they speed over moorland and mountain, 5
Wary and valiant, far-sighted and brave;
Hither they come to the call of compassion,
Here they may rest in the wood, on the wave.

Beautiful wings of the air and the river,
Wonderful eyes of the forest and glade, 10
Marvelous voices atune with the dawn-wind,
Welcome, ah welcome, to sun and to shade!
Here you may have the desired, the cherished,
Only the longing in freedom to live; —
Here in this solitude stayed is the hand of man, 15
Opened the heart of man, — refuge to give!

THEODOSIA GARRISON (FAULKS)

THE GREEN INN

I sicken of men's company,
The crowded tavern's din, 20
Where all day long with oath and song
Sit they who entrance win,
So come I out from noise and rout
To rest in God's Green Inn.

Here none may mock an empty purse 25
Or ragged coat and poor,
But Silence waits within the gates,

And peace beside the door;
The weary guest is welcomest,
The richest pays no score.

5 The roof is high and arched and blue,
The floor is spread with pine;
On my four walls the sunlight falls
In golden flecks and fine;
And swift and fleet on noiseless feet
The Four Winds bring me wine.

10 Upon my board they set my store —
Great drinks mixed cunningly,
Wherein the scent of furze is blent
With odor of the sea;
As from a cup I drink it up
15 To thrill the veins of me.

It's I will sit in God's Green Inn
Unvexed by man or ghost,
Yet ever fed and comforted,
Companioned by mine host,
20 And watched at night by that white light
High swung from coast to coast.

Oh, you who in the House of Strife
Quarrel and game and sin,
Come out and see what cheer may be
25 For starveling souls and thin,
Who come at last from drought and fast
To sit in God's Green Inn.

NOTES

EXPLANATORY NOTES

(Numbers in boldface type refer to pages, while those in light-face refer to lines.)

PHILIP FRENEAU

New York, 1752 — 1832, Monmouth, N. J.

Freneau came of French Huguenot stock and was born in New York. He was educated at Princeton University, where he had for a classmate James Madison, afterwards fourth president of the United States. A man of intensely patriotic feelings, Freneau wrote a number of bitter satires directed against his country's enemies during the Revolutionary War. When the War was over, he became active in "bellicose journalism" for partisan purposes and turned the weapon of his sarcasm against Hamilton and the Federalists.

His long life was filled with varied activity. Trained originally to the law, he launched into many other lines of work, becoming in turn editor, sea-captain, and "translator" in the State Department. His vigorous newspaper and magazine articles were of temporary value and are now forgotten; he lives in our literature by virtue of a few lyrics which possess a simple and straightforward appeal.

1. **The Wild Honeysuckle.** This poem has the distinction of being the first to be written about a native American wild-flower. Some interesting resemblances may be traced to a lyric called *To Daffodils*, written by the English poet Herrick in the latter part of the seventeenth century. You will find some other "flower" poems in this book, which may be compared with Freneau's verses. Do you know Burns's *To a Mountain Daisy* and Wordsworth's *Daffodils*?

2. The Indian Burying Ground. The author has here phrased, with much freshness and vigor, a characteristically American theme.

6. Not so the ancients of these lands. It was the custom among some of the Indian tribes to bury their dead in a sitting position, with weapons and food laid beside them for the long journey to the spirit land.

11. Venison, for a journey dressed. The prepared meat placed in the grave with the warrior.

3, 1-4. These lines are reminiscent of Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, a poem which strongly impressed Freneau and other poets of his time.

6. pale Shebah. The "Queen of Sheba" came to seek a favor of King Solomon — see I Kings X. The term is here used generically.

Does this poem appear in any sense artificial in the thought or the language?

The best poetical account of Indian life which we possess is found in Longfellow's *Hiawatha*; the most reliable first-hand information in Parkman's *The Oregon Trail*.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE

Dublin, 1789 — 1847, New Orleans

Wilde was by birth an Irishman. His parents settled in Baltimore when he was a boy and after the death of his father he removed to Georgia, where he became prominent in law and politics. He served for a time as representative in Congress. The latter part of his life was spent in New Orleans in the practice of law.

3. My Life Is Like the Summer Rose was otherwise known as *The Lament of the Captive*. It was originally written as part of a longer poem, and formed the lament of a Spanish captive — the last survivor of Panfilo de Narvaez's ill-fated expedition to Florida in 1528. The "Summer Rose," as the author pointed out, is peculiar to certain sections of the South.

How has the poet emphasized the pathos of the exile's situation?

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

New York, 1792 — 1852, Tunis, Africa

An actor and a dramatist, Payne wrote operas as well as plays. After his retirement from the stage, he received an appointment as American consul at Tunis, Africa, where he was serving at the time of his death.

Like Freneau and Wilde, Payne was a man of affairs. Most of his writings have disappeared; he is remembered today through a single poem.

4. Home, Sweet Home. This song first appeared in Payne's opera, *Clari, the Maid of Milan*, which was produced in London in 1823. The language is conventional, but the thought is universal. Music and words together are known all over the world.

Can you give definite reasons for the wide appeal of this poem?

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

Guilford, Conn., 1790 — 1867, Guilford

The name of Fitz-Greene Halleck is closely associated with that of Joseph Rodman Drake. The two men wrote *The Croaker Pieces*, a series of satirical verses on local celebrities, for the New York *Evening Post* and were associated in other literary ventures. Upon the death of Drake, Halleck composed the sincerely pathetic little eulogy which is printed in our collection.

Halleck was born at Guilford, Connecticut. A banker by profession, he was for many years confidential secretary to John Jacob Astor, who bequeathed him a pension which enabled him to spend the rest of his life in comfortable retirement. He presents the peculiar case of a man whose poetical reputation outlived his poetical performance — he really seems to have "written himself out." His biographer characterizes Halleck in his later years as "a fine outside of a man, with the ghost of a dead poet stalking about in him, a curious experience to those

who met him, with his old-fashioned courtesy and the wonder of his unliterary survival."

5. On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake. A touching lament. The first stanza is the best, but the note is well sustained. Longfellow's *Hawthorne* develops a similar thought in a more artistic way.

These lines have been criticized for "exaggerated sentiment." What do you think?

6. Marco Bozzaris. This poem is well adapted to recitation, and for this reason has always been popular. Although somewhat tedious, it possesses not a little force and fire.

The Greek struggle for independence, during the early part of the nineteenth century, attracted the attention of many liberal-minded writers. Byron gave his life for the cause; his poem *The Isles of Greece* expresses very nobly the sentiments of the poet.

7, 2. Suliote band. Grecian troops from the city of Suli — the birthplace of Marco Bozzaris. The fight described took place in 1823.

7. Old Plataea's day. The battle of Plataea was fought in 479 B.C., between the invading army of Xerxes, under his general Mardonius, and the Greeks. The Persians were utterly defeated.

What characteristics of this poem make it especially suitable for oral work?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

New York, 1795 — 1820, New York

After a brave struggle against hampering conditions, Drake began a career that was full of promise. He won success in the practice of medicine, was beginning to make a name in literature, and was happily married, when a fatal disease struck him down. He died when only twenty-five.

Drake first gained notice as a writer through *The Croaker Papers*, the clever satirical work in which he collaborated with Halleck. His longest poem was *The Culprit Fay*, an attempt

“to bring fairy-land to the banks of the Hudson.” The story was gracefully told, but the treatment was conventional and the fairies were not especially fairy-like.

9. The American Flag. This is Drake’s best-known poem. It was written when the author was still very young, and the somewhat strained metaphor is a mark of inexperience. The patriotic feeling, however, is set forth in stirring language.

Are the metaphors appropriate?

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

Portland, Me., 1806 — 1867, Newburgh, N. Y

Willis was born in Portland, Maine, and was educated at Andover Academy and Yale. His father had founded *The Youth’s Companion* in Boston, and the young man began his literary career there, but soon moved to New York. Here he spent the rest of his life.

During his lifetime, Willis was one of the best-known writers in America. He had cleverness, and great personal charm, and he thoroughly understood the taste of his day. Since his death, however, these qualities have not served to ensure him any marked degree of prominence in literature; today only one or two of his poems are remembered, and for the bulk of his work — stories, verses, travel sketches — we must look in the dusty files of forgotten magazines.

11. Unseen Spirits. The best of Willis’s poems. It goes beneath the surface, and touches the deeper things of life.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN

New York, 1806 — 1884, Harrisburg, Pa.

Hoffman was born and brought up in New York, where he was educated at Columbia College and afterwards practised law. Interesting himself in literature, he became editor of *The Knickerbocker Magazine*, a periodical which for thirty years was the leader in its field, and which numbered among its con-

tributors famous men such as Irving, Bryant, Bayard Taylor and George William Curtis. This group of writers formed what came to be widely known as the "Knickerbocker School."

A number of novels and poems were written by Hoffman, but they have been forgotten. *Monterey* is the only one which has not faded from memory.

12. Monterey. The battle of Monterey was fought in 1846, during the Mexican War. Hoffman's poem has a dignity and restraint not always found in war-songs.

Other interesting types of battle poetry are: *Hohenlinden* and *The Battle of the Baltic*, by Thomas Campbell, and *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, by Tennyson.

What qualities, in thought and structure, should characterize an effective war poem?

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

Charleston, S. C., 1806 — 1870, Charleston

Simms was born at Charleston, South Carolina, and was the most widely-known Southern writer before the Civil War. He wrote assiduously, publishing many romances dealing with Colonial and Revolutionary times. His novels comprise upwards of eighty titles; his collected works were issued in 1859 in nineteen volumes. "With little or no assistance, in a community not very propitious to his profession, he made himself a writer of national importance, and a striking figure among the leading citizens of his state."

14. Song in March. A good example of Simms's poetry, which was always sound, if not marked by very high imaginative power.

Does this presentation compare favorably with other nature-poems with which you are familiar?

EPES SARGENT

Gloucester, 1813 — 1880, Boston

The published works of this voluminous writer cover a wide variety of subjects — fiction, drama, biography, poetry, and spiritualism. As a journalist, he worked on the New York

Mirror and the Boston Transcript. His volume of poems called *Songs of the Sea* contains some stirring verses. Sargent was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, and died at Boston.

14. A Life on the Ocean Wave. This, and the poem that follows, form an interesting contrast. Sargent's verses represent what may be termed the "literary" point of view; Mitchell, on the other hand, writes like a practical sailor-man.

Other good examples of sea poetry are: *Farewell and Adieu to you, Spanish Ladies; A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea*, by Alan Cunningham; *McAndrew's Hymn and Anchor Song*, by Rudyard Kipling; *Sea Fever and Cargoes*, by John Masefield. Those who are interested should look up Masefield's *Story of a Round-house*, which contains some wonderfully fine sea-pictures.

What qualities should be possessed by a good sea-poem?

WALTER MITCHELL

Nantucket, 1826 — 1880, Boston

Mitchell was a Harvard man and an Episcopal clergyman. His youthful life at Nantucket gave him the love and knowledge of the sea which is reflected in the poem given in our collection. There exists no better presentation in poetic form of a manœuvre of the old sailing-ship days. The other writings of this author include editorial work, a novel, *Bryan Maurice*, and a volume of poems.

Picture facing page 15. This is a photograph of the yacht *Resolute*, which successfully defended the *America's* Cup in the international races of September, 1919. The challenger was Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock IV*.

16. 2. Fire Island Head. On the south shore of Long Island. Which of the two sea-poems do you prefer? Why?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Cummingtown, Mass., 1794 — 1878, New York.

The life of William Cullen Bryant may be divided into two parts. The first was the early period of his career, when he

lived in Massachusetts and wrote his greatest poetry. The second comprised the last fifty years passed in New York, when he became widely known through his prose and came to occupy a position of such national prominence that he was referred to as "the first citizen of the Republic."

He was born in Cummington, Massachusetts and, as he has said in an autobiography of his early life, received a rather fragmentary education. That he possessed intellectual powers of an unusual order was shown by his publication in 1808 of *The Embargo*, a political satire on President Jefferson, and further by his entering Williams College in 1810 as a sophomore. He planned to go to Yale, but was forced to give up the idea of a college education owing to lack of money. From 1814-1815 he studied law, and was actually admitted to the bar. About this time he wrote what is generally considered his greatest work — *Thanatopsis*. It was published in the *North American Review* in 1817, and was followed within a few months by the ode *To a Waterfowl*, which in its kind is quite as fine a piece of work as its predecessor. He won definite fame and in 1821, on the invitation of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, read at Harvard a poem called *The Ages*. In the same year he married, and a little later determined to give up law and follow literature. To this end, in 1825 he moved to New York.

For a time he had a "rather depressing" experience as editor of a dying literary review, but eventually left this to become assistant editor of the *Evening Post*. Herein he found his life's work. In 1828 he became editor-in-chief and retained the position until his death. During these fifty years he made many journeys to Europe and the East, the literary outcome being the letters to his paper which were afterwards published in book form. Among such collections may be mentioned *Letters of a Traveller*, 1852, and *Letters from the East*, 1869. He published also several volumes of poetry, but they added nothing to the reputation established by his early work. Late in life he issued a scholarly and dignified poetical translation of Homer's *Odyssey* and *Iliad*.

Through his newspaper Bryant was a leader of contemporary

thought. His journal took its stand with fearless independence for whatsoever things were true, just, and of good report. For fifty years he occupied a place in New York, indeed in the country at large, such as few men have been permitted to attain. He died, so to speak, in harness. While making the oration at the unveiling of a statue to the Italian patriot Mazzini, he was prostrated by a sunstroke which proved fatal.

In Bryant's estimation, the poetry which has the strongest hold upon the public mind, "not in one age but in all ages, — is that which is always simple and always luminous." Clearness and simplicity are the distinguishing marks of his own work; the best and most typical examples are found in the small pamphlet of eight poems put forth in 1821, which contained *Thanatopsis*, the *Waterfowl*, and *The Ages*. It is only necessary to read these, in order to understand the outstanding excellences of Bryant's verse. It is always simple and always luminous and it possesses also correct form, restraint and delicacy. It may be that he touched on thoughts of death so constantly as to "make us regretfully sure that whenever he felt stirred to poetry his fancy started for the Valley of the Shadow." But if he tended towards gloom and lacked high imaginative fervor, he none the less conferred upon American poetry at its earliest development the qualities of restraint and music, of dignity and truth.

18. Thanatopsis. The name is a combination of two Greek words, and means "a vision of death." The young author reveals here two tendencies that were characteristic of all his verse — a love of and a reverence for nature, and a brooding sense of the evanescence of all created things. For the reasons which led to such a choice of topic — unusual in a youth of seventeen — we must look to the influence of his reading. He was strongly attracted by the work of the English poets Gray, Young, and Cowper; the quality which so powerfully influenced him may be seen in Gray's *Elegy*, Young's *Night Thoughts*, and Cowper's *The Castaway*. This early imaginative bias persisted throughout his poetical career.

It was, perhaps, the severe formality of Bryant's poetry which led to Lowell's famous characterization:

There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified,
As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignified.

But a study of *Thanatopsis* reveals that what is sometimes taken for mere formalism is really a thoughtful attention to form, so that every syllable shall count. The point is well illustrated by the last nine lines (see page 20) which were added several years after its original composition. The fine quality of the poem lies in its calm acceptance of inevitable fate, the dignified beauty of its phraseology, and the stately measure in which the thought finds utterance.

17. **pall.** A black cloth placed over a coffin.

18. **the narrow house.** The grave. Longfellow wrote a rather grim sort of poem called *The Grave*, which is an almost literal translation of an Anglo-Saxon poem of the ninth century.

19, 6. **swain.** Ploughman.

7. **share.** Plough.

29. **Barcan wilderness.** A desert in the north of Africa. The expression is used here, with "Oregon," to suggest extremes of loneliness.

20, 1. **Oregon.** Old name for the Columbia River.

State in a few sentences the underlying thought of *Thanatopsis*. What does Bryant mean when he says that Nature speaks "a various language"? How may we learn to regard death without fear? Discuss the feeling for nature manifested by the poet.

21. **To a Waterfowl.** With *Thanatopsis*, this poem is generally considered to represent Bryant at his best. Note the restrained beauty and the singular clearness of effect.

Make a comparison between the lines *To a Waterfowl* and some other poems about birds; see, for example, Shelley's *Skylark*, Keats's *To a Nightingale*, and Tennyson's *The Eagle*.

Does the "lesson" set forth at the close of Bryant's poem add to its poetic value? .

22. **The Death of the Flowers.** Written after the death by tuberculosis of Bryant's sister. The same disease had carried off his father a few years before, so that we can understand

the melancholy which pervades the lines. The feeling is subdued and the expression luminous. After reading this poem, you may be interested in making the acquaintance of one which is its precise opposite — *A Welcome*, by Charles Kingsley.

What is gained by the conception of autumn in terms of melancholy?

24. To the Fringed Gentian. The gentian is a little blue flower which blossoms in the autumn in the New England hills.

Can you trace any similarity of thought in Emerson's *The Rhodora*?

25. The Battlefield. As one reads, one realizes that "peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war." It is these victories of peace that the poem especially celebrates — these, and the splendid qualities of bravery and self-sacrifice which make the victories possible. The stanza about Truth and Error is nobly phrased.

Comment fully upon the significance of the phrase "the harder strife."

The modern poet Alfred Noyes takes up the same topic in his *New Wars for Old*.

By what arguments would you support the statement that Bryant was the "first American poet"?

Picture facing page 25. From the painting by François de Flameng, a famous French war artist. It represents the charge of the French cavalry on the British squares at Waterloo, June 18, 1815.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Boston, 1803 — 1882, Concord, Mass.

Emerson is usually placed at the head of the remarkable group of New England writers which included also Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell. He was called "the sage of Concord," a fanciful designation which at least reveals the fact of his intellectual leadership. He may indeed fairly be regarded as the most prominent American man of letters, because of the direct simplicity of his attitude towards life, his breadth of

feeling, the fine distinction of his literary style, and his extraordinary power of stimulating thought in others.

He came of a long line of New England ancestors, most of whom had been connected with the ministry. By birth and training he belonged to what Oliver Wendell Holmes called "the Brahmin caste" — that is, the group who considered themselves, or were considered, as set apart like the Brahmins of India, by mental qualities, hereditary and acquired, from the mass of their fellows. That there was a certain element of truth in the appellation must not blind us to the real democratic spirit underlying an aloofness which was in Emerson's case more apparent than actual. He was brought up in narrow circumstances, educated at the Boston Latin School, and entered Harvard in 1817. He "worked his way" through college and, though not distinguished as a scholar, he read widely and won the honor of being class poet upon graduation. After leaving college he supported himself for a time by teaching school — with his brother he conducted a "young ladies seminary" in Boston — and studied for the ministry. Ordained in 1829, he became pastor of the Second Church in Boston and served for several years, occupying himself at the same time with public affairs. He resigned his position in 1832, owing to a dispute regarding certain doctrinal matters, wherein he adhered to his own opinion with characteristic independence of mind.

This step marked an important change in his life. Although he continued to preach occasionally, he never again was connected with any church, wishing to retain for himself complete freedom of thought. Thenceforward, to the lasting gain of American literature, his chief interest lay in writing and lecturing. In 1832 he travelled in Europe, visiting Italy, France, and Great Britain. In England he met Carlyle, and formed a friendship which was maintained through a life-long correspondence. Much of his thought was influenced by Carlyle's philosophy.

Upon his return, in 1834, he settled in Concord, Massachusetts, and began his life's work. His first course of lectures was given in Boston during the following year. His first book, *Nature*, was published in 1836. This work — "beautiful, obscure,

stimulating" — produced little immediate impression; simply because most people did not understand it. In 1837 he delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard his famous address, *The American Scholar*, which stated in unmistakable terms his gospel of intellectual independence:

If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him Is it not the chief disgrace in this world not to be an unit; — not to be reckoned one character; not to yield that fruit which each man was created to bear? We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds.

Such was the teaching which he set forth in lectures and writings throughout his entire life, and it must be said of the teaching that, like Chaucer's Poore Parson, "first he followed it himself." His career was the best comment upon his theory of life. In Concord he worked with a singleness of purpose that enabled him to provide comfortably for his old age; at the same time he was a good citizen and a helpful neighbor; and all the while he was distinguished by the serene self-sufficiency which lay at the core of his philosophy.

When a man has gained such complete self-mastery his life is sure to be a happy one, despite the ills that flesh is heir to. Emerson's was such a life. Friendship and honor he enjoyed in full measure, and his fame and influence grew wider as the years went by. He published in all some eleven volumes of prose and two of poetry. Of the prose works, *Representative Men* and *English Traits*, which appeared respectively in 1850 and 1856, remain perhaps the most interesting to the general reader. The prose covers a wide range, touching practically everything that bears on human life and conduct. Its influence upon American thought can hardly be over-estimated. "Be yourself," he says, "rely not upon others but upon yourself; aim high, work hard, be cheerful, be helpful." His most familiar aphorism, "Hitch your waggon to a star," — that is, combine ideality with sound

common sense — expresses very well what he attempted to be and to teach.

His last years were peaceful and happy, although clouded by some of the infirmities of old age. He died of pneumonia, contracted while attending the funeral of Longfellow, and lies buried in the Cemetery at Concord.

Emerson's poems are not easy reading. They were not written to give aesthetic pleasure or to depict human emotions. They are conceived, in fact, in the same vein as his essays. And as he was much more interested in what he had to say than in the way he said it, his poetry sometimes lacks smoothness and charm of style. But we find in it other qualities, in view of which we may overlook the want of formal perfection. The poems of Emerson stimulate thought and stir the imagination; they show a deep love of nature, and they convey a message that was written "for the strengthening of hearts."

27. Concord Hymn. The first fight of the Revolutionary War occurred at Concord, Massachusetts on April 19, 1775. A British column sent out to secure some government stores was intercepted at Concord Bridge by the American "minute men" and forced to turn back. In 1837 a monument was erected there and Emerson wrote this poem to be read on the occasion of the unveiling. Through their noble simplicity the lines are peculiarly effective.

What is a "votive stone"? What makes this hymn especially appropriate?

Picture facing page 27. The statue of the Minute Man stands near the site of the "rude bridge." You will note that the first verse of Emerson's poem is cut on the pedestal. The statue was modelled by the well-known American sculptor, Daniel Chester French.

27. The Problem. As is the case with most of Emerson's poems, the thought here is vital and stimulating, but somewhat obscurely expressed. Essentially, the lines contain a characteristic expression of the author's views of individual freedom in religious observance.

In one of his essays, Emerson said: "Thank God for these

good men, but say 'I also am a man.' " Each must worship the Divine power in his own way — one through "monastic aisles," one through some "awful Jove," others through temples that "grew as grows the grass." Art and Nature are one; the same Over-Soul inspires both. Behind all the beauty of art and architecture, behind all the preaching of prophet and seer, towers the eternal majesty of God. The Infinite Goodness inspires alike the wood-bird that "weaves her nest from leaves and feathers" and "the hand that groined the aisles of Rome." To Emerson formal religion is inadequate; symbols are beautiful, and he can admire them, but there is something above all symbolism. The "problem" is how best to express in the individual life the truth that underlies religion.

22. **cowl.** The head covering of a monk's costume.

28, 2. **vest.** Clothing, priestly garb.

5. **His awful Jove young Phidias brought.** Phidias was a famous Greek sculptor who carved a colossal statue of Jove which was erected in the Parthenon at Athens.

7. **Delphic oracle.** The oracle at Delphi in ancient Greece was a sacred institution maintained by the priests of Phoebus Apollo. Here one might learn of future events, or obtain advice as to present needs.

14. **The hand that rounded Peter's dome,** etc. The architect who built the cathedral of St. Peter, or erected the other beautiful Christian churches of Rome, worked according to a careful plan, but the inspiration of God wrought within him, so that he built even better than he planned.

23. **the fish outbuilt her cell.** Read the poem of Holmes *The Chambered Nautilus*, on page 104.

26. **piles.** Buildings.

28. **Parthenon.** The most glorious temple in Athens, built about 450 B.C. In refinement of design and perfection of execution it has never been surpassed.

29, 17. **the fiery Pentecost.** See Acts, II. 1-3. The expression here means the divine revelation which inspires all good work.

22. **tables yet unbroken.** See Exodus XXXIII, 15-19.

24. *fanés.* Temples.

30, 1. Chrysostom . . . Augustine. Two of the early Christian "fathers." St. Chrysostom was noted for his eloquence; his name comes from two Greek words meaning "golden-mouthed." St. Augustine was an influential writer.

4. Taylor. Jeremy Taylor, a famous English preacher, who lived 1613-1667. Emerson says he "blent both in his line" because he combined in his writings the eloquence of Chrysostom and the wisdom of Augustine.

Explain the reasons for Emerson's conclusion:

And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

30. *Each and All.* We have here again the characteristic lack of careful form and the somewhat obscure expression of enduring thoughts. Emerson was impatient of the restraints imposed by the rules of poetical technique, because of his feeling that matter was so much more important than manner. "I seek no order or harmony or result," he says; and again: "I do not argue, I know." But this was not the way of the greatest poets, and it is the grandeur of his ideas that enables them to shine through a poetical style that too often is marred by obscurity.

The central thought of this poem is found in the lines,

All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone,

which would perhaps serve their purpose better if placed at the beginning. This central thought is enforced by many luminous illustrations. Thus, the song of the sparrow does not charm when we hear it removed from its natural surroundings of river and sky where the bird was

Singing at dawn on the alder bough.

The sea-shells fail to delight when taken away from
the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.

The mature man, who turns disdainfully from the pursuit of beauty, finds himself encompassed by the beauty of flower and tree and the glory of "the eternal sky." Beauty and truth are not to be separated; "nothing is fair or good alone." The wise man admits the interdependence of nature and life, and "yields himself to the perfect whole."

What is the "perfect whole"?

Picture facing page 30. This wonderfully life-like statue is the work of Daniel Chester French, and stands in the Public Library at Concord, Massachusetts.

32. The Humble Bee. This, with the two following poems, illustrates Emerson's love of nature and his observant delight in its beauties.

Can you pick out lines or phrases which suggest the heat and drowsiness of summer?

34. The Snow-Storm. A vivid picture of the "north-wind's masonry" in winter. An interesting comparison can be made with other winter scenes included in this book — Whittier's *Snow-bound* and Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal*.

Comment upon the value of the following words and phrases: "trumpets of the sky," "tumultuous privacy of storm," "bastions," "Parian," "frolic architecture."

27. Parian wreaths. Wreaths as of white marble. The finest marble in ancient Greece was quarried on the island of Paros.

35, 2. mauger. Used for "maugre," an obsolete word meaning "in spite of."

35. The Rhodora. By some this is considered the best of Emerson's poems, both in language and rhythm. It notes the poet's theory of beauty in nature — "Beauty is its own excuse for being" — and it expresses also the relation between nature and God: "The self-same Power that brought me here brought you."

Is the poem a picture, or a bit of philosophic thought?

36. Terminus. A series of brave reflections on the approach of old age. Note especially the calm serenity of the closing

lines. You will find similar thoughts phrased with like bravery by the English poet Walter Savage Landor, in his poem *To Age*.

25. **Bad husbands.** Careless guardians.

29. **Baresark.** Strong, virile. The "baresarks," or "berserks," were fierce Norse warriors, who to show their contempt for opponents threw away their armor and fought without such protection.

37. 2. **halt.** Lame.

Explain the passage beginning: "Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires."

In what respects do you find Emerson's poems stimulating to the imagination? Do they satisfy your sense of form?

What are the definite characteristics of Emerson's style?

Comment upon the chief differences between Emerson, Longfellow, and Poe as regards (a) style, (b) subject-matter, (c) appeal.

For what type of reader would the poems of Emerson possess the deepest interest?

What metrical form seems to appeal to Emerson? Why?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Portland, Me., 1807 — 1882, Cambridge.

Longfellow is the most widely known and loved of American poets. He was born in Portland, Maine,

the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea.

which he recalled so tenderly in his poem *My Lost Youth*. His father was a prominent lawyer and sent the boy to Bowdoin College with the idea that he was to study law. But his tastes from the first were literary, he had written boyish verses for the papers of his native town, and as his tendencies began to develop more definitely all thought of legal training was abandoned. He graduated in 1825 and in the following year went abroad to prepare himself for the position of professor of modern languages at Bowdoin. He travelled in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, returning after three years to take up his work at his Alma Mater. Here he remained until 1835, when he

was called to the chair of modern languages at Harvard University. Another year in Europe was spent in study to qualify himself for the wider field of work, and then he went to Cambridge, where he passed the remainder of his life.

Longfellow's house in Cambridge was the old Craigie house, which had been the headquarters of Washington during the siege of Boston in the Revolutionary War. Already known as a brilliant teacher, he published within the next four years two volumes of poetry — *Voices of the Night*, 1839, and *Ballads and Other Poems*, 1841 — which firmly established his literary reputation. Everything he wrote afterwards was warmly received, both at home and abroad. His life was happy and prosperous; he won distinction in academic and literary circles; he had a host of devoted friends, and he possessed a comfortable fortune. One great sadness, indeed, for a time overshadowed him in the tragic death of his wife; but his career in general was more fortunate than falls to the lot of most men. He held the Smith professorship at Harvard for twenty-five years; in 1854 he resigned in order to devote himself entirely to literature, being succeeded by James Russell Lowell. During the remainder of his life he enjoyed the affectionate esteem not only of his fellow-townsmen but of the entire nation — a kind of personal and individual success such as has very seldom been achieved by any writer. In 1868–9 he visited England and was received with the greatest honor. He died at home, after a short illness, at the age of seventy-five.

A prolific writer, Longfellow published some twenty-five volumes of poetry besides three romances — *Hyperion*, *Outre-Mer*, and *Kavanagh*. Of these latter it must be said that they prove his lack of the gifts requisite for continued narrative in prose form; the books are thin in plot and ultra-sentimental in tone. His poetry was both more extensive in its amount and more successful in form and content. He published with much regularity; as a matter of interesting record it may be noted that he issued ten books of verse during the twenty-five years when he was teaching at Harvard, and fifteen in the period of equal duration after he gave up his professorship.

For the immense popularity of Longfellow's poetry, we must look to two causes: he opened to American thought the romance of life; and he phrased his verse in simple language, musical form, and with an unerring sense of color and tone. Never deep in thought, and seldom evincing anything approaching ardor or passion, his poetry is nevertheless always sincere, always pure, and not seldom possessed of the kind of beauty which will endure. The sane and cheerful philosophy which he so often expressed is well summed up in the closing lines of *The Bells of San Blas* — the last poem he ever wrote, completed very shortly before his death:

O bells of San Blas, in vain
You call back the past again;
The past is deaf to your prayer.
Out of the shadows of night
The earth rolls into light,
It is daybreak everywhere.

His poetry was largely narrative — a form which seems to have especially appealed to him and which he handled with marked success. Within this field it covers a wide variety of subjects. *Evangeline* is an idealized tale of the Expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia; *The Song of Hiawatha* an epic poem which paints a romantic picture of the Indian — “the one poem that beguiles the reader to see the birch and the ash, the heron and the eagle and the deer, as they seem to the Redman himself, and to join for the moment in his simpleness and wonderment.” *The Courtship of Miles Standish* is a story of early Colonial days at Plymouth. *Tales of a Wayside Inn* are narratives set in a frame-work after the manner of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. Many of the ballads have become better known than any other American poems — *Paul Revere's Ride*, *Excelsior*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, for example, are household treasures all through the country.

Besides the stories which he told so effectively in verse, he made many excellent poetic translations from European languages — among them a noble rendering of Dante's *Divine*

Commedia — and an elaborate dramatic poem called *Christus, a Mystery*, which is perhaps the least pleasing or successful of his works. One should note especially the lyrics which appeal to the emotions — such as *The Bridge* and *The Day Is Done*. These, if not characterized by strong imaginative power or passion, still do reach to the hearts of the people. As one reads them one is conscious of a gentle sincerity and an unpretentious music that makes them more appealing than many greater poems.

It is true that Longfellow lacked strong feeling and did not sound the deeper things of life, but on the other hand he had genuine poetic gifts. He had good taste, warm human emotion and sympathy, and the ability to express himself in clear and graceful verse. Taken for all in all, he will probably live as the poet who more than any other American, has brought home to the average reader the beauty and the helpfulness of good poetry.

37. The Skeleton in Armor. "The following ballad," says Longfellow, "was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, originally known as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as the work of their early ancestors." The skeleton, which was buried in a standing posture, was probably that of an Indian; the "lofty tower" was almost certainly a windmill. But, as Longfellow points out, there are grounds enough to support the idea of the ballad.

38, 1. I was a viking old! "Old" means "of old days," "in old times." The Vikings were Scandinavian sea-adventurers, who reached the New England coast somewhere about the beginning of the eleventh century.

3. **Skald.** Minstrel.

4. **Saga.** Heroic poem.

12. **gerfalcon.** A species of hawk, trained for hunting game-birds.

38, 22. were-wolf's bark. The were-wolf was a creature, half human and half beast which was said in the middle ages to

inhabit the forests of Europe. He reached this country in the form of the "loup-garou" of the French *habitants* of Quebec, Canada. A large body of legend centres about the were-wolf.

26. **a corsair's crew.** The Vikings ranged, like corsairs or pirates, from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. The churches along the east coast of Britain in the tenth century had a prayer beginning: "Lord, deliver us from the fury of the Northmen."

39, 5. **wassail-bout.** Carousal, drinking-bout.

9. **Berserk's tale.** A "berserk" was a warrior who fought furiously, without armor. See note to 36 : 29.

Picture facing page 40. An ancient viking ship, in an excellent state of preservation, was discovered in 1880 at Gökstad, Norway. A study of this relic has given an accurate idea of the type. The viking ship was about 80 feet long, 16 feet wide and 6 feet deep. It was decked only at the bow and the stern, had seats for 17 rowers on each side and carried one mast. In these small craft the Norse seamen made long voyages, the most famous of which was that of Leif Ericson to the coast of America in the year 1000.

41, 10. **skaw.** Cape, headland.

43, 3. **Skoal!** "Good luck!" "Good health!" Expression used in drinking a health in Norway.

How has Longfellow secured vigor and swift movement in this poem?

43. **A Psalm of Life.** In spite of the obvious and somewhat confused metaphor, the simple sincerity of these lines has endeared them to thousands. Longfellow himself considered this one of his best poems.

Summarize, in a single sentence, the meaning of the poem.

44. **The Wreck of the Hesperus.** An entry in Longfellow's diary for December 17, 1839, gives an insight into his methods: "News of ship-wreck horrible on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester, one lashed to a piece of the wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe where many of these took place; among others the schooner Hesperus . . . I must write a ballad on this."

The poem is modelled after the traditional ballad form. If

you are familiar with the old English ballads, comment upon the points of resemblance. Note, in particular, the phraseology and the use of the "ballad stanza."

Picture facing page 46. The painting from which this is taken hangs in the Tate Gallery in London. It is the work of the English marine artist Henry Scott Tuke, and is called: "All Hands to the Pumps!"

48. The Village Blacksmith was written about 1840, when Cambridge was a country village. The "village smithy" was not far from Longfellow's house.

What is the lesson the poet learns from the blacksmith?

Picture facing page 48. From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, the greatest English painter of animal life. The title is: "Shoeing the Bay Mare."

49, 51. The Day Is Done and **The Bridge** are very graceful and pleasing presentations of obvious thoughts and feelings. Can you explain, specifically, why they have always been especially liked by readers of Longfellow?

54. Hymn to the Night. The poet attempted in these lines to throw into poetic form the thoughts that came to him as he sat by an open window at midnight. The result is, as much as anything, a sense of repose and quiet strength.

Compare Shelley's *To the Night*.

55, 1. Orestes-like. Orestes was a hero in Greek legend who was pursued by the Furies because he had committed a terrible crime.

What consolation is offered by Night?

55. Sea-Weed. The five poems grouped together here show Longfellow's love of the sea. This first one contains a very obvious application to human life.

Do you see what it is? What part of the poem do you like best? Give your reasons.

8. the equinox. The time of year (March 21 and September 21) when the sun crosses the plane of the equator. The worst storms are said to occur at these seasons.

19. skerries. Small rocky islands, or reefs.

57. My Lost Youth. Longfellow here recalls the memories

of boyhood and expresses very beautifully the half-formed thoughts and fancies which come to a boy as he sees life opening before him. The poem is pervaded by the "magic of the sea."

14. **Hesperides.** The islands which, according to Greek mythology, lay beyond the western verge of the world and contained a wonderful garden filled with golden fruit.

58, 2. **the fort upon the hill.** Fort Lawrence. It was while lying there gazing at the sea that Longfellow thought of the idea for his poem.

10. **the sea-fight far away.** The engagement between the American brig *Enterprise* and the British brig *Boxer*, fought in Casco Bay during the War of 1812. Both captains were slain in the fight and were buried in Portland with full naval honors.

At what point does the poem change from memories of the past to the sadness of the present? What is the artistic value of such a change?

Comment upon the adjectives used in connection with the "Lapland song."

60. **Sir Humphrey Gilbert.** Soldier and navigator of Queen Elizabeth's day. In 1583 he made a voyage to Newfoundland, where he founded, at St. John's, the first English settlement in America. His ship, the *Squirrel*, sank in a storm on the return voyage.

What is the climax of this poem?

62. **A Dutch Picture.** During the early seventeenth century the Dutch and the Spaniards were at feud, and many incidents took place such as are here described.

4. **singed the beard of the King of Spain.** Burnt some of his ships. The expression was originally used by Sir Francis Drake when he reported to Queen Elizabeth in 1587 that he had burnt a number of Spanish war-ships collected in the harbor of Cadiz in preparation for the invasion of England.

5. **Dean of Jaen.** Governor of a province in the south of Spain.

7. **Maese.** A river in Holland.

19. **listed tulips.** Tulips set in rows. Holland has long been noted for the cultivation of this plant.

63, 9. Rembrandt. A famous Dutch painter whose pictures show a masterly grouping of lights and shadows.

Show how the suggestion of the title is carried out.

64. A Ballad of the French Fleet. An excellent interpretation of the spirit of the old Puritan divine, with his virile faith in the personal intervention of the Almighty. D'Anville's fleet commissioned to destroy the English power on the Atlantic sea-board, was wrecked on Sable Island, one hundred miles south of Nova Scotia.

8. *loquitur*. Speaks.

65, 23. tents of Cushan . . . curtains of Midian: see Habakkuk III, 7.

66, 1. a potter's vessel. See Psalms II, 9.

8. *with thine horses*; etc. See Habakkuk III, 8.

Comment upon the prayer of Mr. Thomas Prince, as indicating the personality of the speaker.

66, 67. Nature and Chaucer are two good examples of Longfellow's skill with the difficult sonnet type. The former is a beautiful simile of life and death; the latter a pleasantly adequate characterization of one of the greatest English poets.

What is the special fitness of the sonnet form to express the thought in both these instances?

67. The Republic. This is the closing portion of *The Building of the Ship*. It is a compact and vigorous piece of verse, conceived in a vein of noble patriotism.

Why is it appropriate to compare a nation to a ship? Comment upon the development of the metaphor.

68. Ultima Thule. The name given by the Romans to the land which lay at the outermost edge of their empire — the rugged islands north of their province of Caledonia (Scotland). To them Thule was a region of storms and gloom. The poem appeared in the last volume published during Longfellow's lifetime. The movement is straightforward and powerful; the thought rugged, closing upon a note of courage. This poem should without fail be compared with Emerson's *Terminus*, Landor's *Old Age*, Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*, and Browning's *Epilogue* from *Asolando*. All these are the utterances of men

who have seen many days and who are preparing to say farewell to life — and are all brave and optimistic.

14. **Hesperides.** See note to 57: 14.

20. **Atlantis** was the lost continent which was supposed to have been situated between the Canary Islands and the West Indies. The word is here used to typify the vanished land of youth.

Remembering that the poem is an allegory, explain carefully the underlying thought of the last stanza.

Give some reasons for the popularity of Longfellow's poetry. Can you draw from his work any conclusions as to his personality?

To what extent can you trace in the poems you have read the influence of books? Does Longfellow seem to you to owe more to study and training, or to natural ability?

Critics have spoken of the "simplicity" of Longfellow's style and thought. Wherein would such a quality be of advantage? In what conditions would it prove a drawback?

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

East Haverhill, Mass., 1807 — 1892, Hampton Falls, N. H.

Whittier came of Quaker stock; his family was in poor circumstances and he was brought up as a real "barefoot boy" on a New England farm, with but slight opportunities for education. To the natural influences of such an environment we may trace the general characteristics of his poetry. It showed, as he himself said, "an earnest sense of human right and wrong," and was conditioned to an appreciable degree by what he termed

The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear.

But it manifested also a love of nature that was deep and true, and a kindly intimacy with lowly life.

He was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, and had a scant training at district schools, interrupted by calls to work on the farm. In his boyhood he happened to come upon a volume of the poems of Robert Burns, which stimulated his imagination

and turned him towards the writing of verse. One of his numerous early poems was sent by his sister to the Newburyport *Free Press*, was accepted and published, and the youthful author first saw his name in print when the postman handed him the paper as he was working in the fields with his father. The editor of the newspaper, William Lloyd Garrison, was struck by the promise of the writer and took him into his own family. Whittier thus was able to attend Haverhill Academy for two terms, supporting himself by making and selling slippers — a homely art which he had learned from a farmhand.

Before he was twenty-one he had written for various country newspapers, and at the age of twenty-three he became editor of the *Haverhill Gazette*. A little later he went to the *New England Weekly Review*, in Hartford, Connecticut, but was forced through ill-health to give up his work and return to Haverhill. He took an active part in the politics of his native town until broader issues engaged his attention, and he identified himself with the movement against slavery. In this behalf he wrote constantly; sacrificing much, content from a stern sense of duty to "scorn delights, and live laborious days." For a time he was editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, an abolitionist journal published in Philadelphia. In 1840 he moved to Amesbury, Massachusetts, and here he chiefly resided during the rest of his life. Once the war was over, his career was quiet and uneventful; he devoted himself chiefly to literature. A somewhat retiring disposition unfitted him for a wide popularity, but the simple serenity of his life and the gentle kindness of his manner greatly endeared him to those who knew him.

Though he did not produce a large body of work, he wrote steadily during a literary career which extended over sixty-five years. His poems were never very long; there were few of them, it has been remarked, which might not have been produced at a single sitting. Of his prose it need only be said that, written as it was in the heat of controversy, it fails of those qualities which would make it endure. The same holds true of his anti-slavery verse — though we occasionally find a stir and a fire which lifts it above the merely temporary.

His best work is undoubtedly seen in his pictures of nature and in his unpretentious descriptions of lowly life. His most notable piece of work is *Snow-bound*, as regards both the fine simplicity of its phrasing and the excellent truthfulness of its descriptions; Whittier was writing, indeed, about the things which lay closest to his heart. Another poem which contains passages of unobtrusive beauty and truth is *The Tent On the Beach*, wherein summer scenes on the New England coast are treated with the same careful fidelity as the winter views of *Snow-bound*.

The ballads, of which he wrote many and which he constructed for the most part in masterly fashion, will probably always remain the most popular section of his poetical work. They possess the typically simple and straightforward appeal of the ballad form and occasionally, as in *Skipper Ireson's Ride* and *The Pipes at Lucknow*, show dramatic quality. Whittier will live as the most characteristic poet of New England, not only because of the subjects which were chosen for his verse, but also through a certain stark, reticent, honest, and self-sufficient quality in the man himself.

69. In Schooldays. Simplicity of tone and a note of real pathos characterize this pretty little ballad.

What is gained by placing the scene "long years ago"?

70. The Barefoot Boy. The author writes from personal experience. He looks back upon his own boyhood and interprets the feelings of the average, normal boy in a way which has gained for the poem a wide popularity.

71, 6. republican. The boy is as "happy as a prince"; the grown man is no happier than anybody else.

72, 28. Apples of Hesperides. See note to **57: 14.**

74, 2. moil. Hard work, drudgery.

Is boyhood really happier than manhood? What should you say after reading this poem?

74. Maud Muller. A critic has complained that the New England judge here plays the part of a knight errant. This may be true; but the ballad none the less retains a perennial freshness.

- 78, 5. wheel.** Spinning-wheel.
spinet. An early type of piano.
6. astral. A handsome lamp.

What is gained by arranging the poem in couplets?

79. Skipper Ireson's Ride. Here we have rapidity of movement, and a certain touch of the dramatic in the changed phrasing of the last verse — "poor Floyd Ireson."

4. Apuleius's Golden Ass. Apuleius, a Roman writer who lived about 125 A.D., wrote a fantastic satirical romance called *The Golden Ass*.

5. one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass. A story in *The Arabian Nights* tells of a prince who disguised himself as a one-eyed dervish and rode through the air on a winged horse.

7. Islam's prophet on Al-Borak. "Islam's prophet" is Mahomet. He is said to have made some miraculous journeys on a wonderful horse named Al-Borak — "the lightning."

80, 3. Maenads. Women who worshipped Bacchus, god of wine, and indulged in all sorts of excess. The term here means women wrought up to a pitch of frenzy.

8. Chaleur Bay. On the north of the Province of New Brunswick.

Was Floyd Ireson sufficiently punished?

82. Snow-bound. The selections given, comprising about half the poem, are those which best show Whittier's powers of description and his keen observation of simple rural life. The poem was written when he was fifty-seven years old, and recalls tender memories of his youth. It possesses special value as a transcription of the country life of a day long gone by. It has a "universal quality, which makes it a reflection of the thought and feeling not only of Whittier, but of every man who has sat and mused alone before an open fire."

27. homespun stuff. Cloth spun at home by the women of the family.

83, 5. heard the roar. The Whittier farm was far from the sea, yet with certain weather conditions the surf could be plainly heard.

84, 25. Pisa's leaning miracle. The "leaning tower" of

Pisa was built in 1350. It is 180 feet high and 24 feet off the perpendicular.

85, 1. buskins. Heavy foot-wear, reaching halfway to the knee.

8. Aladdin's wondrous cave. An allusion to the story in *The Arabian Nights*.

20. Amun. The Egyptian god Ammon was often represented as a ram.

How does Whittier gain clearness of effect? What are your own impressions of a winter storm? How do they differ from what the poet has recorded? Are you more interested in this poem as a description of a tempest, or as a picture of old-time country life?

88. Telling the Bees. "A remarkable custom, brought from the Old Country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be necessary in order to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home." — Whittier's note. The scene described is that of the Whittier homestead. This poem was highly praised by Lowell and in its gentle pathos is worthy of such praise.

How is the tragedy of the poem suggested before we actually know what happened?

91. The Eternal Goodness. A beautiful confession of personal faith.

What are the points of difference in the faith of Whittier and that of his friends?

What thoughts are of individual, and what of general, application?

Two other "confessions," of great literary beauty, though of widely different conclusions, may be read in Tennyson's lines from *In Memoriam* beginning "O, yet we trust that somehow good," (Section LIV) and in Matthew Arnold's *Dover Beach*.

Speaking of his own poetry, Whittier said:

No mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies.

Comment upon this self-criticism in the light of your own knowledge of his work.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Cambridge, 1809 — 1894, Boston

One of the most versatile of the New England group, Holmes distinguished himself in his chosen profession of medicine, and in social life, as well as in the literary field. He was educated at Andover Academy and at Harvard, where he was a member of the famous class of 1829, which contributed many useful men to the country. After graduation, he began to study law, but found it uncongenial and turned his attention to medicine. He spent five years in preparation for his work — two in America and three in Edinburgh and Paris — and took his degree of M. D. in 1836. For one year he was professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth College; but he soon returned to Boston, where he took up the practise of medicine. In 1847 he was appointed professor of anatomy at Harvard, a position which he held until 1888. The greater part of his life was lived in Boston, and he obtained a very unusual kind of local eminence. He was a brilliant and witty talker, a man of exceptional social gifts; and despite what someone has called "his habit of keeping the floor," he had a host of warm friends.

Holmes's literary fame began before he was well out of college, with the publication of *Old Ironsides*. The stirring lines were written almost impromptu, after he had read in a newspaper that the famous old frigate *Constitution* was to be sold out of the Navy and broken up. His first important literary achievement was *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, published in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1877. It was a whimsical discussion of "things in general" and was followed during the next twelve years or so by two other volumes in the same vein — *The Poet at the Breakfast Table* and *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*. In these books the dry wit of the author, his odd and likable personality, find free scope. They are unlike anything in our

literature. He wrote three novels — *Elsie Venner*, *A Mortal Antipathy*, and *The Guardian Angel*. The first is the most important; but, as with the others also, its appeal today is not a strong one, except to those who are interested in the workings of a keen intellect concerning itself through the medium of fiction with questions of heredity as influencing human conduct. Holmes was more occupied in evolving his own point of view than in conserving the interest of his readers through good characterization and careful plot construction.

The intellectual brilliance which is so clearly manifest in his prose writings appears throughout his verse also. This, together with a strikingly original quality of wit and a native grace and refinement, lend to his best poems something which must ensure their survival. He published many volumes of poetry, the first coming out in 1836. Some of the titles were: *Songs in Many Keys*, 1862; *The Iron Gate*, 1880; *Before the Curfew*, 1882. Not infrequently the characteristic humor is softened by an unaffected pathos.

He was a prolific writer of verse for special occasions. No poet has been so much sought after for poems of this type; no verses, certainly, ever have played about the occasion — be the occasion what it might — with such genial good-humor and such kindly fun. There are included in his writings, for example, class poems for every year between 1851 and 1877, distinguished, like all his work, by urbanity and singular buoyancy of spirit.

In his poetry, then, we must not look for deep emotional appeal and sustained flight of imagination. He touches the intellect rather than the heart. But he impressed himself strongly on his day and generation. He cannot be ranked with his greatest contemporaries in American poetry; yet his sentiment always rings true, and his laughter "never long nor loud" is a genial bequeathment to the world.

94. The Last Leaf. The light touch of Holmes, his neatly turned phrasing, are seen at the best in this poem, which illustrates also the deft mingling of humor and seriousness so typical of the writer.

Can you find pathos behind the humor in this poem?

96. The Deacon's Masterpiece. For whimsical humor well sustained this poem has few equals.

97, 2. Georgius Secundus. George the Second. Holmes called him the "snuffy old drone from the German hive" because he was born and brought up in Germany.

6. Braddock's army was defeated by the French and Indians.

Why is this called "a logical story"? Pick out some passages which seem to you typical of Holmes's wit.

101. The Boys. An excellent example of Holmes's occasional verse, read at the thirtieth anniversary of the class of 1829. Note how the fun turns at the end to tender seriousness. Of the men referred to, all famous at the time of the celebration, the only name generally known today is that of Samuel Francis Smith ("Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith") the author of *America*.

What metre was chosen for this poem? Why? How are you impressed by the last stanza?

103. Old Ironsides. These stirring lines were "an impromptu outburst of feeling" written when the author read in a Boston newspaper that the famous frigate *Constitution* was to be sold out of the Navy and broken up. The poem was published in the Boston *Daily Advertiser*. Its effect was immediate; "Old Ironsides" was saved for the nation and is here shown at her home berth in the Charlestown Navy Yard.

What are "the harpies of the shore"? How would the poem appeal to one who wasn't an American?

Picture facing page 103. This photograph of the old frigate *Constitution* was taken at a pier in the Charlestown Navy Yard. It gives a good idea of her rigging. Note the height of the masts and the width of the yards. The funnels of a modern cruiser may be seen in the background.

104. The Chambered Nautilus. Holmes himself considered this his best piece of work. It has fine imaginative quality, unaffected beauty of phrase, and closes on a note of high seriousness. The poem appeared in *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*.

What is the "heavenly message"? Are the last two stanzas in tone with the rest of the poem? Answer thoughtfully.

6. **Siren.** The Sirens were mythical creatures like beautiful women, who lived on an island in the Mediterranean and by their wonderful singing lured passing mariners to death on the rocks.

105, 2. Triton. A sea-god in Greek and Roman mythology.

Do you prefer Holmes's lighter verse to his more serious poetry? What is the "lesson" to be learned from the chambered nautilus? Would the poem be better without the lesson stated thus plainly?

Point out the principal differences between the poetry of Holmes and Whittier in respect of choice of subject and method of handling the subject chosen. Which seems to have the greater skill? The deeper feeling?

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Cambridge, 1819 — 1891, Cambridge

Lowell was more essentially a man of the world than any of his literary contemporaries. With his broad — occasionally whimsical — way of looking at things, he has been set down as the "humanist" of the New England group. Like Longfellow, he came of strong New England stock with ministers and lawyers in his hereditary background. He was born at "Elmwood," a fine old colonial house in Cambridge, was educated at Harvard — graduating in 1836 — and took up the study of law. But law soon gave place to literature; he had read the class poem at graduation, and in 1842 he issued a volume of poetry called *A Year's Life*.

About 1844 he joined the anti-slavery movement. For a time the cause enlisted his chief energies and to this period belongs the first series of *The Biglow Papers*, which began to appear in 1846 in the *Boston Courier*. The *Papers* comprise a number of poems in the Yankee dialect by "Hosea Biglow," edited with elaborate introductions and notes by "Homer Wilbur, A.M., Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam." The whole thing constitutes a

group of satires upon the supposed motives for the Mexican War. It shows the strong feelings of the time, and it affords a striking presentation of "Yankee character in its thought, dialect, manners, and singular mixture of coarseness and shrewdness with the fundamental sense of beauty and right." The *Biglow Papers* were very well received; Lowell became a man of mark. A second series dealing with the Civil War was published in 1862-66.

In 1855 Lowell was appointed Smith professor of modern languages at Harvard, to succeed Longfellow. Apart from his controversial writings, he had published several volumes of poetry, among which may be mentioned *The Vision of Sir Launfal* and *A Fable for Critics* — the latter characterizing contemporary authors in clever and amusing fashion. He had also delivered a highly successful series of lectures at the Lowell Institute. He was known as a scholar, a poet and critic, and no one could be found better fitted to take up the work that Longfellow had laid down. As a teacher he was eminently successful; but his educational duties did not lessen his literary activity. From 1857-1861 he was editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* and from 1864-1869 he conducted *The North American Review*. To one or the other of these magazines he contributed a number of critical and literary essays which were afterwards issued under the titles of *Fireside Travels*, *Among My Books*, and *My Study Windows*. The most noteworthy poetry of these years was the fine *Ode* which commemorated the Harvard men who fell in the Civil War, and *Under The Old Elm*, written to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Washington's taking command of the American army at Cambridge.

His broad humanitarianism and his practical knowledge of affairs led to his appointment in 1877 as Minister to Spain. He served in that capacity for three years and then was transferred to London. In England he was a welcome guest; the great universities of Oxford and Cambridge had already conferred on him their highest honorary degrees and he sustained in the minds of Englishmen the high reputation of those previous American diplomats who were also men of letters — Irving and

Hawthorne. He was much in demand as a speaker; after his return he published a collection of addresses delivered in England. Notable among these was the speech on Democracy, a clear and effective presentation of American ideals. The sane point of view, the absence of boastfulness or undue optimism make it a political document of permanent value.

Lowell returned to America in 1885 and settled down again in Cambridge. His position in the eyes of his countrymen during the closing period of his career was similar to that occupied by Bryant twenty years earlier: the breadth of his achievement in life not less than in literature caused him to be regarded as the most representative citizen of the country. He is also our most representative man of letters; his writings reflect many and varied phases of life, and reflect them through the mentality of the scholar and the virility of the man of the world.

105. The Vision of Sir Launfal. The passages selected from the "misty legend" of Sir Launfal are those which are generally considered the most beautiful portions of the poem. The story itself is somewhat vaguely told. Sir Launfal, the young knight, is sleeping on the rushes in his castle hall the night before setting forth on the quest of the Holy Grail and to him there comes a dream of the quest. In the dream he goes out and spends many years in the search, but learns in the end that the opportunity for service — the true "quest of the Grail" — lies in the common tasks of everyday life. This tale Lowell has set in a framework of beautiful verse. The descriptions of spring and winter in the two Preludes constitute as fine work as he ever wrote.

16. the musing organist. The organist muses above his keys listlessly at first; then gradually form and harmony creep into his music over the bridge that his melody has built from dreamland, and his theme takes definite shape. So with the poet; his wandering imagination, dim and half-formed, slowly grows into concrete expression. It is fitting that the poem, itself a dream and an allegory, should have an introduction based on the symbolism of music.

22. faint auroral flushes. The first faint outlines of

the poet's thought are like the earliest glimmerings of light in the east before sunrise.

24. **Not only around our infancy**, etc. Reminiscent of Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, especially the part beginning:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy. . . .

27. **We Sinais climb**. Mount Sinai was the mountain where Moses talked with God — see Exodus, XIX, XX. The four lines closing here give the keynote of the poem. The wonders of God are about us all the time, if only we can free our souls from earthly thoughts to see them.

106, 5. **druid wood**. The Druids were the priests of the ancient Celts. The trees here are compared to these old priests, offering a benediction. Every power of nature, says the poet, has a meaning which will help us, if we will open our hearts to its teaching.

21. **what is so rare as a day in June**, etc. This passage is one of the most rapturous and most beautiful nature pieces in American literature. To Lowell, June was always "the high-tide of the year"; he refers to it on various occasions in his poetry and always with the same delight. See, for example, *Under the Willows*:

June is the pearl of our New England year

Long she lies in wait,

Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coyly back,

Then, from some southern ambush in the sky,

With one great gush of blossoms storms the world.

and *Suthin' in the Pastoral Line*:

Our Spring gets everything in tune

And gives one leap from April into June.

30. **Climbs to a Soul**, etc. Compare Wordsworth, *Lines Written in Early Spring*:

And 'tis my faith that every flower

Enjoys the air it breathes.

In his intimate sympathy with nature and in his fine expression of that sympathy, Lowell was definitely influenced by Wordsworth. With Lowell's nature poems you should compare Wordsworth's poems already mentioned and also his *Education of Nature*.

107, 3. The cowslip startles. Surprises the eye with its brilliant yellow.

14. nice ear. Closely discriminating.

108, 10. Down swept the chill wind, etc. This is the Prelude to the second part of the *Vision*. The description of a winter scene is remarkably clean-cut and true to nature.

11. five thousand summers old. Why "summers" instead of "winters"?

12. wold. A high barren plain.

20. groined his arches. "Groined arches" are formed by the intersection of two arches. The whole picture of the winter work of the brook is compared to the interior of a Gothic cathedral; note such epithets as "groined," "crypt," "arches," etc. Compare this passage with the description in Whittier's *Snow-bound*. Do you think that Lowell's is "bookish," as compared with the other? Which of the two appeals to you more strongly?

109, 3. sharp relief. Standing out prominently from the surface.

4. arabesques. Fanciful, complicated patterns.

9. crystallised the beams. Caught the light as in a crystal.

21. corbel. A stone bracket projecting from the wall to support the foot of the rafter.

24. Yule-log. The great log brought in with much ceremony on Christmas Eve.

Which of the two Preludes gives the better series of pictures? Which produces the better general effect? In both cases, make a list of words and phrases which are especially appropriate for the purpose in view.

110, 6. Where's Peace, etc. These stanzas are taken from the number of the *Biglow Papers* which was published in *The*

Atlantic Monthly near the close of the Civil War. They express the longing for peace which was filling the hearts of all men. Underneath the fantastic Yankee dialect may be traced the deep personal feeling of Lowell, who had lost three young nephews in battle.

What kind of thoughts are suggested to the poet by "Ma'am Natur' "? Explain carefully.

112, 9. Abraham Lincoln. The passage is taken from the *Commemoration Ode*, recited on July 21, 1865, at the service held at Harvard College in memory of Harvard men who fell in the Civil War. As a whole, the Ode is marked by a sustained nobility of feeling and nobility of thought, and has been regarded as Lowell's "most splendid work." The section on Lincoln was added after the poem was read, but is "so completely imbedded in the structure of the Ode that it is difficult to think of it as an afterthought." The characterization is final, representing in effective form the ideas that most Americans hold of their great President.

Picture facing page 112. This fine statue, the work of Daniel Chester French, stands in Lincoln, Nebraska.

113, 8. outward grace is dust. An allusion to Lincoln's rather awkward personal appearance.

25. one of Plutarch's men. Plutarch, a famous Greek, was author of *Lives* of renowned Greeks and Romans.

Write a prose characterization of Lincoln, following the plan and ideas of the poem.

114, 14. Virginia. In 1775 Washington took command of the American Army at Cambridge, standing under an elm-tree near the Common. One hundred years later the event was commemorated by the citizens of the town, and Lowell read an Ode called *Under the Old Elm*. From this Ode the lines are taken. Lowell pictures the services of Washington in organizing into an effective fighting force the motley array of the "Continental," and finally utters words of praise for Virginia, who gave the great general to the country. The poet here makes reparation for various harsh utterances against the South which

found place in his *Biglow Papers* and other writings during the stress of the anti-slavery movement and the Civil War.

Lowell said that he "held out a friendly hand" to Virginia. Show how he does it.

116. Freedom. These lines form the opening of the Ode written in 1875 for the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Fight at Concord Bridge. Lowell called it "an improvisation"; and, while the passage quoted has a fine spontaneity, yet the note is not sustained throughout.

Picture facing page 116. The colossal statue of "Liberty enlightening the world" stands on Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor. It was presented to the United States by France in 1886. The sculptor was Frederic Auguste Bartholdi. Dimensions: height of statue, 151 feet; of pedestal, 155 feet.

17. The Courtin'. An idyll of New England country life. It was published in the First Series of *The Biglow Papers*, and was repeated as a kind of introduction to the Second.

117, 9. crook-necks. Crookneck squashes.

11. ole queen's-arm. Old musket, so-called because it bore the stamp of Queen Anne, 1707.

24. dror a furrer. Guide the plow along a furrow.

118, 4. south slope. The sunny side of a hill.

7. Ole Hunderd. "Old Hundred," one of the most popular of the old-time hymn-tunes.

22. Some doubtfle o' the sekle. Doubtful as to how things would turn out. *sekle*, sequel.

120, 2. Bay o' Fundy. A deep bay lying between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, remarkable for its high tides.

3. they was cried. That is, their "banns" were given out in church — the announcement of their wedding.

Does the opening of the poem appeal to you? Is the ending satisfactory? Comment upon the dialect form.

120. The Fountain. One of the early poems; a light fancy.

Can you explain how the simple language is made to give a fine picture?

121. To the Dandelion. Like Burns, Lowell finds beauty in the common wayside flower. "Thought and language are

felicitous throughout," says a critic. "This poem contains many of its author's peculiar beauties and none of his faults."

19. **Eldorado.** The imaginary "Golden Land," long and vainly sought by early Spanish explorers.

122, 1. largess. Free gift.

10. the golden-cuirassed bee. A "cuirass" is a metal breast-plate. The reference here is, of course, to the yellow breast of the bee.

13. **Sybaris.** An ancient city of Italy, famous for its wealth and luxury.

This has been characterized as the "most subtle and beautiful of Lowell's shorter poems." Criticise, or explain, this statement.

Burns's *To a Mountain Daisy* and Wordsworth's *To a Daisy* might well be read in connection with Lowell's verses.

Lowell and Longfellow were both educated men of wide culture; Whittier never went to college. Can you trace any tendencies or characteristics in the work of the three which might be attributable to their distinctive training?

Select, from each of these three poets, the poem which you like best. Indicate, in a brief comparative study, its most striking characteristic.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Boston, 1809 — 1849, Baltimore.

Edgar Allan Poe stands alone in American literature. In his amazing imaginative power, his control of metrical form, his utterance of what has been called the "lyric cry," there is no one among our writers with whom he can be compared. The circumstances of his tragic career and the greatness of his achievement as measured against the span of his life seem to ally him more closely with poets like Christopher Marlowe, like Shelley or Keats, than with those more fortunate writers who concern us in this book. Tennyson called him "the literary glory of America"; European critics in general placed him in the highest poetic rank; but it was not until long after his death that his own countrymen awarded him just meed of praise. Perhaps

one reason for this lack of appreciation lay in his attitude towards poetry — “with me,” he said, “poetry has been not a purpose, but a passion.” Most of his brother artists in this country have tended to reverse the method and to make poetry not a passion but a purpose.

The father of this poet was of Southern descent and good family, but fell on evil days and was disowned by his people. He went on the stage and married an English actress who belonged to the company with which he was connected. After a time he disappeared, leaving the mother with three children to support. She died in Richmond, Virginia, following a brave struggle against fate, and the children were thrown on the charity of friends and relatives. Edgar, the second child, was adopted by Mr. John Allan of Richmond. At the age of six he was taken to England with the family and placed in a school at Stoke-Newington, a suburb of London. He spoke of it afterwards as a “misty-looking village, where there were a vast number of gigantic gnarled trees, and all the houses were excessively ancient.” To this part of his life he owes a good classical training and some pleasant memories.

Returning to America in 1820, he spent several years at school in Richmond. Here he seems to have made much the same impression that Byron did at Harrow, being equally ready to “declaim, take part in a play, run a race, or put on the boxing-gloves.” It is on record (and one is again reminded of Byron) that he once swam six miles in the teeth of a strong current in the James river. Early in 1826, he went to the University of Virginia, which had been recently founded by Thomas Jefferson. After a year of college life he came home with honors in Latin and French, but burdened with gambling debts which Mr. Allan refused to pay. He was given a place in the office of his guardian, grew impatient of the restraint, and ran away to Boston. Here, in 1827, he published his first book, a little volume of forty pages called *Tamerlane and Other Poems*. The record of his life at this time is somewhat vague, although there is evidence that he enlisted as a soldier and gave a creditable account of himself. Becoming reconciled to Mr. Allan, however, he was sent to West

Point. But the strict discipline of the Military Academy proved unbearable for him; he deliberately made such infractions of the rules as would ensure his dismissal, and having been tried by court-martial for "various neglects of duty and disobedience to orders," he was sent away. By 1831 he had published two more little volumes of poetry — an enlarged edition of his first book, and *Poems*, a collection which contained *Israfel* and some other examples of his best work.

The rest of his life was harassed by continuous poverty and darkened by sorrow; but through disappointment, dismay, and disaster his marvelous genius shone forth. The story is best told in categorical form. Through his tale *A Manuscript Found in a Bottle* he obtained a position on the *Southern Literary Messenger*; he married, and for a time everything looked bright. But he lost his place in 1836 — for reasons which are not altogether clear — and moved to New York and then to Philadelphia. Here he was editor successively of *The Gentleman's Magazine* and *Graham's*, and for the six years from 1838–1844 did his best work as a critic and a writer of the short story. To this time belong his excellent criticisms of Tennyson, Hawthorne, and Dickens, and such masterly stories as *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *The Pit and the Pendulum*, and *The Gold Bug*. However, with all his brilliant qualities, his energy and his versatility, he had characteristics — inborn and inherited — which made it impossible that he should command lasting success in the ordinary routine of life. He had a nervous temperament which was easily upset; there seems to be no doubt, moreover, that intemperance in drink was to blame for some of his failures.

In 1844 he was again in New York, ill and discouraged. After the appearance of *The Raven* in 1845, his prospects brightened a little; the publication of a volume of *Tales* and another of verse opened fresh possibilities of success. But the hope was vain. He failed through lack of capital to carry on an important magazine venture, and in 1846 he lost his young wife under peculiarly distressing circumstances. Two years remained — years of illness and suffering. He tried to establish a magazine;

he lectured and read from his own verse; he wrote a few poems, among them *Ulalume*, *Annabel Lee*, and *The Bells*. In 1849, after a lecture in Richmond organized by some kindly friends, he left for New York. What happened has never been satisfactorily explained, but he was picked up in Baltimore helpless and stupefied — possibly drugged. It is supposed that he was carried to various voting-booths about the city as a “ repeater ” during a local election, and then left helpless in the streets. He was taken to a hospital, where he died.

During his lifetime, Poe was famous rather as a literary critic than as a creative artist. But his permanent reputation rests upon his poetry and his short stories. With Irving, he is regarded as the originator of the short-story — the most characteristic contribution made by America to literature. His influence may be traced in the work of Stevenson, Guy de Maupassant, and Sir A. Conan Doyle. He wrote altogether about sixty or seventy tales, among which some twenty stand among the best ever written. This latter group falls into two divisions — stories of mystery and terror, such as *The Masque of the Red Death*, *The Black Cat*, and *The Fall of the House of Usher*; and detective stories, such as *The Mysteries of the Rue Morgue* and *The Gold Bug*. His own theory of the short story may be quoted, presenting as it does in concrete form the method followed by all writers ever since it was set forth:

A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out he then invents such incidents — he then combines such effects, as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one preëstablished design. And by such means, with much skill and care, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of

him who contemplates it with a kindred art the sense of fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed.

Poe's verse is represented at its best by ten or twelve poems, all written either early in his life or near its close. Of the former an example is seen in *Israfel*; of the latter, in *The Raven*. Even the casual reader will observe two qualities, which mark all his poetry and which entered into his theory of verse. These qualities are, a command of beautiful and musical form and a note of deep melancholy. "He is the poet of brooding melancholy, of decaying or vanishing beauty, of unfulfilled desires and shattered hopes; but he invests these subjects with such grace, charm and imaginative brilliancy that even the coldly critical cannot escape the spell."

123. Israfel. One of Poe's early poems, which was carefully revised. In the imaginative quality, and the lyric note, it shows the influence of Shelley. You will find much interest in comparing the last stanza with the closing lines of Shelley's *Skylark*, and the last part of Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*. Israfel, according to the Koran, was the angel of music.

124, 1. levin. Lightning.

2. Pleiads. The Pleiades, a constellation in the northern sky.

15. Houri. The Houris were beautiful maidens who, according to Mahommedan belief, attended the souls of the faithful in Paradise.

What relation can you trace between the thought and the imagery?

125, 13. The City in the Sea. To anyone who loves poetry these lines will give pleasure because of their music and fine phrasing. They are obscure — though the titles of earlier versions as the poem was being revised (*The Doomed City*, *The City of Sin*) throw some light upon the meaning. The mysterious city lies in the dim West, surrounded by the melancholy waters of a sea that is "hideously serene." There is no light of day to illumine the face of that city, but a strange glow streams

up from the still waters that brim level with ruined temples and open graves. At last comes a slight stir in the air, a movement in the wave, and the city sinks down "amid no earthly moans."

Loneliness and desolation, watched over by Death — this perhaps indicates the thought that lies behind the poem. But no paraphrase can express the extraordinary beauty and suggestiveness of the lines. The poem is regarded by many as the highest example of the poet's art. *The City of Dreadful Night*, by James Thomson, has something of the same indescribable mystery and appeal.

Explain how the impression of gloom and horror is produced through suggestive language.

127. Annabel Lee. This is one of its author's last poems and is said to refer to the death of his wife. The depth of passion and grief, and the sincerity of lyric utterance, are altogether typical.

Is this poem more appealing as an expression of love, or of grief?

129. Ulalume. It has been said that *Ulalume* seems like an improvisation played by a violinist upon his instrument after the death of a loved companion had left him alone with his own soul. Poe's wife was not long dead, and he imagines himself walking by night with Psyche — his soul. It is autumn, the skies are gray, the leaves withered. Strange portents warn him of impending sorrow, though he tries to overcome the gloom of his soul. But at last they are stopped "by the door of a tomb," and he remembers what for a moment he had forgotten, that this "night of all nights of the year" is the anniversary of his wife's death. The poem closes with a cry of deep personal anguish.

You will see that the whole movement is planned to lead to the grim climax of the tomb; it suggests grief, it is pervaded by the supernatural. The poem appeals to the emotions, rather than the intellect and even if the symbolism is obscure every reader must feel the music of the verse.

7. Auber. All the place-names are imaginary; chosen to add musical suggestiveness to the theme.

13. **Psyche.** In Greek mythology a beautiful maiden who married Cupid, the god of love. The Greek word *psyche* signifies the soul. The poet here uses it in that sense.

130, 3. **senescent.** Growing old, passing away.

10. **Astarte's bediamonded crescent.** Astarte was the moon goddess of the ancient Phoenicians.

12. **Dian.** Shortened form of Diana, the Roman goddess of the moon.

17. **the Lion.** The constellation Leo, one of the twelve Signs of the Zodiac.

19. **Lethæan.** Causing forgetfulness. Lethe, in Greek mythology, was a river of the lower world whose waters brought forgetfulness to all who drank.

Throughout, Poe uses the device of "echo," or repetition. To what extent does this enhance the musical quality?

132. **The Haunted Palace.** This poem is an allegory of a mind that is ruined by madness. It will be found in *The Fall of the House of Usher*, probably the greatest of Poe's short stories.

133, 6. **Porphyrogene.** A word of Greek origin, meaning, literally, "born to the purple" — hence, well fitted to rule. The term here may be interpreted as "every inch a king."

134, 4. What is the significance of this line?

Point out, and comment upon, the words that are used here for their beauty or for their suggestiveness. How is the movement of the metre made to help in the expression of the thought?

134. **Dream-Land.** The vague phantasy of the poem is singularly appropriate. It suggests the dim dreaming life that lies behind the veil of sleep, and is touched by the characteristic melancholy of the poet.

8. **Eidolon.** Spectre.

11. **Thule.** The name given by a Greek navigator two thousand years ago to the islands lying north of Scotland, afterwards in Roman times called "Ultima Thule." The term has come to mean some unknown, far-distant region. See note on 68.

What is the "ultimate dim Thule"? Who is the "traveller"? What impression do you have of the meaning of the poem?

136. The Raven. One of the most widely known of all Poe's works. It has a dramatic setting and a striking climax, while the theme, however we may interpret its meaning, is one which stirs the imagination. The construction is extremely careful throughout. The poet is poring over his books, one dreary December night, while the firelight casts strange shadows on the floor and the curtains sway in the night-wind. Suddenly there comes a rap on the door. He opens it, his heart filled with memories of the "lost Lenore," and peers out to find only darkness. The tapping comes again — now at the window. He flings wide the shutter and a stately raven steps into the room.

Owing to the skill of its construction and the weird charm of its thought, the poem won an immediate popularity which it has maintained ever since. Poe says that he planned it as an engineer plans his bridge — arranging for the length, the general thought, and using the refrain "Nevermore" as a sort of foundation. It is probable that the work was much more spontaneous than this; but there is evidence of carefully organized method. The raven, according to Poe, is "emblematical of *Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance*."

9. a midnight dreary. The key-note is suggested by the words in the first line: *midnight, dreary, weak, weary*. See also *bleak December* and the ghost of the dying embers.

25. surcease of sorrow. Complete forgetfulness.

138, 25. bust of Pallas. In his careful analysis of the poem the author points out that the word *bust* suggests a contrast between the pale marble and the black plumage of the raven. Pallas was the Greek goddess of wisdom.

139, 10. Plutonian. An epithet suggesting "outer darkness." Pluto, in mythology, ruled over the kingdom of the dead.

11. Nevermore. Poe says that he selected this word after the most thorough search, as best expressing the central idea of the poem.

140, 10-16. unmerciful Disaster, etc. One catches here an echo from the poet's personal experience.

141, 10. Seraphim. Angels.

16. nepenthe. A drug used in old times to relieve pain.

27. balm in Gilead. Originally a gum which possessed healing properties — see Jeremiah, VII, 22. Here, a metaphor signifying cure for sorrow.

142, 6. Aidenn. Eden, paradise.

143, 1. lamp-light o'er him streaming, etc. Poe tells us his conception was of the bracket candelabrum fixed high on the wall above the bust, as often seen in castles abroad. Note that the Raven here becomes an undying influence on the man's life.

Select the words and phrases by which are expressed the concrete pictures of the room and the mysterious visitant, and those also which convey the abstract ideas of gloom and loneliness.

143. The Bells. Like *The Raven*, this poem has been popular from the first. It was twice revised and enlarged before taking its present form. As it now stands, it is one of the most remarkable examples in English literature of "onomatopoeia" — that figure of speech in which words are chosen to interpret by their sound the thought of the poem. The effect can be fully understood only by reading this poem aloud, when the astonishing skill of the author will clearly manifest itself. *The Falls of Lodore*, by Robert Southey, employs the same device, though with less elaborate effect.

Make a study of Poe's use of vowel and consonant combinations in bringing out the tone of the different Bells. Compare the four stanzas with regard to their onomatopoeic quality. Note, for example, such lines as: "Hear the mellow wedding bells"; "From the molten-golden notes"; "How they clang and clash and roar"; "muffled monotone," etc.

147. Eldorado. See note to 121, 19. These lines were published anonymously after Poe's death. The form and the thought confirm his authorship.

Can you see how the poem suggests his own experience of life?

148. To Helen. This exquisite little lyric has a grace and delicacy which cannot be analyzed in words, but must be felt. The thought and imagery are highly suggestive; the poet, worn by his long wandering over the "desperate seas" of life, is soothed and healed by a vision of ideal beauty. In the closing lines the vision is spiritualized as the personification of a soul.

9. **Nicean barks.** Magic ships of the ancient world. Nicea was a sea-port in Asia Minor.

14. **hyacinth hair.** Luxuriant, arranged in the Greek fashion.

15. **Naiad.** In Greek mythology, a water-nymph.

20. **agate lamp.** A Greek lamp, made of some translucent material.

Comment upon the implication of the words "glory" and "grandeur." Why is the classic element introduced?

Tennyson wrote the following comment in 1885: "In my opinion your Bryant, Whittier, etc., are pygmies compared with Poe. He is the literary glory of America." Discuss this opinion.

Select a typical poem by Poe and Longfellow, respectively, and write two or three paragraphs contrasting subject-matter and style.

From what sources does Poe draw his allusions?

WALT WHITMAN

West Hills, L. I., 1819 — 1892, Camden, N. J.

Walt Whitman possessed both originality and power, but he was so eccentric in his views and their expression that it is difficult to offer judgment on his work. Most of his poetry was written in a deliberately rugged and formless manner, behind which one feels not infrequently both imaginative strength and the sense of beauty.

Of that poetry two divergent opinions are held. The first asserts that it is chaotic in thought and crude in expression; that it is not properly poetry at all, but prose set off here and there by the introduction of a capital letter. It says, further, that the ideas are narrow and egotistical. The other opinion holds that Whitman ranks as a true poet because of a broad-minded optimism in his way of looking at things and because he writes of the commonplaces of real life in the speech of real people. Accordingly, there is something noble in his disregard of the conventions and his rugged simplicity. Modern critics, for the most part, incline to the latter opinion. They would seem to

have sound backing in the words of a letter written by Emerson to Whitman, in which *Leaves of Grass* was referred to as "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom which America has yet contributed." They regret Whitman's often intentional roughness and crudity, but maintain that he has laid hold on the deep things of life and has found for them appropriate expression in his own vigorous way.

Walt Whitman was born in a village on Long Island. The family moved to New York when he was still a child, and he lived in the city until 1836, when he began to support himself elsewhere, working by turns as a printer, a school teacher, and a newspaper editor. His observation of nature and human life led him to experiment in new forms of poetry, which were set forth in *Leaves of Grass*, published in 1855. This book caused much discussion; it became a fashion among those who were dissatisfied with existing conditions to imitate both his methods of writing and his theories of life. In 1862 he took up the work of a volunteer army nurse in the hospitals about Washington. This vital, though uninspiring, military duty he carried out so faithfully that at the end of three years his health was permanently impaired. He secured a position in the Interior Department, but lost it through the hostility of the Secretary, who disapproved of certain passages in *Leaves of Grass*. One of his friends wrote a vindication of "the good gray poet"; he received a new appointment and held it until he became incapacitated in 1873. His last years were spent as an invalid in Camden, New Jersey.

Enlarged editions of *Leaves of Grass* appeared at intervals; some of his best work is found also in a book of verse called *Drum Taps* (1865-6). It contains, among much that is odd and extravagant and even undesirable, some poems of real power and beauty.

149. **Manahatta.** "Manhattan" was the original Indian name for New York — always "my city" to Walt Whitman. These lines are typical; they show the author's peculiar methods, his characteristic descriptions of man's work and life. He believed that everything in the world, from the greatest to the

least, was within the range of poetry. He posed as a natural man, untrammelled by conventions; his writings dealt with literally everything that happened to come into his mind.

Is the picture overloaded with detail? Does the poet avoid a "catalogue" effect?

150, 8. Trottoirs. The French word for "sidewalks" — an eccentric usage on the author's part.

16. Pioneers! O Pioneers! The "Pioneers" are the strong men who have led the world, both in action and in thought.

What is the "task eternal"? What is the author's aspiration for the world?

153. I hear America singing. A piece of fine optimism, expressing the joy in work for the work's sake.

Why is America "singing"?

154, 6. Cavalry Crossing a Ford. This is one of the clean-cut vignettes, of which there are so many in Whitman's poetry.

Point out the picture-giving epithets.

19. O Captain, my Captain! Rightly classed as one of the best of its author's poems, this lyric shows that he possessed metrical skill, together with a command of true pathos. It was written shortly after the death of Lincoln and forms one of the finest tributes to the great leader. Many of Whitman's readers regret that he so seldom followed the rules of poetry as usually understood.

How does the employment of a regular form help the expression of the thought?

156. Darest thou now, O Soul? In this brave looking forward to the unknown, we are reminded of Browning's *Prospice*

Does this poem suggest anything as to the author's character?

In reading these poems of Whitman's, one thinks inevitably of the modern "Free Verse," "Polyphonic Prose," "Imagist Verse," etc. A recent critic has said that Whitman's "elemental measures breathe deep," as compared with the modern forms. Whitman himself described his work as "brawny, limber, and full." What comment can you make?

State your impression of Whitman's poetry, dealing with form and content. Could the same ideas be better expressed in the more conventional metres?

THEODORE O'HARA

Danville, Ky., 1820 — 1867, Guerrytown, Ala.

Destined to a varied life, O'Hara was born in Danville, Kentucky. He served in the Mexican War, was a soldier of fortune in Cuba and Nicaragua, an editor in Alabama, and a lawyer in Washington. When the Civil War broke out he joined the Confederate army as colonel and saw much hard service. After the War he went in for cotton-growing in Georgia, but owing to severe loss by fire he moved to Alabama, where he died.

157. The Bivouac of the Dead. The Kentuckians who fell at the battle of Buena Vista (1847) in the Mexican War were brought back to their native state for re-burial. The poem was written to commemorate the occasion.

158, 23. stout old chieftain. General Zachary Taylor, commanding the American army at Buena Vista.

Picture facing page **157.** From the painting by the French artist Detaille called "The Soldier's Dream."

159, 6. Angustora's plain. A mountain pass near the scene of the battle.

13. the Dark and Bloody Ground. A name given to Kentucky at the time of its first settlement, when the pioneers — Daniel Boone and others — fought desperate fights with the Indians.

23. Spartan mother. The Spartans were the bravest soldiers of ancient Greece. Allusion is made here to the story of the Spartan woman who sent her son to battle, with the injunction: "Return either with your shield or on it." Read Collins's *How Sleep the Brave*, in connection with these closing stanzas.

What thought underlies the poet's appeal to our sympathies?

JAMES BAYARD TAYLOR

Kennet Square, Pa., 1825 — 1878, Berlin, Germany

The life of Bayard Taylor was "nomadic and eventful, with a constantly shifting background," and he crowded into the fifty-

odd years of his life more adventuring than most men ever see. In 1849, having already tramped through Europe under conditions that tested his hardihood, he sailed round Cape Horn to California, where he spent several months among the forty-niners. From 1851 to 1853 he travelled in the East, visiting Egypt, Syria, India, and China, and sending letters home to the New York *Tribune*, with which he had been connected for some time. Continual activity seemed to stimulate rather than to check his literary productiveness; he did an almost incredible amount of writing and besides this carried out "innumerable lecture tours." His work comprised such competent prose as *Views Afoot; or, Europe Seen with Knapsack and Staff*, and *Eldorado*; several volumes of poetry; a few novels and dramas; and a translation of Goethe's *Faust* which is worthy to stand beside Bryant's *Iliad* and Longfellow's *Dante*. He held two diplomatic appointments — to Russia in 1862 and to Germany in 1878. His life was a happy one; he established in his native town a beautiful estate, "Cedarcroft"; he enjoyed uniform success and had a host of friends among the best men of the land. A kindly picture of the man will be found in Whittier's *Tent on the Beach*, where he appears as the "Traveller."

The writings of Bayard Taylor are not read today as they used to be. You would find his books of travel, however, well worth looking into. They contain many striking pictures of bygone times and of places that have changed beyond recall.

160, 18. A Song of the Camp commemorates, in attractive form, an incident of the Crimean War (1855).

21. the camps allied. The English and the French, fighting against the Russians. The Crimea is on the north of the Black Sea.

23, 25. The Redan and the Malakoff were forts in the outworks of Sebastopol, which was besieged by the Allies.

161, 7, 8. Severn . . . Clyde . . . Shannon. Rivers in England, Scotland and Ireland, respectively.

Can you illustrate the truth of the two last lines by any incidents from real life?

162. Bedouin Song. The Bedouin Arabs are a nomadic race

living chiefly in Southern Palestine and Egypt. Taylor travelled extensively in the East and has here expressed, in beautiful lyrical form, something of the passion and freedom of the desert.

What is the poetic value of the refrain at the end of each stanza?

Picture facing page 163. From the painting by Adolf Schreyer, a German artist who devoted himself especially to the study of the horse. He lived some years in Arabia and Egypt.

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR

Baldwin Co., Ga., 1822 — 1874, Columbus, Ga.

Dr. Ticknor was born in Baldwin County, Georgia, and died at Columbus where for many years he had practised his profession of medicine. The tragedy of the Civil War stimulated his poetic fancy to the writing of a number of war lyrics. None of them is so stirring as the little ballad given in our collection — a story of fine and unquestioning bravery.

164, 6. utter Lazarus. See St. Luke. XVI, 20.

27. Knights of the Golden Ring. The Knights of the Round Table, who were chosen by King Arthur for their courage and their high sense of honor. The story of King Arthur and his knights forms the theme of many legends and poems. Best known of these are Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.

Why was Little Giffen worthy of a place with the "Knights of the Golden Ring"?

A picture of the war-time South which would interest you is *Romance*, from *In Hospital*, by William Ernest Henley.

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN

Norfolk, Va., 1839 — 1886, Louisville, Ky.

Father Ryan was a Catholic priest, and served as chaplain with the Confederate army during the whole course of the Civil War. Afterwards he was editor in turn of several religious pub-

lications, and worked as parish priest in various cities. He published two collections of poems.

165. Reunited. This poem commemorates the help extended to the South during and after the terrible epidemic of 1878. Since that time all danger of Yellow Fever has been eliminated by medical science, but at the period of which the poet writes the scourge was a serious menace to the prosperity of the Southern States.

166. 10. Rachel-like: see Jeremiah, XXI, 15.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER

Philadelphia, 1823 — 1890, Philadelphia.

During his lifetime, Boker was famous as a writer of dramas, a form of literature to which he devoted his best powers. His *Poems of the War*, containing his most familiar work, appeared in 1864. He was a diplomatist as well as a dramatist, holding the position of American Ambassador to Turkey from 1871-1875, and the same office in Russia from 1875-1879.

167. Dirge for a Soldier. This poem was written in memory of General Phil Kearney, a Northern cavalry leader, who was slain at Chantilly, Virginia, in 1862. It has musical quality and a note of sincere pathos.

Among other memorial poems, you would enjoy *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, by Charles Wolfe, and *Greatheart*, by Rudyard Kipling, written in memory of Theodore Roosevelt.

What qualities should be possessed by a memorial poem? How are these qualities illustrated by the *Dirge for a Soldier*?

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

Ithaca, N. Y., 1827 — 1907, New York

Finch was educated at Yale, where he was chosen Class Poet upon graduation. He became a lawyer, rose to eminence in his profession, and was appointed Dean of the Law School at Cornell University.

168, 10. The Blue and the Gray was written to commemorate the action of the women of Columbus, Mississippi, who in 1867 decorated the graves of Northern soldiers as well as those of their own Southern dead.

11. the inland river. The Mississippi.

How has the poet avoided monotony in the repetition of the last two lines throughout the poem?

Picture facing page 168. This photograph was taken during the burial of the Unknown Soldier at Washington on Armistice Day, November 11, 1921. After impressive ceremonies the body was borne to its resting-place by representatives of the army and navy. In the rear may be seen some of the prominent officers who came to honor the dead, among them Admiral Rodman, General Pershing, and General Edwards.

HENRY TIMROD

Charleston, S. C., 1829 — 1867, Columbia, S. C.

Timrod was a native of Charleston, South Carolina. For a time he attended the University of Georgia, and then took up the study of law, but, hampered by lack of money, became a teacher. When hostilities broke out, he was made correspondent of a Southern newspaper. The War brought him sickness and losses, and after a bitter struggle he died of consumption at Columbia before reaching the age of forty. In 1860 a volume of his poems appeared, a new edition being issued after his death, edited by Paul Hamilton Hayne.

170. At Magnolia Cemetery. Lines of unaffected pathos and beauty, which received warm praise from Whittier.

Is the prevailing note of the poem sad or consolatory?

171. The Past. Do you see the significance of the last stanza?

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

Charleston, S. C., 1830 — 1886, Grovetown, Ga.

Hayne occupies a prominent place in the annals of Southern literature. He was a member of a distinguished family — his

uncle was the Senator from South Carolina whose speech on Nullification drew from Daniel Webster the celebrated "Reply to Hayne." He was born at Charleston, S. C., graduated from Charleston College, began the study of law, but soon left it and "commenced author" by editing a newspaper in his native city. He served through the War as a colonel in the Confederate army, and broke down his health in the field. The War, too, caused the ruin of his property; house and library were lost. Thereafter he waged a brave, solitary struggle against poverty and sickness. His later life was passed at Atlanta, Georgia, where he worked hard, producing several volumes of poems. His personal charm and influence won him many friends throughout the country.

172. A Little While, etc. In some degree this poem (written towards the close of his career) reflects the sad life of Hayne after the War. Like all his poetry, it is marked by refinement and grace of feeling.

Characterize the pathos of this poem.

173. The Mocking Bird. A poem in which the imaginative treatment gives the lines an unusual lyrical value. An interesting contrast is presented by Bryant's *To a Waterfowl*. Other beautiful "bird" poems are: Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*, Wordsworth's *The Green Linnet*, *To a Sky-lark*, and *The Cuckoo*, and Shelley's *Skylark*.

Comment upon the metrical form of these lines. Is it appropriate?

174. Fate or God? A dignified handling of the difficult sonnet form.

What is the significance of the last two lines?

JOHN ESTEN COOKE

Winchester, Va., 1830 — 1886, Boyce, Va.

A Virginian by birth, Cooke wrote a number of romances dealing with life in his native state during Colonial times and during the Civil War. He served as a soldier in the Confederate army. Outside the field of fiction, his writings included lives of

Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee, and a *History of Virginia*.

175. The Band in the Pines possesses a delicate beauty, infused with a haunting sense of personal loss. It was written after the death of John Pelham, a brilliant young Southern artillery officer who was killed in action in 1863.

As an exercise in appreciation, compare this poem with Boker's *Dirge for a Soldier*.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND

Lyons, N. Y., 1832 — 1901, Galveston, Texas

Mrs. Townsend (Van Voorhis) was born in New York State, but moved to New Orleans after her marriage and spent most of her life in the South. She published several volumes of poetry.

176. The Creed. The poem strikes a typically Southern note, and has grace and charm.

Compare the thought of these lines with that expressed in Timrod's *A Little While I Fain Would Linger Yet*.

JOHN HAY

Salem, Ind., 1838 — 1905, Newbury, N. H.

The life of John Hay was divided between journalism and diplomacy, in both of which fields his brilliant natural ability enabled him to command success. He was born at Salem, Indiana, educated at Brown University, and entered journalism, as so many other men have done, through the gateway of the law. He became private secretary to President Lincoln in 1861, and served in this capacity throughout the War. He also saw active service.

His diplomatic career was an exceptional one. He was First Secretary of Legation at Paris, 1865-67; *chargé d'affaires* at Vienna, 1867-68; and Secretary of Legation at Madrid, 1868-70. Upon his return to America, he joined the staff of the New York *Tribune*. From 1879-81 he acted as assistant Secretary of State. His highest office abroad was that of

ambassador to Great Britain, a position which he filled with distinguished ability from 1897-98, when he was recalled to become Secretary of State. In this office he continued until the time of his death. His personality is perhaps best revealed by the fact that in his youth Lincoln relied on his tact and ability, while in later years Roosevelt became his warm personal friend.

The greatest literary work of John Hay was the authoritative *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, written in collaboration with J. G. Nicholay. This has become the standard biography. He wrote also two volumes of poems — *Pike County Ballads*, and *Castilian Days*.

177. Jim Bludso is the best-known of Hay's poems. It shows very well the rough but heroic quality of the Mississippi River steamboat man. The most notable account of the great river and its hardy wayfarers is embodied in Mark Twain's *Old Times on the Mississippi*. A vivid description of a burning steamboat can be found in Chapter XX of the book.

Explain the method through which the sense of reality is secured by the poet.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

Albany, N. Y., 1839 — 1902, Camberley, England

Bret Harte, first of the great army of writers about the West, was born at Albany, New York. When he was still a boy, he removed to California, where he lived for seventeen years. He thus came vitally into contact, at the most impressionable age, with the rough and picturesque life of the Pacific slope; he faced the hardships of the early days, and knew many of those extraordinary men, the "forty-niners." The experience thus gained colored the whole of his after life.

He tried his hand at many things, ranging from express messenger to editor of a newspaper. Then, in 1868, he published in *The Overland Monthly* a short story called *The Luck of Roaring Camp*. The originality of the setting and the consummate skill of the narrative, won for the young author immediate fame and ultimate fortune; for this was the first of his remark-

able series of tales of Californian life. He came East "in a sort of triumphal procession," and published many stories and poems in the magazines — the best of the tales being *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* and *Tennessee's Partner*. Later he went abroad and served as consul in Germany and in Scotland. He died in England.

Bret Harte was the originator of the short story of local color and atmosphere, and is ranked with Irving, Poe, and Hawthorne in the development of this typically American literary form. Modern readers, accustomed to the highly-wrought stories of Western life written by modern authors, are perhaps not inclined to do full justice to his work. But he wrote of life as he saw it, and of a time that now has passed away forever. In the opinion of those qualified to judge, his best stories reflect with great skill and with absolute truth the characters and the environment of life in California in the "fifties."

His poetry is less known than his prose-writings. At its best, however, it possesses a true and unaffected melody, and is phrased with sincerity and charm.

180. San Francisco. This is the city of the "forty-niners" — the rugged city of the past. Bret Harte stands near her beginning and looks forward to the time when shall be "all fulfilled the vision" seen thus "in the morning of her race." How completely that vision has been fulfilled may be seen in the great city of the present day.

18. specious gifts material. Showy gains of mere wealth.

181, 2. Franciscan Brotherhood. The city took its name from the mission of the Franciscan friars, which was founded on the Golden Gate in 1776. Similar place-names are common in California — Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San José, Santa Cruz, etc.

10. Smoky argosies. Fleets of steamers. "Argosy" was an old term for a ship.

Why is the city called a "lion's whelp"?

For other first-hand pictures of San Francisco, see Mark Twain's *Roughing It*, Chapters XVII and XVIII, and Stevenson's *The Wrecker*, Chapters VII and VIII.

182. Chicago. The best, perhaps, of many tributes to Chicago after the great fire of October 8 and 9, 1871. The poem expresses the whole country's sympathy and readiness to aid. The date of the Chicago fire is observed as National Fire Prevention Day.

How is the national sympathy indicated and emphasized?

7. Aladdin's court. The rapid growth of the city is compared to the magic feats described in the *Arabian Nights*.

13. Macedon. See Acts XVI, 9.

16. the silver cup. See Genesis, XLIV. Reference is made to the gifts of money and food sent from all over the country.

18. Plain Language from Truthful James describes, in clever and amusing fashion, an incident of the old frontier days in California. It is one of the best known of Bret Harte's poems.

How is the humorous element heightened by the manner of telling?

185. Réveille was read before a large audience in a San Francisco theatre on the occasion of President Lincoln's call for more soldiers in 1862. It is a stirring contribution to war poetry.

How are the arguments made strong and pertinent?

186. Dickens in Camp is a singularly graceful tribute to the memory of the great English novelist. In 1869, not many months before his death, Dickens read in *The Overland Monthly* two of Bret Harte's stories — *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* — and expressed to a friend his warm appreciation of their power and originality.

17. Sierras. Mountains in California. Like so many Californian place-names, the word is of Spanish origin.

187, 4. "Little Nell." The child heroine in Dickens's novel *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

20. Kentish spire. Dickens died at his home near Rochester, in the county of Kent, England.

Comment upon the use of contrast throughout.

Note the effective stanza-form of this poem.

188, 6. The Angelus. The chime tolled at evening in Catholic churches, when a prayer is said by the faithful.

7. **Mission Dolores.** One of the early missions established by the Franciscan friars near San Francisco.

22. **Spanish glory.** Some excellent pictures of the old Spanish régime are to be found in Gertrude Atherton's *The Splendid Idle Forties*.

25. **Presidio.** Headquarters of the military garrison.

Picture facing page 189. *The Angelus* is a picture by Jean Francois Millet, the celebrated painter of Breton peasant life. Here, the peasants are seen bowing their heads as they hear the Angelus sound from a village church in the distance. This and *The Man with the Hoe* (see page 208) are among Millet's best paintings.

189, 1. **jerkin.** A jacket, belted at the waist.

2. **stole.** A white vestment worn by the priest.

3. **Portala,** or Portola, a Spanish missionary priest and explorer who is said to have discovered the site of San Francisco in 1769.

In what way is the past made to appeal to our sympathies?

Which of the poems in the group from Bret Harte's writings should you select as having the highest poetic merit? Why?

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

Windsor, Conn., 1841 — 1887, Cleveland, Ohio

Sill graduated from Yale and, after some years of educational work in Ohio, became professor of English literature at the University of California. He was a man of unusual literary gifts, produced some excellent poetry, and seemed on the verge of still greater attainment at the time of his death.

189. **The Fool's Prayer.** There is a definite lesson embodied in this little poem. See if you understand it.

21. **doffed.** Took off.

JOAQUIN MILLER

Wabash, Ind., 1841 — 1913, Oakland, Cal.

Cincinnatus Heine Miller was born in Indiana, but passed most of his life in California. He adopted the name of "Joa-

quin" in memory of a Mexican outlaw of whom he wrote a defense. During the course of a picturesque life he was a miner in California, a judge in Oregon, an editor in Washington, D. C. He travelled in Europe in 1870 and visited the Klondike in 1898.

Miller has been called the "laureate of bearded, stalwart, westmost men" — a phrase which indicates his scope and his limitations. His earlier work was his most characteristic; the titles of his published volumes of poetry — *Songs of the Sierras*, *Songs of the Desert*, etc., show his love of the open.

191. Columbus. The virile quality of this well-known poem has won for it an enduring popularity. You should read another famous poem about Columbus, by Arthur Hugh Clough.

11. Azores. A group of islands in the Atlantic, west of Gibraltar.

12. Gates of Hercules. The Straits of Gibraltar. There was an ancient legend that Hercules opened with his club a way from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic.

How do you account for the popularity of *Columbus*? Do you think the last stanza is in keeping with the spirit of the rest of the poem? Is the thought conventional, or original?

Picture facing page 192. From the collection in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. Columbus left the port of Palos, Spain, on August 3, 1492, with three small ships and about 100 men. He landed on one of the Bahama Islands on October 12.

192. Westward Ho! This is a strong memorial to the brave men who formed the vanguard of civilization, and left for us a goodly heritage in the vast spaces which they subdued. Kipling has a poem somewhat similar in thought. It is called *The Explorer*.

Comment upon the value of the last three lines.

EUGENE FITCH WARE

Hartford, 1841 — 1911, Kansas City

Ware made his literary reputation under the pseudonym of "Ironquill"; the *Rhymes of Ironquill* went through several

editions. He was born at Hartford, Connecticut, served through the Civil War with the Northern Army, and moved to Kansas, where he spent most of his life. He was twice elected to the Senate of the State. His poetry was of the vigorous Western type, in the vein of Bret Harte, John Hay, and Joaquin Miller.

194. Quivera — Kansas. The region of which Kansas now forms a part was named Quivera by the Indian tribes who inhabited that section of the continent. This poem was written to commemorate the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first appearance of the Europeans. The Spaniards, who came from Mexico "for glory or for gold," are contrasted with the "blue-eyed Saxon race" who "came and made the desert waken." The poem expresses in a vigorous way the unconquerable spirit of the sturdy West.

17. the restless Coronado. A Spanish soldier who led an expedition north from Mexico in 1540, looking for the "seven cities of Cibola," which were supposed to be rich in gold and diamonds. His travels took him as far as what is now Kansas, where instead of rich cities he found plains filled with herds of buffalo.

195, 24. with plows besieged the sky. i.e., by dauntless perseverance in the face of unfavorable climatic conditions, the early settlers made the soil productive.

State briefly the contrast expressed in the poem between "the restless Coronado" and the "blue-eyed Saxon race."

SIDNEY LANIER

Macon, Ga., 1842 — 1881, Lynn, S. C.

As regards both his theories of poetry and the fine quality of his writings, Lanier is considered the most important poet of the South since the death of Poe. Born in Macon, Georgia, he graduated from Southern College and was one of the earliest volunteers in the Confederate army when the Civil War broke out. Towards its close he was taken prisoner while serving on a blockade-runner; the hardships undergone in this and other military experiences caused a weakness of health from which he never

recovered. After the War he became a school teacher; then a lawyer; finally a lecturer in English at Johns Hopkins University.

A genuine poetic artist and a skilful musician, he evolved a theory of poetry which was developed in *The Science of English Verse* (originally given as a lecture course), and illustrated in his own work. This theory, briefly stated, was that poetry possesses many of the functions of music — that the emotional effect, for instance, is produced by the sound as well as by the meaning. The poems in which his theory is worked out are complicated in form, but they show a high degree of poetic imagination.

His literary activity in other fields comprised a study of the novel and a series of historical stories for boys. His work was carried on under sad and tragic conditions, but is always genuinely fine and brave and distinguished by lofty ideals.

197. The Song of the Chattahoochee. You will note that Lanier has attempted in this poem to convey through the metre something of the rapid movement of the river as it dashes from the hills down to the valleys and plains. The structure of the poem shows a highly elaborate rhyme-system, and the skilful use of tone-values which was typical of Lanier's method. You will be interested in tracing the "internal rhyme," as, for instance:

The hickory *told* me manifold
Fair tales of shade,

and

Overleaning, with flickering *meaning* and sign.

Habersham and Hall are counties in the hilly country of north-eastern Georgia. The Chattahoochee river rises in Habersham County and flows southwest through Hall and the plains into the Gulf of Mexico.

199. The Marshes of Glynn. This is a characteristic example of Lanier's verse, and is regarded by the critics as the best poem which he wrote. It is an attempt to express the emotions of one who gazes at sunset out over wide sea-marshes as the tide comes in. The phraseology is somewhat involved, especially

in the first part; but if you read the poem aloud (as it is meant to be read) much that may have seemed obscure will become clear. Anyone who loves the woods and the sea will enjoy the passage which tells of the "glooms of the live-oaks . . . beautiful glooms, soft dusk in the noonday fire," and which leads us through these glooms until we emerge on

the firm-packed sand,

Free

By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.

1. **Glynn.** A county on the sea-coast of Georgia.

202, 12. the catholic man. Broad-minded, tolerant.

Select from the two poems, expressions, or whole passages, which effectively portray *sound, color, movement, or wide spaces.*

Which of the poems do you prefer as regards (a) form, and (b) thought?

Select some other nature poem in this book and compare with Lanier's poems, taking up structure, central thought, and method of developing this thought.

INA COOLBRITH

Springfield, Ill., 1842

Born in the Middle West, Ina Coolbrith has spent practically all her life in California. After many years in Los Angeles, she moved to San Francisco, becoming in 1874 librarian of the Oakland Public Library. She has issued several volumes of poetry, the best of which is *Songs of the Golden Gate*.

204. Helen Hunt Jackson. The poem is in memory of the famous Californian author, whose novel *Ramona* is a beautiful and tragic story of the last days of the Spanish régime. Another book (also by a Californian) dealing with the same period is *The Splendid Idle Forties*, by Gertrude Atherton.

15. the silvery Mission bells. Missions were established by Catholic priests at many points throughout California. They erected churches and other buildings and did much excellent work among the native Indians. When California came under

American rule many of the missions disappeared. Among those which survived, the most famous is the Mission of Santa Barbara.

19. **pale Franciscan.** The Franciscan friars came to California about the middle of the eighteenth century.

25. **Ramona** was the heroine of the novel which bears her name; Alessandro was her lover. Their love and their sad fate forms the theme of the story.

Compare this tribute with the other memorial poems in this book.

Picture facing page 204. A photograph of Santa Barbara Mission, California. It was founded in 1782 and is the best known and best preserved of the old Missions of California. Note the characteristic architecture.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

Co. Meath, Ireland, 1844 — 1890, Hull, Mass.

O'Reilly was born in Ireland, began life as a journalist and was sent to England as an agent of the Fenian society. His activities led to arrest, and he was banished to Australia on a commuted sentence. After a time he escaped, making his way eventually to America. His life in this country was chiefly occupied with journalism.

205. **The Art Master.** This poem satirizes the man who devotes his energies to petty work (no matter how well he does it), and leaves the great wrongs of the world to right themselves.

Explain the significance of "cherry-stones."

JOHN BANISTER TABB

Amelia Co., Va., 1845 — 1909, Ellicott City, Md.

"Father Tabb," as he is familiarly known, was the author of a number of beautiful lyrics, largely devotional in their nature. He fought for the South through the Civil War, serving for a time on a blockade-runner. In 1872 he began to teach and to write; in 1884 he was ordained to the Catholic priesthood. For many

years he was professor of English in St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Maryland.

206. Clover. This little poem reveals the power of stimulating thought through the poetical treatment of simple things; a power which was characteristic of the author.

Explain the idea that dignifies the simplicity of this poem.

EUGENE FIELD

St. Louis, 1850 — 1895, Chicago

Eugene Field was the poet of childhood. He has won his greatest fame by his delightful little pictures of child life and adventure. He was a Westerner born, and was educated at Williams College and the University of Missouri. All his life was spent in journalism — first in St. Louis, then in St. Joseph, Kansas City, and Denver. Finally he joined the Chicago *Daily News*. Much of his work was ephemeral newspaper writing, but he produced some volumes of graceful poetry and prose. Among these are *A Little Book of Western Verse*, *With Trumpet and Drum*, and *Echoes from a Sabine Farm*.

207. Little Boy Blue has a pathos which is touchingly simple and sincere. Other familiar child poems of the author are *Wynken, Blynken and Nod*, *Garden and Cradle*, *Pitty-Pat and Tippy-Toe*. Stevenson has some charming verse of the same sort in his *Child's Garden of Verse*.

Do you think *Little Boy Blue* would be more appreciated by a child or by a grown-up person?

EDWIN MARKHAM

Oregon City, 1852

The parents of Edwin Markham emigrated from Michigan to Oregon, and his early years were spent on a ranch. After his father's death, the family moved to California. His education was obtained at the Christian College, Santa Rosa, California, and thereafter for some time he interested himself in educational work, acting both as school principal and as superintendent of

schools. In 1899 he took up his residence in Brooklyn, N. Y. His later life has been occupied with writing and lecturing. Of the two poems given in our collection, *The Man with the Hoe*, which caused a sensation when it appeared in 1899, touches in a striking way upon a great social problem; *A Mendocino Memory* gives an unusually rememberable picture of Californian scenery.

208. The Man with the Hoe. The inspiration of this poem was found in a picture called by the same name, painted by the famous French artist, Millet. It shows a Breton peasant in the field leaning upon his hoe; the expression of the face is dull and toil-worn, the whole attitude suggests utter weariness, unrelieved by hope. Certain ideas suggested by the picture are developed with strength and sincerity in the poem.

Why are the good gifts of life distributed so unevenly? Why should this man (type of many) be doomed to wring a bare subsistence from the soil — to be a mere "brother to the ox"? Who is to blame for his inheritance of dull hardship and suffering? The poem provokes discussion; a warning is sounded in the closing lines:

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?

What does the poet mean by "a protest that is also prophecy"? Can you apply the thought contained in the poem to any conditions with which you are familiar through your reading or your own experience? Note in particular the last eight lines. How does the author gain by presenting his ideas in poetry?

29. Plato. A Greek philosopher. **Pleiades.** A constellation of seven stars in the northern heavens. See note on 124, 2. The terms are used in a figurative sense, to indicate learning and general scientific research.

Picture facing page 209. Another of Millet's famous paintings. See note on 188.

210. A Mendocino Memory. Mendocino County is in California, north of San Francisco, and is noted for its wild mountain scenery.

19. **madrono.** A low-growing tree, with beautiful scarlet bark. Bret Harte, in a poem about this tree, refers to

thy waxen burnished leaf,
With thy branches' red relief.

The poem is called *Madrono*.

28. **looms of Arras.** The town of Arras, in northern France, is famous for its manufacture of richly-colored tapestry. Here, the carpeting of wild-flowers in a Californian spring is compared to the gorgeous product of these looms.

211, 10. **tulés.** The "tulé" is a kind of bulrush which flourishes on the margin of a lake. As the tulés grow to a height of eight or ten feet, the epithet "walled" is well chosen.

This poem is an accurate transcription of typical Californian scenery.

Does it seem to you as effective as it is true?

HENRY VAN DYKE

Germantown, Pa., 1852

Author, educator, minister, and diplomatist, Dr. Van Dyke has enjoyed a life of more than usual variety and interest. He graduated from Princeton, studied theology, and was for many years pastor of a Presbyterian church in New York. From 1899 to 1913, he held the position of professor of English at Princeton. In 1913 he was appointed American Ambassador to Holland, and for three difficult years carried out his duties with marked success.

Dr. Van Dyke's writings include books on a wide range of topics — religious subjects, literary criticism, short stories, and descriptions of life in the open, as well as poetry. His stories are beautifully told, and his poems distinguished by imaginative delicacy and skillful literary form.

212. **An Angler's Wish** conveys to every reader a message from the rivers and the forests. The author's book of sketches, *Fisherman's Luck* interprets charmingly the spirit of the open.

How would you know this poem to be the work of a nature-lover?

214. A Mile with Me. A little song of friendship, marked by sound optimism.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Greenfield, Ind., 1853 — 1916, Indianapolis

Riley settled down to life as a newspaper reporter in Greenfield, Indiana, after some free-lancing in other parts of the State. His earlier poetry was written in the "Hoosier dialect," and secured wide attention because of its originality and natural sentiment. His fame grew with his writings as time went on. Riley's later days were passed in Indianapolis, with intervals of travel; he gave readings from his works in all parts of the country. He has been called "the poet-laureate of democracy"; the titles of some of his collections of poems indicate the pleasant homely faith and hope, the humor and the pathos, of their genial message: *The Old Swimmin'-Hole*, *Neighborly Poems*, *Green Fields and Running Brooks*, *Poems Here at Home*.

215. The Old Swimmin'-Hole. One of the best-known of Riley's poems and a good example of his work. "As far back into boyhood as the writer's memory may go," says the author, "the 'country poet' is most pleasantly recalled It is simply the purpose of this series of dialectic studies to reflect the real worth of this homely child of nature, and to reflect faithfully, if possible, the faltering music of his song."

217. Wind of the Sea. Another, and perhaps less familiar, side of Riley's work is revealed in this graceful little lyric.

Do you like the method better than that employed in the preceding poem?

Could the ideas in *The Old Swimmin'-Hole* have been so well expressed without the use of dialect? Two other famous poems by Riley are *The Old Man and Jim* and *Little Orphant Annie*. What special advantages are to be found in "dialect poetry"?

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER

Oswego, N. Y., 1855 — 1896, Nutley, N. J.

Bunner started life as a business man in New York, but found the work distasteful and entered journalism. With his definite literary gifts he soon made his way, becoming finally editor-in-chief of *Puck*. Bunner was well known as a writer of fiction and verse, and his work at its best had unusual grace.

218. The Way to Arcady has a touch of pathos under its dainty charm. Arcady was a district in ancient Greece which was shut in by mountains and was noted for its rural simplicity. The name has come to mean a land of ideal pastoral happiness.

19, 20. shoon, scrip. Obsolete terms for "shoes" and "purse."

What is the thought underlying the surface meaning of the poem?

KATHARINE LEE BATES

Falmouth, Mass., 1859

Miss Bates was born at Falmouth, Massachusetts, and educated at Wellesley College. She received appointment as associate professor of English literature in her Alma Mater and not long afterwards was made full professor. She has done much writing both in poetry and prose, *The College Beautiful* being her best known publication.

221. America the Beautiful shows not only true patriotic feeling, but excellent literary quality. The combination is unusual.

This poem has been suggested as well adapted to be our National Anthem. Give some reasons why it would be suitable.

Picture facing page 222. The Bridal Veil Falls, in the Yosemite National Park. The head of the fall is 2500 feet above the valley floor.

DANSKE DANDRIDGE

Copenhagen, 1859 — 1914, Shepherdstown, W. Va.

Mrs. Danske Dandridge was born in Denmark while her father, Henry Bedinger, was American Ambassador at Copen-

hagen. She was married in 1877 and went to live in Shepherdstown, West Virginia. Her poetic inspiration has come chiefly from the South.

222. Glamour-Land. The past of memory and imagination, which can never return.

Explain the melancholy of these lines.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

Peekskill, N. Y., 1860 — 1916, New York

Sherman was a graduate of Columbia University, where he afterwards acted for some years as professor of Architecture. He contributed much verse to the magazines, the bulk of which was collected and issued in book form.

223. On a Greek Vase. A pretty fancy is here expressed in a delicate way.

Does the thought summarized in the last stanza appear to you forced, or natural?

HAMLIN GARLAND

West Salem, Wis., 1860

A writer of fiction and travel sketches, Garland has placed upon record the observations of an interesting life in such books as *Main Travelled Roads*, *Prairie Songs*, *The Trail of the Gold-Seekers*, and *Rose of Dutchers Cooley*. He was born in Wisconsin, educated in Iowa; he taught school in Illinois, ranched in Dakota, and then went to Boston for study and literary work. Few recent writers have produced work which keeps so continually sound and sane, and which is distinguished by such high literary quality.

225. Do You Fear the Wind. A striking conception, vigorously phrased by a lover of the open. Kipling touches the same thought in his fine poem *The Feet of the Young Men*.

225, 13. In the Grass. The feeling for the wide plains of the West is here effectively epitomized.

Make a collection of the "out-door" poems with which you are familiar.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

Clinton, N. Y., 1860

Scollard studied at Harvard and at Cambridge University, England. He was professor of English at Hamilton College for eighteen years. He is author of two prose works and has published several volumes of poetry.

226. Dusk. An adequate test of good taste would be to explain the delicate appeal of these few lines.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

Boston, 1861 — 1920, England

Most of the life of Miss Guiney was spent in or near Boston, where she was born. Her time was occupied almost exclusively with literary work; her published books include short stories, essays, and poems, all of which show distinction of style. Her last few years were spent in England.

227. The Wild Ride. An eager zest in life and a strong determination to meet difficulty and danger — the attitude of everyone who finds life worth while — give dignity to these verses. They form a "brave" poem, like Browning's *Prospice*.

How does the metre help to interpret the thought?

228. Sanctuary. The thought must be felt rather than explained. What is this sanctuary — a place, or a state of mind? Can you see through the symbolism? Tennyson's *The Palace of Art* is an earlier poem of great beauty, picturing a sanctuary of a different sort.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY

London, Ohio, 1861

Ernest McGaffey comes from New Hampshire, but has latterly made his home in California. As a boy, he knew Oliver Wendell Holmes and John Boyle O'Reilly. A lawyer by profession, he has always been keenly interested in outdoor sports

— especially those which took him to the woods or the water. His *Poems of Rod and Gun* gives an unforgettable series of pictures drawn from first-hand knowledge. In recognition of a sonnet sequence published in 1913 he received appointment as Fellow of the Royal Society of London, England.

228, 24. “**Mark!**” is the cry used to call attention to birds flying within range of the guns.

How has the author combined vigor and naturalness with good poetry?

BENJAMIN SLEDD

Bedford Co., Va., 1863

Professor Sledd has been for many years an English instructor at Wake Forest College, North Carolina. He was born in Bedford County, Virginia. Among his published volumes of poetry are *From Cliff and Scour* and *Watchers of the Hearth*.

229. The Children. The reader would do well to hunt up a beautiful little poem by Coventry Patmore called *The Toys*, which has a simple pathos closely akin to the one before us. Both poems may be compared with Longfellow's *The Children's Hour*.

Other sympathetic writers on the joys and sorrows of childhood are Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, and Robert Louis Stevenson.

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

Chillicothe, Ohio, 1863

Henry Holcomb Bennett is the author of some stories which deal with army life and others about life on the frontier. He is best known, however, by the stirring poem included in this collection.

230. The Flag Goes By has always been a favorite because of its spontaneity and vigor.

Do you think the author is more interested in the flag, or in the men who carry the flag?

Picture facing page 230. American soldiers passing under the magnificent Arc de Triomphe, Paris, during the Bastille Day celebration and parade on July 14, 1919. Note the flags at the head of the troops.

RICHARD HOVEY

Normal, Ill., 1864 — 1900, New York

Hovey graduated from Dartmouth College in 1885 and at first studied for the ministry. He abandoned his plans, however, and turned to literature. His somewhat restless disposition led him into a varied experience, as journalist, actor, dramatist and lecturer. His poetry included the popular *Songs from Vagabondia* (in collaboration with Bliss Carman), *Launcelot and Guenevere*, and *Taliesin, a Masque*. Some of the critics feel that in his death America lost one of her best-equipped lyric and dramatic poets.

231. Love in the Winds. A thoroughly characteristic piece of work. Read, in this connection, Kipling's *Anchor Song*, which strikes the vigorous outdoor note that sounds in Hovey's poem.

Compare this poem with "*Mark!*" Which do you prefer? Why?

MADISON CAWEIN

Louisville, Ky., 1865 — 1914

A Southerner by birth, tastes and training, Cawein devoted much of his life to the study and writing of poetry. Among his published works may be mentioned *Red Leaves and Roses* and *The Shadow Garden*.

232. The Creek Road. This is a sonnet in the "Italianate" form.

How does a road "record the happenings of each summer day?"

232. Rest. A sincere and musical lyric.

How is the idea of "rest" emphasized?

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Head Tide, Maine, 1869

Edwin Arlington Robinson was born in Maine, but has lived in New York during most of his life. Except for a few years in the New York Custom House, his time has been fully occupied with literary projects. The best of his earlier poetry is found in the collection called *The Children of the Night*; notable among his later works are *Captain Craig* and *The Man against the Sky*. At present he holds "unquestioned place in the first rank of living poets." It is interesting to note that there is nothing forced or ultra-modern in his poetical style; he uses the conventional stanza forms, conventional blank verse, but he impresses these forms with his own earnest individuality.

The two poems selected from Robinson's works are character studies, in a vein which is typical of the author. Both are edged with keen knowledge of human nature and with a tragic irony. Both are couched in the simple traditional verse-forms which Robinson employs with a mastery unusual among modern poets. Each represents a man "beset with his own character" — in the one case beaten and made futile by his own aspirations, in the other captain of his soul despite the bludgeonings of fate.

234. Miniver Cheevy is one who is weakly regretful for a highly idealized past and unfitted by a sense of false values for the ordinary affairs of the workaday world.

13, 14. **Thebes . . . Camelot . . . Priam's neighbours.** All these names are famous in legend. Thebes was the ancient Greek city founded by Cadmus and the scene of some of the great Greek tragedies. Camelot was the town in ancient Britain where King Arthur founded the fellowship of the Knights of the Round Table. Priam was King of Troy. The **Medici** (l. 19) was a noble Italian family of the Middle Ages, renowned for its power and wealth.

235. Flammonde. The "man Flammonde" has suffered some tragic grief and yet despite his own frustrated happiness finds means and power to help his fellows. Withheld from the

destiny that might have been his, he makes the dreams of other men come true. And after he is gone those who knew him, climbing their "darkening hill" of life alone,

look beyond
Horizons for the man Flammonde.

A critic has said of Robinson: "I know of hardly any poet in the language who more surely or more consistently communicates a sense of tragic pity." Comment upon this statement, in view of the two poems quoted in this book.

ROBERT FROST

San Francisco, 1875

Robert Frost was brought up in the New England farm environment which he has pictured so vividly in his poetry. No one — not even Whittier — has given truer descriptions of the aspects of the life and the countryside "north of Boston." Frost's poetical gifts first won recognition in England, where he lived from 1912-1915. Besides being a practical farmer, he has done much teaching and is now professor of English at the University of Michigan. His two best-known books are *North of Boston* and *A Boy's Will*.

239. The Tuft of Flowers. A simple little picture of farm life, with a deeper meaning lying just beneath the surface.

Can you see what this deeper meaning is? What is it that gives the sense of comradeship to the man who comes "to turn the grass"?

241. The Road Not Taken. A decision that may affect one's whole future is sometimes made in the almost casual manner described in these lines. The "road" may lead to evil or to good; the fact that it is not taken conditions the after life of the wayfarer. There is a personal note in the poem which piques the curiosity of the reader; the verses are characterized by the simplicity and restraint which is in general typical of the poet's work.

Note the extreme simplicity of phrase in these two poems. What is gained by such simplicity?

JOYCE KILMER

New Brunswick, N. J., 1886 — 1918, France

Joyce Kilmer was born in New Jersey and graduated from Columbia University with the class of 1908. For a time he taught school, but soon became interested in newspaper work and took a position with the *New York Times*. When America entered the Great War, in 1917, he immediately enlisted as a private. On July 30, 1918, he was killed in action. He was a devout Catholic and much of his poetry is transfused with religious symbolism.

241. Trees. This little poem has been much admired.

Can you explain why?

Picture facing page 242. The "Grizzly Giant," Wawona Grove, California. This tree is 300 feet high and 24 feet in diameter at the base.

ALAN SEEGER

New York, 1888 — 1916, France

The childhood of Alan Seeger was passed in New York until the family moved to Mexico. Here he spent some of his most impressionable years. He was educated at a private school and at Harvard University, whence he graduated in 1910. After a short time he went to France for work and study, and lived in Paris with occasional excursions into the provinces. When the Great War broke out, in 1914, he enlisted in the Foreign Legion. Before he had completed two years of service he was killed in action on July 4, 1916.

242. I Have a Rendezvous with Death. Seeger had a presentiment of death, which is nobly expressed. The young English poet, Rupert Brooke, who died in 1915, wrote a beautiful sonnet called *The Soldier*. It is characterized by a similar foreknowledge of death and a like calm acceptance of fate.

Show how self-control and strength of purpose are indicated in Seeger's poem. Have you read Keats's famous sonnet, *The Terror of Death*? Dr. John McCrae's fine poem, *In Flanders Fields*?

Picture facing page 243. This is a view of a battle-scarred hill in the Argonne, France, during the terrible days of the World War. It shows the effect of a barrage. Note the shell holes.

AMY LOWELL

Brookline, Mass., 1874 — 1925

Amy Lowell came of distinguished Massachusetts ancestry. Her education, begun in private schools, was deepened and enriched by much travel. Before publishing anything she made a careful study of poetics. Her theories of "polyphonic prose," well organized and capably defended, are explained in her *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*, and illustrated through five or six books of verse.

243. The Garden by Moonlight. A quiet and beautiful interpretation of a familiar scene.

Is the touch of sadness appropriate? Is a garden more beautiful by sunlight or by moonlight? Does this poem gain or lose by the form in which it is written?

There is an important group of modern writers who have been experimenting widely in forms which do not follow the laws of metre and rhyme as these are usually understood. Interesting as their work is, however, it can receive only the scantiest illustration in a collection planned to give a general survey of American poetry. Such limitation is necessary both because a due proportion must be observed and also because the literary status of this "poetry of revolt" is, in the opinion of competent critics, still a question to be decided.

The verse referred to is known as "free verse," "imagist verse," or "polyphonic prose" — each of these terms indicating a well-defined body of writing. To compress the definition of a serious movement into the limits of a note is never satisfactory; yet a word may be said in this place. The exponents of these forms aim to create new rhythms, to produce a lasting image, to write poetry that is hard and clear — never blurred and indefinite, to employ the *exact* word. They discard the arbitrary unit of the stanza in favor of what is called the "strophe"; which corresponds, in general effect, to the paragraph in prose.

The whole subject will be found clearly and dispassionately treated in *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*, by Professor John L. Lowes, and in *The Study of Poetry*, by Professor Bliss Perry.

CARL SANDBURG

Galesburg, Ill., 1878

Carl Sandburg left school early, and tried his hand at various trades before enlisting as a soldier in the Spanish-American War. After the War was over he put himself through college and then entered on a varied experience as newspaperman, salesman, and political organizer. He has published several volumes of poetry, all characterized by great freedom of technique.

244. Three Pieces on the Smoke of Autumn. What is the central idea of this poem? In what respects is this idea rendered vivid or effective by the form in which the poem is cast? Do you agree with the sentiment expressed in lines 13-24? Discuss fully.

For another treatment of the subject, very different in feeling and expression, you would do well to read Stevenson's *Autumn Fires*. A further investigation of autumn poetry might lead you to read Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind* and Keats's *Ode to Autumn*.

WITTER BYNNER

Brooklyn, N. Y., 1881

Witter Bynner graduated from Harvard in 1902. He has done work as editor on several magazines, has lectured, and has published some volumes of verse. For some years he served as instructor in the English Department of the University of California.

246. A Farmer Remembers Lincoln. Do you like the form of this poem? Is it interesting? suggestive? true to life? Should you consider it more effective than the passage about Lincoln in Lowell's *Commemoration Ode*?

In what ways do the three preceding poems appear to you to make contribution to poetic expression?

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

Springfield, Ill., 1879

Artist and poet by taste and training, wanderer by choice and experience, Vachel Lindsay has led an interesting life. He has appeared frequently on the lecture platform and has recited his own highly original poetry with remarkable effect in various parts of the country.

247. General Booth Enters, etc. General Booth founded the Salvation Army in 1865. The organization was planned to carry religion to the lowest of the low — the outcasts of the earth — and the method was to reach the soul through care for the body. From a small and despised group of enthusiasts, the Salvation Army has grown to an enormous membership which extends over the whole world. Processions and street services are features of its work and it also carries on extensive philanthropic and reformatory enterprises. The poem expresses vividly the literal faith and sincere religious enthusiasm of General Booth and his followers.

If you wish to make a further study of the extraordinary “singing” quality of Lindsay’s verse you should read *The Congo*.

Explain the devices by which the thought of the poem is developed. In what ways does the subject gain — or lose — by the originality of treatment? Write a brief appreciation of the last seven lines — what they say and what they suggest.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Louisville, Ky., 1877

Charles Towne is a Kentuckian who has made his home in New York. He has edited several magazines and has issued two volumes of poetry.

250. City Roofs. The mystery of life in a great city has always held a strong appeal for thoughtful men. The following poems reflect the thoughts of various famous poets: *Poor Susan* and *Westminster Bridge*, Wordsworth; *The Barrel-Organ*,

Alfred Noyes; *In Lady Street*, John Drinkwater; *Brooklyn Bridge at Dawn*, Richard Le Gallienne.

In the present case, what would appear to be the author's centre of interest?

Picture facing page 251. New York from the Metropolitan Tower. From left to right may be seen the Manhattan Bridge, the Municipal Building, Brooklyn Bridge, and the Woolworth Building.

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

McClellansville, S. C., 1883

Archibald Rutledge is widely known through the South both as a poet and as a keenly observant student of nature and wild life. Most of his spare time is spent in the open; his prose works, as *Plantation Game Trails* and *Old Plantation Days*, are valuable contributions to the woodland lore of his native State. He was born in McClellansville, South Carolina, and was educated there and at Union College. His writings, both prose and poetry, have appeared extensively in the magazines; he has published four books of verse, among which may be mentioned *Banners of the Coast* and *Songs from a Valley*. His work has distinction and sincerity of feeling.

251. Spring in the South. After reading this lyric, one naturally thinks of other spring songs by other poets. The following will be of interest to the student because of the wide range in method of treatment: *Ode on the Pleasure Arising from Vicissitude*, by Thomas Gray; the Prelude to Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal*; *Home Thoughts from Abroad*, by Robert Browning; the Chorus from *Atalanta in Calydon*, by Algernon Charles Swinburne.

252. The Sanctuary. In various parts of the country "sanctuaries" have been established by State or Federal Government to afford places of refuge for wild animals. Within these limits no living creature may be shot or trapped.

What qualities does this poem possess which would be likely

to awaken our interest in the fate of "the harried, the hunted" among birds and animals?

Picture facing page 253. A copy of the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous English animal painter. It is called "The Sanctuary."

THEODOSIA GARRISON (FAULKS)

Newark, N. J., 1874

Mrs. Faulks was born in Newark, New Jersey, and educated at private schools. Her published work comprises many contributions to the magazines and three volumes of poems.

253. The Green Inn. This cheerful and gracious little poem forms a fitting close for a collection of poetry. The thought of seeking in nature relief from the cares of the world has not often been so pleasantly expressed. Andrew Lang's poem *To Theocritus in Winter* is an appeal to the same restful spirit of the open air.

INDEX

AUTHORS, TITLES, AND FIRST LINES

Where two Arabic numbers are used, the first refers to the Text and the second to the Notes. Roman numerals refer to the Introduction.

	PAGE
A black cat among roses	243
Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting	186
<i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	112, 293
A fleet with flags arrayed	64
A golden pallor of voluptuous light	173
Ah! dim, lost Glamour-land	222
A life on the ocean wave	14, 261
A line in long array where they wind between green islands	154
A little while (my life is almost set)	172
All in this greenly-shimmering spring	251
<i>American Flag, The</i>	9, 259
<i>America the Beautiful</i>	221, 327
<i>Angelus, The</i>	188, 317
<i>Angler's Wish, An</i>	212, 325
<i>Annabel Lee</i>	127, 300
Announced by all the trumpets of the sky	34
An old man in a lodge within a park	67
"Approach" to poetry, <i>The</i>	xxxiv-xxxvi
<i>Art Master, An</i>	205, 322
As a fond mother, when the day is o'er	66
At midnight, in his guarded tent	6
<i>At Magnolia Cemetery</i>	170, 311
Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!	103
<i>Ballad of the French Fleet, A</i>	64, 279
<i>Band in the Pines, The</i>	175, 313

	PAGE
<i>Barefoot Boy, The</i>	70, 282
BATES, KATHARINE LEE.....	221, 327
<i>Battlefield, The</i>	25, 265
<i>Bedouin Song</i>	162, 308
Behind him lay the gray Azores.....	191
Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music.....	188
<i>Bells, The</i>	143, 303
BENNETT, HENRY HOLCOMB.....	230, 330
Beyond the record of all eldest things.....	174
<i>Bivouac of the Dead, The</i>	157, 307
Blackened and bleeding, helpless, panting, prone.....	182
Blessings on thee, little man.....	70
<i>Blue and the Gray, The</i>	168, 311
BOKER, GEORGE HENRY.....	lv, 167, 310
Booth led boldly with his big base drum.....	247
Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans.....	208
<i>Boys, The</i>	101, 287
<i>Bridge, The</i>	51, 277
Browning, Robert, quoted.....	xxvi, xxix
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN.....	xliii-xliv, 18, 261-3
BUNNER, HENRY CUYLER.....	218, 327
Burly, dozing humble-bee.....	32
By a route obscure and lonely.....	134
BYNNER, WITTER.....	246, 336
By the flow of the inland river.....	168
By the rude bridge that arched the flood.....	27
Calling, the heron flies athwart the blue.....	232
CAWEIN, MADISON.....	lvii, 232, 331
<i>Cavalry Crossing a Ford</i>	154, 306
<i>Chambered Nautilus, The</i>	104, 287-8
<i>Chaucer</i>	67, 279
<i>Chicago</i>	182, 316
<i>Children, The</i>	229, 330
<i>City in the Sea, The</i>	125, 299-300
<i>City Roofs</i>	250, 337
Close his eyes; his work is done!.....	167

	PAGE
<i>Clover</i>	206, 323
<i>Columbus</i>	191, 318
Come my tan-faced children	150
<i>Concord Hymn</i>	27, 268
COOKE, JOHN ESTEN	xlvi, 175, 312-3
COOLBRITH, INA	lvi, 204, 321
<i>Courtin', The</i>	116, 294
<i>Creed, The</i>	176, 313
<i>Creek-Road, The</i>	232, 331
DANDRIDGE, DANSKE	222, 327
<i>Darest Thou Now, O Soul</i>	156, 306
Darest thou now, O soul	156
<i>Day Is Done, The</i>	49, 277
<i>Deacon's Masterpiece, The</i>	96, 287
Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way	121
<i>Death of the Flowers, The</i>	22, 264
<i>Dickens in Camp</i>	186, 316
Didactic Poetry	xxxi
<i>Dirge for a Soldier</i>	167, 310
Divinely shapen cup, thy lip	223
Do you fear the force of the wind?	225
<i>Do You Fear the Wind?</i>	225, 328
DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN	xlili, 9, 258
Dramatic Poetry	xxxiii
<i>Dream-Land</i>	134, 301
<i>Dusk</i>	226, 329
<i>Dutch Picture, A</i>	62, 278-9
<i>Each and All</i>	30, 270-1
<i>Eldorado</i>	147, 303
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO	xlvi-xlviii, 27, 265-8
Epic Poetry	xxxi-xxxii
<i>Eternal Goodness, The</i>	91, 284
Every wild wing of the harried, the hunted	252
Fair flower, that dost so comely grow	1
<i>Farmer Remembers Lincoln, A</i>	246, 336

	PAGE
<i>Fate or God?</i>	174, 312
FAULKS, THEODOSIA GARRISON	253, 339
FIELD, EUGENE	lvii, 207, 323
Figures of Speech	xxviii-xxx
FINCH, FRANCIS MILES	168, 310
<i>Flag Goes By, The</i>	230, 330
<i>Flammonde</i>	235, 332-3
<i>Fool's Prayer, The</i>	189, 317
<i>Fountain, The</i>	120, 294
<i>Freedom (from Cde to Liberty)</i>	116, 294
FRENEAU, PHILIP	xlii, 1, 255
From the desert I come to thee	162
FROST, ROBERT	lviii, 239, 333
 <i>Garden by Moonlight, The</i>	 243, 335
GARLAND, HAMLIN	225, 328
Gayly bedight	147
<i>General William Booth Enters into Heaven</i>	247, 337
"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried	160
<i>Glamour-Land</i>	222, 328
Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven	199
God makes sech nights, all white an' still	116
Green be the turf above thee	5
<i>Green Inn, The</i>	253, 339
GUINEY, LOUISE IMOGEN	227, 329
 HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE	 xlili, 5, 257
Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands	185
HARTE, FRANCIS BRET	lvi, 180, 314-5
Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?	101
Hats off!	230
<i>Haunted Palace, The</i>	132, 301
Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay	96
HAY, JOHN	lvi, 177, 313-4
HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON	xliv, 172, 311-2
Hear the sledges with the bells	143
He gathered cherry-stones and carved them quaintly	205

	PAGE
<i>Helen Hunt Jackson</i>	204, 321
Helen, thy beauty is to me.....	148
Helpful Questions.....	xxxvii-xxxix
Here is the place; right over the hill.....	88
Her feet along the dewy hills.....	226
High above hate I dwell.....	227
HOFFMAN, CHARLES FENNO.....	xliii, 12, 259-60
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL.....	liii-liv, 94, 285-6
<i>Home, Sweet Home!</i>	4, 257
HOVEY, RICHARD.....	231
<i>Humble-Bee, The</i>	32, 271
<i>Hymn to the Night</i>	54, 277
I believe if I should die.....	176
<i>I Have a Rendezvous with Death</i>	242, 334
I have a rendezvous with Death.....	242
<i>I Hear America Singing</i>	153, 306
I hear America singing, the various carols I hear.....	153
I heard the trailing garments of the Night.....	54
I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses.....	227
I like a church, I like a cowl.....	27
<i>Indian Burying-Ground, The</i>	2, 256
In Heaven a spirit doth dwell.....	123
In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes.....	35
<i>In School Days</i>	69, 282
In spite of all the learned have said.....	2
In that half-forgotten era.....	194
<i>In the Grass</i>	225, 328
In the greenest of our valleys.....	132
Into the sunshine.....	120
<i>In War Time</i> (from <i>The Biglow Papers</i>).....	110, 292
I saw him once before.....	94
I sicken of men's company.....	253
<i>Israfel</i>	123, 299
I stood on the bridge at midnight.....	51
I think that I shall never see.....	241
It is time to be old.....	36

	PAGE
It was many and many a year ago	127
It was the schooner Hesperus	44
I was asking for something specific and perfect for my city . .	149
I went to turn the grass once after one	239
<i>Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle</i>	177, 314
KILMER, JOYCE	241, 334
LANIER, SIDNEY	lvii, 197, 319-20
<i>Last Leaf, The</i>	94, 286
<i>Life on the Ocean Wave, A</i>	14, 261
Lincoln?	246
LINDSAY, NICHOLAS VACHEL	247, 337
<i>Little Boy Blue</i>	207, 323
<i>Little Giffen</i>	163, 309
Little masters! hat in hand	206
Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown	30
<i>Little While I Fain Would Linger Yet, A</i>	172, 312
Lo! Death has reared himself a throne	125
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH	xlix-l, 37, 272-5
<i>Love in the Winds</i>	231, 331
LOWELL, AMY	lix, 243, 335
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL	lii-liii, 105, 288-90
Lyric Poetry	xxxiii-xxxiv
<i>Manahatta</i>	149, 305
<i>Man with the Hoe, The</i>	208, 324
<i>Marco Bozzaris</i>	6, 258
"Mark!"	228, 330
MARKHAM, EDWIN	208, 323-4
<i>Marshes of Glynn, The</i>	199, 320-1
<i>Maud Muller</i>	74, 282-3
Maud Muller, on a summer's day	74
MCGAFFEY, ERNEST	228, 329-30
<i>Mendocino Memory, A</i>	210, 324-5
'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam	4
<i>Mile with Me, A</i>	214, 326

	PAGE
MILLER, JOAQUIN.....	lvi, 191, 317-8
Milton, John, quoted.....	xxvii
<i>Miniver Cheevy</i>	234, 332
Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn.....	234
MITCHELL, WALTER.....	15, 261
<i>Mocking-Bird, The</i>	173, 312
<i>Monterey</i>	12, 260
<i>My Life Is Like the Summer Rose</i>	3, 256
My life is like the Summer Rose.....	3
<i>My Lost Youth</i>	57, 277-8
<i>Nature</i>	66, 279
"New Poetry," The.....	lix-lx
No more of work! Yet ere I seek my bed.....	229
Now are the winds about us in their glee.....	14
O beautiful for spacious skies.....	221
<i>O Captain! My Captain!</i>	154, 306
O Captain! My Captain! our fearful trip is done.....	154
Of all the rides since the birth of time.....	79
O friends! with whom my feet have trod.....	91
Often I think of the beautiful town.....	57
O'HARA, THEODORE.....	157, 307
Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease!.....	175
Oh! the old swimmin'-hole whare the crick so still and deep.....	215
<i>Old Ironsides</i>	103, 287
<i>Old Swimmin'-Hole, The</i>	215, 326
<i>On a Greek Vase</i>	223, 328
Once in my lonely, eager youth I rode.....	210
Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands.....	25
Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary.....	136
<i>On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake</i>	5, 258
O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE.....	205, 322
Oral Work, Suggestions for.....	lxi-lxvi
O to lie in long grasses!.....	225
Out of the focal and foremost fire.....	163

	PAGE
Out of the hills of Habersham	197
Over his keys the musing organist	105
O, what's the way to Arcady	218
O, who will walk a mile with me	214
<i>Past, The</i>	171, 311
PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD	xliii, 4, 257
<i>Pioneers! O Pioneers!</i>	150, 306
<i>Plain Language from Truthful James</i>	182, 316
POE, EDGAR ALLAN	xiv-xlvi, 123, 295-9
<i>Problem, The</i>	27, 268-70
<i>Psalm of Life, A</i>	43, 276
Purer than thine own white snow	165
<i>Quivera — Kansas</i>	194, 319
<i>Raven, The</i>	136, 302-3
<i>Republic, The</i>	67, 279
<i>Rest</i>	232, 331
<i>Reunited</i>	165, 310
<i>Réveille, The</i>	185, 316
<i>Rhodora, The</i>	35, 271
RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMP	lvi, 215, 326
<i>Road Not Taken, The</i>	241, 333
ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON	lviii, 234, 332
Roof-tops, roof-tops, what do you cover?	250
RUTLEDGE, ARCHIBALD	251, 338
RYAN, ABRAM JOSEPH	165, 309-10
<i>Sanctuary</i>	227, 329
<i>Sanctuary, The</i>	252, 338
SANDBURG, CARL	lix, 244, 336
<i>San Francisco</i>	180, 315
SARGENT, EPES	14, 260-1
SCOLLARD, CLINTON	lviii, 226, 329
<i>Sea-Weed</i>	55, 277
SEEGER, ALAN	242, 334
Serene, indifferent of fate	180

	PAGE
Shakespeare, William, quoted.....	xxvi, xxvii, xxix
SHERMAN, FRANK DEMPSTER.....	223, 328
SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND.....	lvii, 189, 317
SIMMS, WILLIAM GILMORE.....	xlvi, 14, 260
Simon Danz has come home again.....	62
<i>Sir Humphrey Gilbert</i>	60, 278
<i>Skeleton in Armor, The</i>	37, 275-6
<i>Skipper Ireson's Ride</i>	79, 283
SLEDD, BENJAMIN.....	229, 330
Sleep sweetly in your humble graves.....	170
Smoke of autumn is over it all.....	244
<i>Snow-bound</i>	82, 283-4
<i>Snow-Storm, The</i>	34, 271
<i>Song in March</i>	14, 260
<i>Song of the Camp, A</i>	160, 308
<i>Song of the Chattahoochee, The</i>	197, 320
Sonnet, The.....	xxiv-xxvi
Southward with fleet of ice.....	60
Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!.....	37
<i>Spring in the South</i>	251, 338
Still sits the school-house by the road.....	69
Such was he, our Martyr-Chief.....	112
TABB, JOHN BANISTER.....	lvii, 206, 322-3
<i>Tacking Ship off Shore</i>	15, 261
TAYLOR, BAYARD.....	lv, 160, 307-8
<i>Telling the Bees</i>	88, 284
Tennyson, Lord, quoted.....	xxi, xxvii
<i>Terminus</i>	36, 271-2
<i>Thanatopsis</i>	18, 263-4
Tell me not, in mournful numbers.....	43
The day is done, and the darkness.....	49
The heavy mists have crept away.....	228
The little toy dog is covered with dust.....	207
The man Flammonde, from God knows where.....	235
The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year.....	22
The muffled drum's sad roll has beat.....	157

	PAGE
The royal feast was done; the King.....	189
The shadows lay along Broadway.....	11
The skies they were ashen and sober.....	129
The sun that brief December day.....	82
The weather-leech of the topsail shivers.....	15
This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign.....	104
Thou blossom bright with autumn dew.....	24
Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!.....	67
<i>Three Pieces on the Smoke of Autumn</i>	244, 336
TICKNOR, FRANCIS ORRERY.....	163, 309
TIMROD, HENRY.....	xliv, 170, 311
<i>To a Waterfowl</i>	21, 264
To-day's most trivial act may hold the seed.....	171
<i>To Helen</i>	148, 303-4
To him that in the love of Nature holds.....	18
<i>To the Dandelion</i>	121, 294-5
<i>To the Fringed Gentian</i>	24, 265
TOWNE, CHARLES HANSON.....	250, 337
TOWNSEND, MARY ASHLEY.....	176, 313
<i>Trees</i>	241, 334
<i>Tuft of Flowers, The</i>	239, 333
Two roads diverged in a narrow wood.....	241
<i>Ulalume</i>	129, 300-1
<i>Ultima Thule</i>	68, 279-80
Under the brindled beech.....	232
Under a spreading chestnut tree.....	48
<i>Unseen Spirits</i>	11, 259
VAN DYKE, HENRY.....	212, 325
<i>Village Blacksmith, The</i>	48, 277
<i>Virginia</i> (from <i>Under the Old Elm</i>).....	114, 293-4
Virginia gave us this imperial man.....	114
<i>Vision of Sir Launfal</i> (Preludes).....	105, 290-2
Wall, no! I can't tell where he lives.....	177
WARE, EUGENE FITCH.....	194, 318-9
<i>Way to Arcady, The</i>	218, 327

	PAGE
<i>Westward Ho!</i>	192, 318
We were not many — we who stood	12
What songs found voice upon those lips	204
What strength! what strife! what rude unrest!	192
When I am standing on a mountain crest	231
When descends on the Atlantic	55
When Freedom, from her mountain height	9
When tulips bloom in Union Square	212
Where's peace? I start, some clear-blown night	110
Which I wish to remark —	182
Whither, midst falling dew	21
WHITMAN, WALT	lv, 149, 304-5
WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF	l-li, 69, 280-2
Who cometh over the hills?	116
WILDE, RICHARD HENRY	xliv, 3, 256
<i>Wild Honeysuckle, The</i>	1, 255
<i>Wild Ride, The</i>	227, 329
WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER	xliii, 11, 259
<i>Wind of the Sea</i>	217, 326
Wind of the Sea, come fill my sail	217
With favoring winds, o'er sunlit seas	68
Wordsworth, William, quoted	xxv, xxix
<i>Wreck of the Hesperus, The</i>	44, 276-7

